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APRIL 3, 1957 Vol. 24, No. 44

If Mr. Menzies is still puzzled — so are we!

IN the past fortnight the Prime Minister (Mr. Menzies) has behaved with extraordinary lack of elementary commonsense and political judgment.

With a housing storm breaking around his sleek white head, he has continued to play the increasingly difficult part of the aggrieved, misunderstood, and somewhat testy pundit determined to be right when everyone else knows he's wrong.

A fortnight ago Mr. Menzies, in that deliberately disarming way of his which this time didn't fool anyone, said that "all this business about housing puzzles me," and since then he has continued to follow this line.

He has denied a housing crisis, denied a housing slump, denied that finance is the basis of the lack of houses.

From the tree-shrouded heights of Canberra's Capitol Hill he hardly admits there is a problem at all, except that housing will be solved "someday"—a pathetic statement for a Prime Minister.

Mr. Menzies has been given the facts on housing by a for once unanimous Press, and has called this criticism a "campaign of exaggeration."

He has been confounded by members of his own Party and by evidence from experts in every phase of building and home finance.

But if, after all the broadsides that have hit him lately, Mr. Menzies is still puzzled, then he is not the only one.

There are few people without some relative or friend who is not facing his or her own deeply personal, frustrating, and demoralising housing crisis.

In Sydney alone—and this is fact, Mr. Menzies—entire families are packed into one and two rooms.

It is common knowledge that many young people can't get married because they can't find a home or can't get the finance to build one.

It is also common knowledge that many young couples are remaining childless because they won't rear children in single rooms or shared houses or hovels.

It is also fact that many migrants, faced with a hopeless search for accommodation, are disheartened.

Stop being puzzled, Mr. Menzies, face reality and do something about the thousands of Old and New Australians who need the money to get homes.

Above all, stop being so childishly obstinate, admit you've made a mistake.

You can, Mr. Menzies, if you try, for you are not an unintelligent man.

Our cover:

● We think the picture of the Monaco royal family has a particular charm—it is both formal and homely. Prince Rainier, in uniform and decorations, wears the age-old smile of the proud father. Princess Grace is beautiful as usual. This and other pictures of Princess Caroline's christening (pages 8 and 9) were taken by Howell Conant.

BOOK REVIEWS, by AINSLIE BAKER

Big business background of the diamond trade

● It isn't only girls who find diamonds difficult to acquire. Jewellers could sell more if they had them.

IN "Diamond" American author Emily Hahn tells of the high finance, monopolised distribution, and closely guarded techniques of the diamond trade.

Retailers are virtually dependent for supplies on what are made available by the great Diamond Trading Company, with headquarters in a grimy London back street.

Here, one week in each month, a "sight" is held. In answer to cables sent to the world's buyers, asking their requirements in poundage, the all-powerful company shows representatives the "parcels" of diamonds it has made up for their inspection.

"There isn't much occasion for haggling," Emily Hahn writes. "The company's policy is usually take or leave the entire parcel . . . It is a rare buyer who turns down his parcel."

In 1954 the company sold sixty-two million pounds' worth of diamonds. More went to America than to any other single country.

Earlier, when the two great diamond barons, the youthful Cecil Rhodes and Barney Barnato, were beginning to make their fortunes on the South African fields, influential circles in London would not believe there were diamonds in Africa.

Imagining a land swindle, "The Times" and other important papers warned investors that the diamonds were being brought from Brazil.

Much the same thing had happened when diamonds were discovered in Brazil.

Then, jewel merchants, ever conservative, said that there were diamonds only in India.

The fabulous careers of the young Englishmen Rhodes and Barnato (they died aged 49 and 44) and those of the other South African millionaires who stormed London society at the turn of the century provide the book's most colorful chapter.

The power of the diamond was apparent from the beginning. The early De Beers interests (today De Beers, to all intents and purposes, IS diamonds) had a charter allowing them to annex territory, pass laws, and raise standing armies.

Now the giants of the past are faded photographs on mining-company walls. The industry is highly organised and peaceful.

Is the market manipulated by the diamond monopoly to keep up prices? Of the dozens of diamond men the author talked to in gathering her material none would admit that stones were stockpiled and not released. But she did get one to admit that not all the mines are fully worked.

Published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson. Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.

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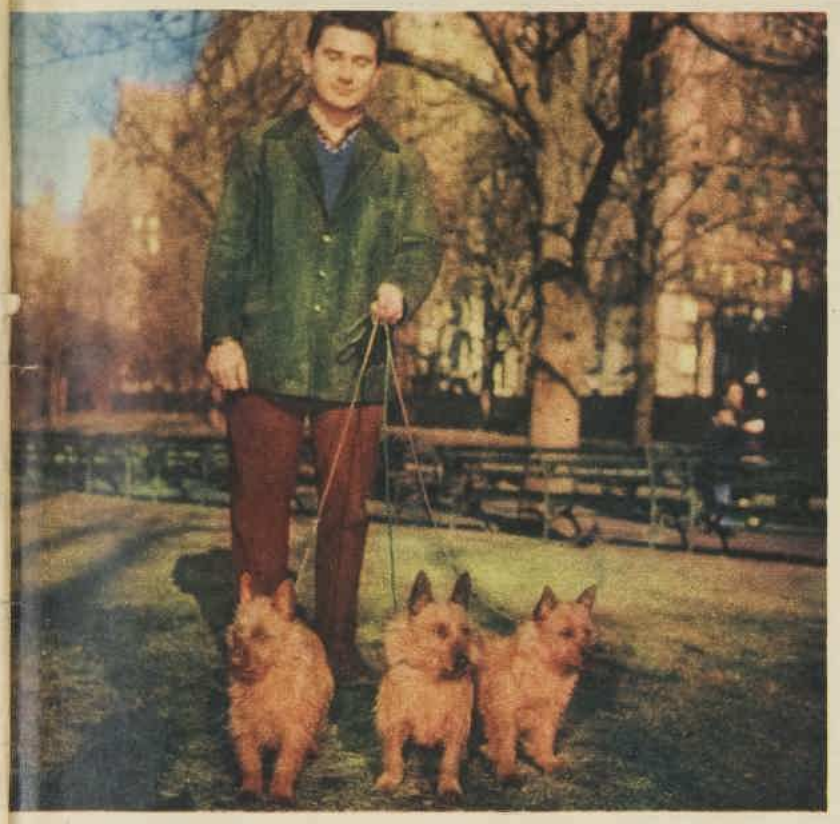
Aussies are Park Avenue darlings

Debonair terriers make hit debut in New York



DISRAELI, Tippie Toes, and Wicked Wench are walked in Central Park, New York, by handler Ronald Bunda. New Yorkers have found that terriers adapt themselves easily to city ways. Disraeli sires most of the Australian terriers born in the U.S.

SYDNEY AND TOOWOOMBA would rather be on all fours, even if fancier Evelyn Axelrod wants to cuddle them. Among the clothing advertised for dogs in New York are nylon nighties, red velvet coats with rhinestone-studded collars, and plastic raincoats.

● Most popular Australian in New York last month was not Cyril Ritchard, current Broadway star, but some dogs—real troupers, too.

USING sophistication, good manners, and charm to compensate for their small size, six Australian terriers became overnight the darlings of the doggy Park Avenue set.

Making their debut in the big annual fixture of American dogdom, the Westminster Kennel Club show at cavernous Madison Square Garden, the little pooches got rave notices.

Pictures and long feature articles about them appeared in several newspapers. And they became outstanding hits on television.

Entry of the breed in the Westminster was a first step towards getting the Australian terrier officially recognised by the American Kennel Club.

This should come as a matter of course, once the breed population increases and clubs are formed in various parts of the country.

It doesn't hurt the dog's chances, either, that the Duke of Gloucester has promoted the Aussie terrier in Britain and that Prince Ali Khan owns two.

As a result of all the publicity, orders for pups have been pouring in so fast that the principal American breeder, John Harjes, has stopped taking them. Harjes has only 11 of the terriers on his Blairstown (New Jersey) farm, and there are estimated to be fewer than 100 in the U.S. in all.

During the two hectic days in New York Mr. Harjes' three champions, Disraeli of Billabong, Blu-Crest Tippie Toes, and Wicked Wench, were kept jumping with social engagements.

"We had to spend some time at the show, so I limited our TV appearances to two," Mr. Harjes told me as we exercised the dogs in Central Park.

On the stroll across to the park we were practically overrun by dog-walking matrons curious about the strange new breed.

Story and pictures by ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

"Oh, aren't they darling! What are they?" was the invariable gambit. Mr. Harjes merely passed out business cards and walked steadfastly on.

On the popular television programme compered by Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary, Disraeli and his tribe shared the spotlight with recognised champions from the show.

A dog editor, Joseph Stetson, of "Field and Stream" magazine, described the recumbent Aussies as "a good combination of sporting terrier and house dog, with marvellous temperament to boot."

On another TV show the terriers had the stage to themselves. Actress Wendy Barrie gingerly took Tippie Toes from Mr. Harjes, held her for a moment, then gave her back. In a flash Tippie had jumped on Miss Barrie's lap again and nestled there for the rest of the show.

"Dogs usually bite me," the actress said afterwards. "But these just cuddled up, friendly as could be."

Mr. Harjes saw an Australian terrier advertised in a British publication a few years ago and sent for one. The purchase launched him on a new career. He imported several more and began selling the pups at prices starting at 300 dollars (about £135) each.

"I've taken 40 or 50 orders for pups personally in the past 24 hours," he told me, "and they tell me at the farm that the mail orders are just pouring in. I'll never be able to cope with the business, not to mention Disraeli! I'm afraid I'll just have to disappoint most of these fans."

Timothy Callaghan, 25-year-old night-club singer, exhibited his two Australian terriers, Sydney and Toowoomba, at the show.

"Most of the terriers raised by Mr. Harjes were named after Australian cities," Callaghan told me. "Besides my pair, there's Disraeli, of course, and Victoria, Bala-Bala, and Gin Gin. The cutest, I think, is Wagga Wagga. There must be a lot of dog-lovers in that town."

MRS. MILTON FOX, of Point Pleasant, New Jersey, obtained her terrier by air from Sydney. "He's a real Aussie," she said proudly. Orders for the terriers are so heavy that promoter J. Harjes can't keep up with them.

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27/6

Smooth away the years ... OVERNIGHT ... with

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And all the world's their stage

• English actor Paul Rogers and his actress wife, Rosalind Boxall, who are in Australia to tour with the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, first appeared on stage as, respectively, the call of a cuckoo and a daffodil.

Paul, an Old Vic veteran, will play the lead in "Hamlet" and the part of Lord Foppington in Vanburgh's Restoration comedy "The Relapse" during his Australian tour.

IN SYDNEY to play Hamlet, English actor Paul Rogers poses with his actress wife, Rosalind, and 14-month-old daughter, Lucy, who appears to be more interested in her toy koala than the camera.

THIRTY-YEAR-OLD Rosalind will appear as the Queen in "Hamlet" and the fact that her 39-year-old husband — as Hamlet — will be playing the part of her son doesn't worry her.

"I'm used to 'aged' character parts," said Rosalind. "During my years on the stage I've played everything from an 80-year-old witch to Queen Margaret in Shakespeare's 'Henry VI.'

"Anyway, Hamlet's mother wouldn't be so old—not more than 48. Hamlet, according to Shakespeare, is 30. And remember, women in medieval times had their marriages arranged for them when they were only nine, and often had children at the age of 14."

The couple, who met when appearing at the Colchester Repertory Theatre, married in London two years ago.

They have a 14-month-old daughter, Lucy, whom they brought to Australia.

Mrs. Evelyn Ranells, a dresser at the Old Vic Company, is travelling with the family as "Nanny."

Paul Rogers laughs today when he recalls his first "part." "It was in 1923," he said, "and I was five.

"I don't suppose anyone, except my parents, paid much attention when the curtain rose on the school stage to reveal a large drawing of a bird, behind which I was emitting cuckoo noises, loud and clear.

"Mind you, I was merely heard, and not seen."

Since then, of course, Paul Rogers has been seen and heard by thousands of audiences in his appearances with the Old Vic Company in Britain, and on U.S. tours.

Meeting them as a family in Sydney, I saw that the Rogers' had gaiety as one characteristic, hard work, and devotion to the stage as others.

Rosalind Boxall, in a scarlet - and - white Hawaiian Mu'Mu—a Mother Hubbard shaped garment—was relaxing in a chair. Her husband, opposite, wore sports trousers, and a bright, patterned Hawaiian shirt. Both wore thonged sandals.

By a staff reporter

Mrs. Rogers, tall, dark-haired, and blue-eyed, has the kind of fair English skin which reddens and blisters under the Australian sun.

Paul Rogers has brown eyes, dark hair, theatrically greying at the temples, and a stern, expressive face.

He has never played "Hamlet," and, at the moment, is working hard on his interpretation of the part.

At the same time he is recalling the magnificent performances of past Hamlets—played by Robert Eddison, Michael Redgrave, and Sir John Gielgud.

"I was in their casts," he said. "Robert Eddison's interpretation was rich in quality. His Hamlet was every inch a prince—a prince of beautiful manners — until the harshness of the ending.

"Michael Redgrave achieved this, too. With his great size, six foot two, he bestrode the world. His interpretation was larger than life, and some of the gentleness was replaced by passion.

"But undoubtedly the greatest Hamlet of our time is Sir John Gielgud. He loves the play, and his knowledge of it is fabulous."

Paul Rogers worked with Sir John when he was making a recording of Hamlet.

"Gielgud told us after the recording, that he would never play Hamlet again — and he never has," said Paul.

"He felt that the time had come for him to stop. So, as we recorded, he threw away the script, page by page."

When preparing for stage performances, Paul and Rosalind play to each other.

According to Mrs. Evelyn Ranells, Paul Rogers "lives" his part, on and off stage. When playing "Macbeth," his moodiness gave her most trouble, and she prefers the times when parts are lighter.

"You have to nurse actors," she said. "Paul was always wanting cups of tea, or lemon and honey for his throat. Then I would have to patch up cuts caused by duels on stage, when the actors would be at it with rapier and dagger."

MRS. EVELYN RANELLS, a dresser at the Old Vic, is travelling with the Rogers family as "Nanny" to little Lucy.

Paul Rogers wants to see two people in Australia.

The first is Alice Crowther, now living in Sydney, and the second is a man whose surname he has forgotten.

"When I was 19 I trained under the Russian Michael Chekov at Dartington Hall, in Devon," he said. "Alice Crowther instructed me in the Steiner method of speech.

"There are two points to this method. In the first, you learn to use the entire breath stream when speaking. An actor trained this way will never run short of breath.

"The second point teaches the student to use each vowel and consonant in terms of 'eurythmy'—not eurythmics—which gives to each letter a hand movement of its own.

"S is serpentine, R rolling, L goes upward with the hands —like a fountain.

"Mrs. Crowther later went to America, where she taught Yul Brynner how to speak English."

Ex-naval pal

ABOUT the second person, Paul Rogers explained that this was a man he met in the Navy, which he joined after his lessons, and some parts at Stratford-on-Avon, where he and Australian actor John McCallum were fellow-spear carriers.

"His Christian name was Norman," said Paul.

"I can't remember his surname, but he came from Western Australia, where his old man was a great shark fisherman.

"I hope he remembers ML (Motor Launch) 343, the Fairmile B type, the 23rd Motor Launch Flotilla of the R.N.V.R. If he does, I'd like to meet him when we tour the West."

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Scottish migrants from Royal estate

RACING down hillside at "Glenalbion," Taralga, N.S.W., are young Scots Billy and Moira Finnie, seen here with Margaret Williamson (right), whose parents own the property.

Former Balmoral servants danced with the Queen, Duke

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

Recently arrived Scottish migrants Mr. and Mrs. William Finnie, who formerly worked for the Royal Family at Balmoral and who have danced with the Queen and Prince Philip, number two Royal messages of farewell among their most prized possessions in Australia.

THE first, a telegram signed by the Keeper of the Privy Purse, reads: "The Queen sends you best wishes for your journey and future."

The second, a letter written by Diana Mulholland, Lady-in-Waiting, says: "I am to send you Her Majesty's best wishes for your happiness in your new home, and to say that Queen Elizabeth hopes that your husband will find the sort of work he wants, and that you will settle down in Australia and make many friends."

Previously forester and housemaid in the Royal service, Mr. and Mrs. Finnie and their two children, William (16) and Moira (13), have just moved into their new home — a three-bedroom cottage on the 700-acre property "Glenalbion," Richlands, near Taralga, N.S.W.

Owners of the property, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Williamson, **with their daughter Margaret live in a comfortable homestead 100 yards away.**

Mr. Finnie will help to run the property with its 1000 merinos and fat lambs. He will drive a tractor, milk, and learn about pasture improvement.

Billy, his son, will work there, too.

At the Balmoral Estate the Finnies lived in a two-storied home of Aberdeen granite. It was eight miles away from Balmoral Castle and one mile away from Birkhall House, Scottish home of the Queen Mother.

"We lived there for four years," explained Mr. and Mrs. Finnie when staff photographer Ron Berg and I met them at "Glenalbion." "The only thing that made us leave off working for the Royal Family was the thought that Australia might be a better place for Billy and Moira to grow up."

The idea of migration was passed to them by visiting Australian tourist Mr. and Mrs. George MacKenzie, who boarded with Mrs. Finnie's mother in Ballater. The MacKenzies, from the Taralga district, are friends of the Williamsons, who own "Glenalbion."

Into her big handbag, close to her passport, Mrs. Finnie **tucked her precious souvenirs** —pictures of the Queen and the Duke, of young Princess Anne, and Prince Charles.

An envelope held invitations to the "Dance in the ballroom at Balmoral Castle" and to the "Children's party in the Servants' Hall."

"Aye," said Mrs. Finnie, a plump, rosy-cheeked woman, whose voice runs as gaily as a mountain stream, "we went to those parties. We will not forget them.

"It was a grand sight in the ballroom, where the coats of arms and all the tartans were round the walls and the stags' heads looked down on us. We would be there, the women in their best afternoon dresses mostly, and our men in their good suits waiting for the Royal party.

"The Queen saw no sense in us buying an evening dress specially when it would only be worn one night of the year.

"We would all be looking up to that stairway like an arch. And then the Queen, in her ballgown, would come through the door, the Queen Mother next, and the Duke behind and we would all curtsy low.

SPONSOR for migrating Scottish family was Mrs. Victor Bennett (centre), of Goulburn. From left are Moira Finnie, Mrs. Finnie, William junior, and father Mr. William Finnie, all of whom lived on the Royal estate, Balmoral.

Then pipers on either side would play and they would walk down into the ballroom.

"The first dance was usually the Grand March. The Queen would lead off with the Head Gamekeeper and the Duke would follow with the Head Gamekeeper's wife.

"The Queen always danced every dance and danced with everybody. So did the rest of Royalty.

"There would be the Waltz Country Dance, Strip the Willow, and The Dashing White Sergeant. Then there were the Paul Jones and the fox-trots. In the Paul Jones I danced with the Duke—he is a very lively dancer — and once in a fox-trot with Michael Parker."

"Yes, I have danced with the Queen," said Mr. Finnie, "in the Paul Jones. No one was ever left out."

"When you were their partners," said Mrs. Finnie, "everything was natural and easy. Though it was good manners for us to wait until we were spoken to, you would find yourself talking to them as if they were old friends.

"Last year, when I was sick in bed, the Duke called to see how I was.

"At Christmas time, too, we were never forgotten. Each family at Balmoral would receive the usual present—a side of venison, a large plum pudding, and a Christmas card with best wishes from the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh."

Working as they did at Balmoral, the Finnies became accustomed to the sight of Royalty around.

"We made no fuss," said the Finnie family. "Here, in Australia, people are always wanting to know about Royalty. But there, it was natural."

Mr. Finnie, working in the forests snedding (trimming branches and cutting down trees), would perhaps come down to the sawmill to encounter an interested Prince Charles.

Palace sauce

"HE is just like his father," said Mr. Finnie, "wanting to know the answers to all the questions."

As housemaid to the Queen Mother, Mrs. Finnie was driven from her home to Birkhall House each day.

"Birkhall," said Mrs. Finnie," is homely and Scottish, like a big farmhouse.

"At Balmoral, you would see the Queen and the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret salmon-fishing. They loved it, and were very good at it. They thought nothing of being out in the pouring rain for four hours at a time."

Keen young riders Princess Anne and Prince Charles would be out on their ponies. Sometimes Princess Alexandra would ride, too, and would be seen reglamorised later that evening, in a beautiful gown, her hair in a Grecian knot.

At her home on Balmoral Estate Mrs. Finnie had a fuel stove, and has one again at "Glenalbion." Keen to learn Australian recipes, she will also make her family their favorites — shortbread girdle scones, and fish, served with Buckingham Palace Sauce.

"It's easy enough to make," she explained. "You just make a white sauce, and then add to it a mixture of vinegar and mustard."

The Finnies want to tell the Queen Mother about Australia.

"Could you," asked Mrs. Finnie of Ron Berg, "print me a big picture which would show the Queen Mother our new home?"

"There was some talk once at Balmoral," said the Finnies, "that she would come to live in Australia for a while. If she ever does, we would naturally want to work for her again."

COUNTRYMAN Mr. Wallace Williamson (left) tells new employee William Finnie about duties he will perform. Previously Mr. Finnie worked as a forester at Balmoral.

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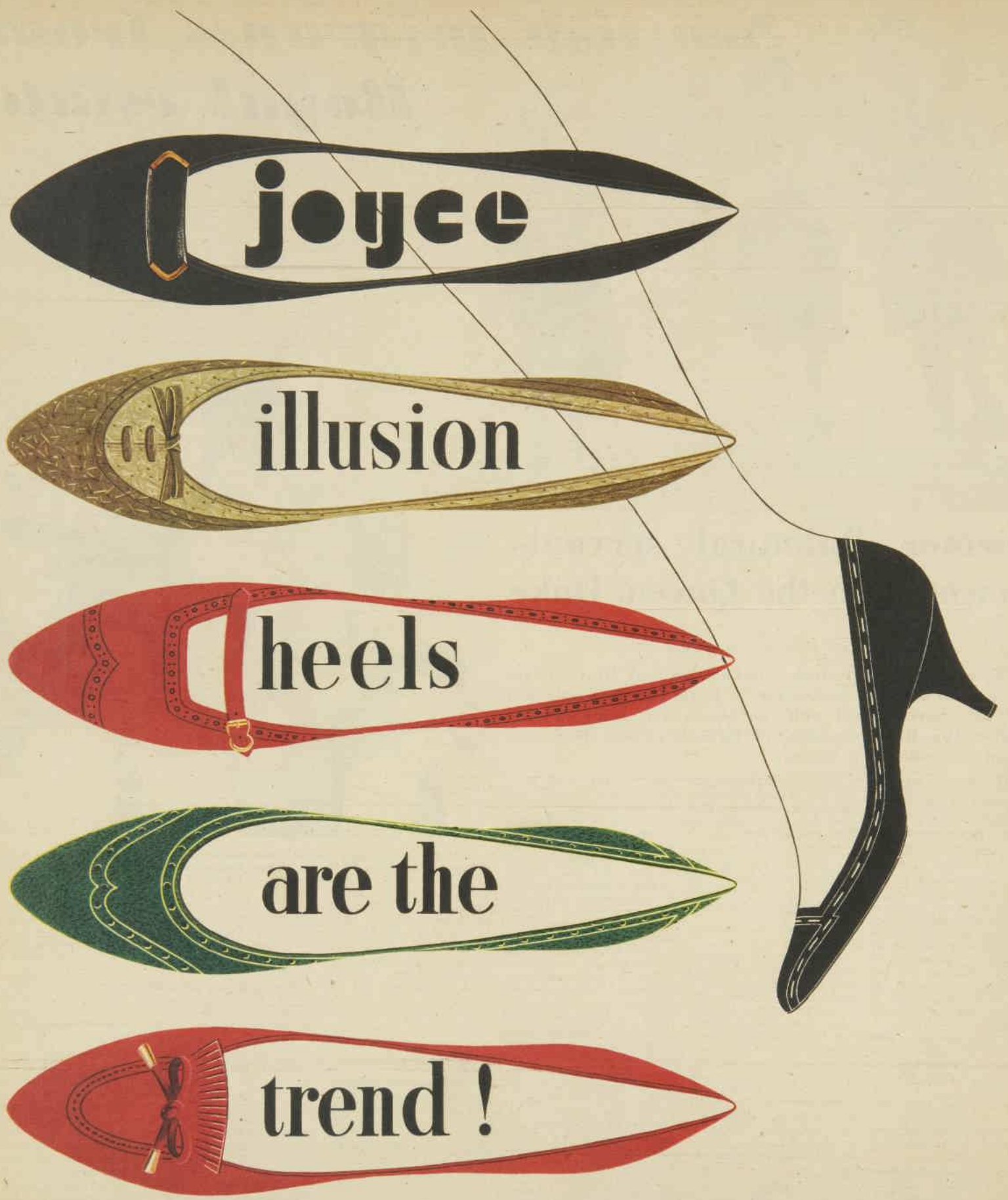

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Olympic athletes' romances

NEWLYWED Lloyd Fleming and his wife, who was formerly Norma Croker, a member of Australia's gold-medallist relay team at the Olympic Games.

LEFT: Sprinter Marlene Mathews and her fiance, Barry Willard, are marrying at St. Anne's, Strathfield, Sydney, on Saturday, March 30.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Brian Wigney leave St. Andrew's, Summer Hill, Sydney, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Olympic hurdler Gloria Cooke.

Girls replace their track suits with bridal satin and orange blossoms

Some of Australia's prettiest girl athletes—whose names became known in most households during the Olympics—are changing their names to acquire a new title — "Mrs."

FIRST Olympic wedding among the girls took place in Brisbane last month, when relay runner Norma Croker married Lloyd Fleming. And several weeks ago, in Sydney, hurdler Gloria Cooke became Mrs. Brian Wigney.

Sprinter Marlene Mathews, who won two bronze medals at the Games, will be the next bride. Marlene and her fiance, Barry Willard, will marry at St. Anne's, Strathfield, on March 30.

Theirs was not a whirlwind romance.

"We met when we were 10 years old at school in South Strathfield," said Marlene.

Attractive, brown - haired Marlene is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Mathews, of Strathfield.

Marlene's attendants, Margaret Griffiths, Mrs. Peter Archer (who is Marlene's sister), and Barry's sister, Fay Willard, have chosen blue dresses.

About Marlene's future in athletics?

"I'll have a rest till next season," she says, "and then begin training again."

Marlene belongs to the Western Suburbs Club, where Barry is one of the officials.

There must be something romantic about the Western Suburbs Club, because newlyweds Brian and Gloria Wigney both belong to it, too.

Brian and Gloria want to represent Australia at the Empire Games in Wales next year.

It wasn't until just after the Games that Brian decided to take up athletics. He is going to concentrate on mile events.

"Now we both have the same coach, Bill Harrison, and we'll be able to train together next season," said Gloria.

Gloria, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Cooke, of Earlwood, and Brian were married at St. Andrew's, Summer Hill.

They're honeymooning at Jervis Bay, but they will return to Sydney in time for Marlene and Barry's wedding.

About a week before the wedding they bought a block of land at Bantry Bay, near Manly, and plan to begin building there next May, just before the Empire Games.

Housing is no problem for another of the new brides, Norma Fleming.

Her husband, Lloyd, is an earth-moving contractor. To suit him they are living in a mobile home, an ultra-modern caravan.

Norma, who was a member of Australia's gold-medal-winning relay team, is continuing her athletic career.

She returned from her honeymoon in time to compete in the 1957 Queensland State Championships, where she won the long-jump title.

Another Olympian who is a former Queensland long-jump State champion, Margaret Johnson, will marry Graham Arnold at the City Congregational Church, Brisbane, on August 10.

Graham and Margaret met about seven years ago as members of the Mayne Harriers Athletic Club. In 1951 Graham established a still unbroken record in Queensland of 4min. 23.8sec. to win the State mile title.

He is now an airline pilot and has retired from athletics.

In Adelaide runner Leon Gregory and Toni Battams were married recently. After honeymooning interstate they plan to live at Brighton.

And in Queensland, sprinter Doug Winston has announced his engagement to titian-haired Judy Tesch.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN Olympian Ian Bruce and his bride, formerly Babilly Young, of Sturt, Adelaide, leave the Chapel of St. Peter's College after their wedding.

ABOVE: Queensland's Olympic contestant Margaret Johnson and her fiance, Graham Arnold. BELOW: Girl athletes (from left): Nancy Fogarty, Fleur Mellor, and Betty Cuthbert at Gloria Cooke's wedding.

LEAVING St. Peter's College Chapel, Adelaide, after their wedding are Olympic runner Leon Gregory and his bride, formerly Toni Battams, of Adelaide.

OLYMPIC SPRINTER Doug Winston recently announced his engagement to pretty Judy Tesch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Tesch, of Bribie Island, Queensland.

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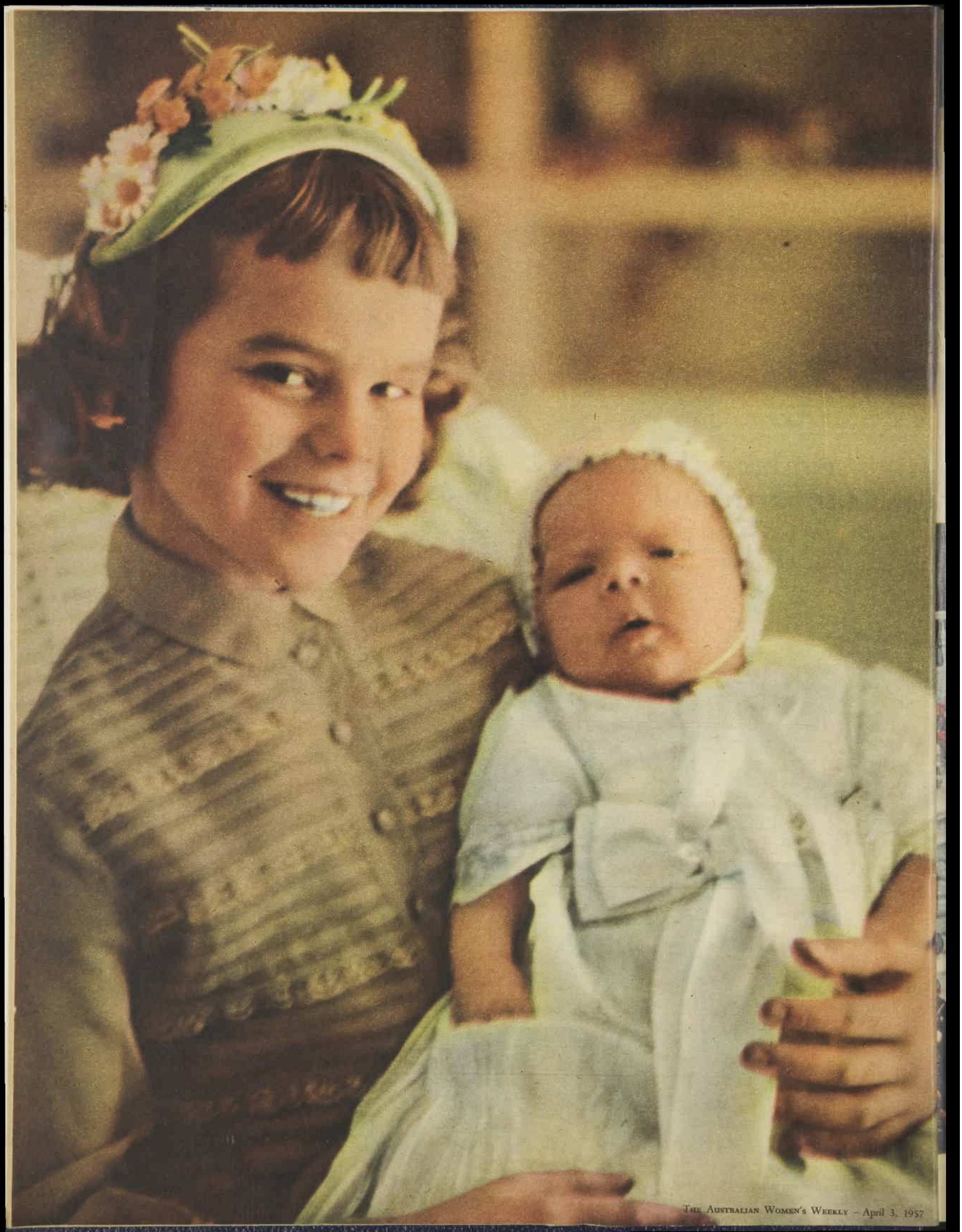

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CAROLINE'S COLORFUL CHRISTENING

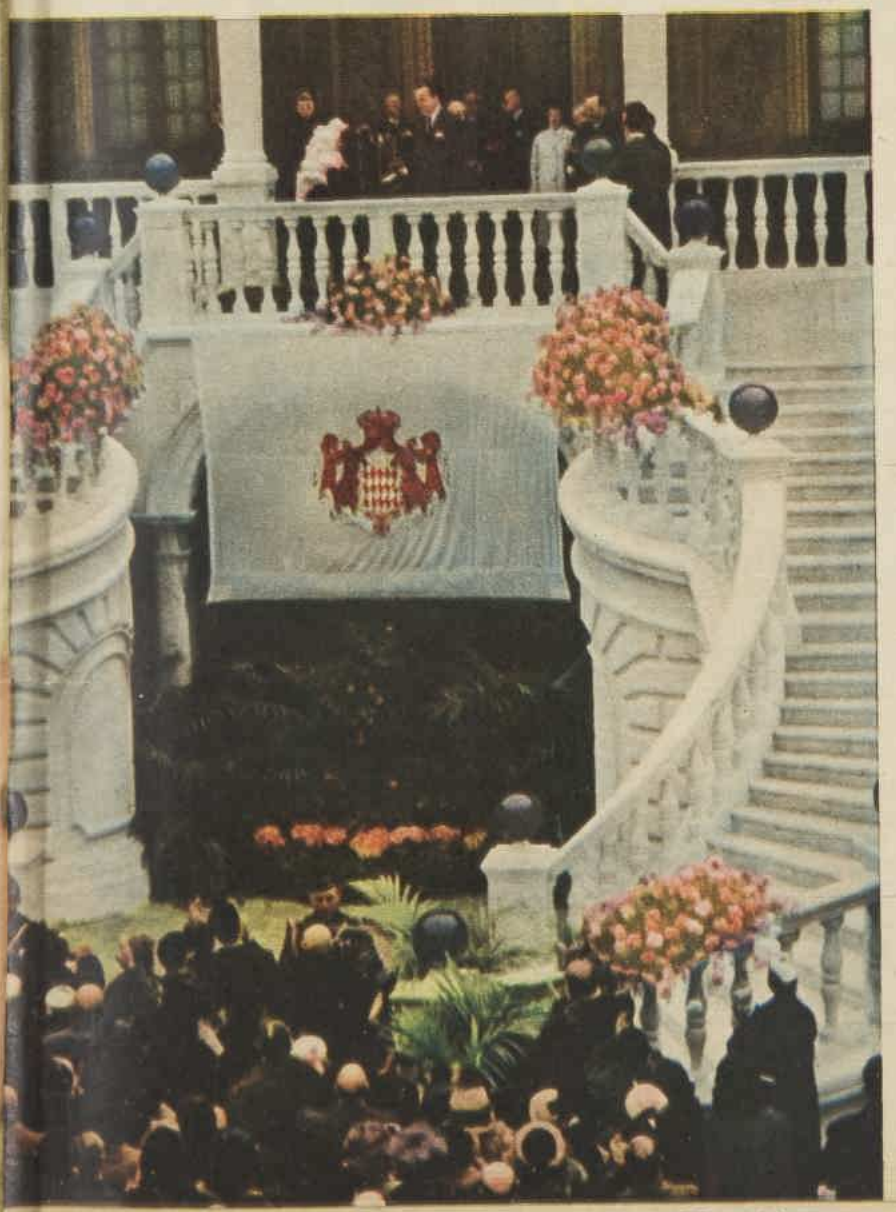
HISTORIC Monaco Cathedral, flower-filled for the occasion, was a colorful setting for the christening of Princess Caroline Louise Marguerite of Monaco.

On these pages are exclusive color pictures of the young Princess and the pageantry and ceremony that surrounded her on her baptism day.

Her christening was celebrated not only by the people of Monaco, but by hundreds of visitors who packed the gaily decorated principality for the two-day festival.

Twice Caroline was presented to her people. On the day before and the day of her christening thousands cheered her and wished her a long and happy life.

CAROLINE'S CHRISTENING was both a happy and a solemn ceremony. It was a happy moment for youthful godmother Margaret Davies (shown on opposite page), given her Princess cousin to hold. At right is the solemn scene inside the flower-filled Monaco Cathedral.



ON THE FLAG-DRAPED and flower-decorated balcony of Monaco Palace Princess Grace and Prince Rainier, with officials and relatives, present their daughter to the crowds who gathered in the courtyard after her christening. This presentation always follows a Royal Monaco baptism, and is an old tradition in the tiny kingdom.

BEDTIME IN THE ROYAL NURSERY. Princess Grace, simply dressed in a pastel sweater and a pleated skirt, with a towel over her shoulder, says goodnight to her daughter. It had been a busy day for Caroline, who had been changed from her beautiful christening robe to a warm white nightgown printed with small blue flowers.

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Reporter-at-large looks in on an

Auction Sale

PACKED into the drawing-room, auctioneer George Miller (above, against wall) and the crowd wait for the first bid for these plates, held up for inspection.

● Even prowling cats feel interlopers in Rosemont Ave., Edgecliff, N.S.W., where the plane trees hold hands across the winding street and give to it a cathedral calm.

By RONALD McKIE, staff reporter

BUT on a recent Wednesday-Thursday even parking space was hard to find anywhere near "Cheddington," No. 9, a big, ugly, redbrick Edwardian residence where the collection of Lady Kelso King, who died last year, was up for sale.

I joined the bargain-hunters filtering in, and under the Tudor-Gothic entrance arch found a small Florentine-marble boy, with No. 324 stuck on his forehead, climbing an apple tree while his nasty little Pomeranian tugged his shirt-tail from his button-down-the-back pants.

Near this sculptured example of Italian whimsy, and outside the front door, a notice in red warned: "Children NOT admitted."

I'd looked in the day before when people, heads together, whispered from room to room like conspirators, but, an hour before the sale began, they filled the house from hall to upstairs bedrooms—chattering, peering, fingering.

Apart from a dozen men, the rest were women, and they went through that house with the determination of road graders.

In one bedroom two giggling women were seeing how high they could bounce on the naked mattresses of two single beds.

Had good look

IN another room a clutch of women, bending like dark priestesses over a huge double bed, scrabbled among a disorderly heap of coverings and sun-bleached curtains, while on her knees in a corner, her tail in the air, another woman turned over the carpet.

Downstairs, I couldn't help noticing, practically every seat, all for sale, was early occupied by a woman.

A few talked quietly to each other. A few sat stiffly as though ready to repel enemy boarders. The rest, squatting with that heavy stolidness of women, looked as if they would never move again.

When the auctioneer, from half-way up a stepladder, announced "Lot No. 1—Eight sterling-silver-mounted photo frames," the crowd was packed tighter than a cocktail party in the long pale pink and blue drawing-room.

The room was stifling and the heat got steadily worse as women fanned themselves and scattered the tepid fumes of perfume and furniture oil, dusty curtains and old mats.

"My dear, this is awful," a woman in a pink pudding-basin said as she flicked her blue catalogue. But beside me a realist muttered to her friend, "I'd give anything for a beer."

The auctioneer droned on, from Burmese brass foot bowls to spice boxes, from a miniature of Lord Nelson to a cracked mirror, and all the time the bids lifted with a nod, a raised eyebrow, a waved glove.

"Scavengers"

A DEALER I know edged along.

"Women!" he said mournfully. "They give me the willies. Look at the prices! It's always the same. When women see a sale at Edgecliff or Bellevue Hill they think because it's in this area everything for sale will be good.

"What do they do? They push up the price three or four times and tell their husbands they've got a bargain. Dumb scavengers, that's what women are!"

The auctioneer rapped on his stepladder top. "Quiet, ladies, please."

"Funny thing," my dealer friend said, "when people aren't interested in what's being offered they natter, especially the women. But when bidding gets lively they shut up and you can feel the tension rising like mercury in a thermometer."

As he edged away I squirmed along the wall towards the nearest door. I had to almost crawl over a seated woman. I noticed she was drawing a cat, with two knots in its tail, on the back of her catalogue. I had to get a closer look.

BEFORE the sale these women, in the main upstairs bedroom at "Cheddington," discreetly study this heap of coverings. Other women fingered curtains, pulled out drawers.

She caught me peeping and smiled.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I couldn't help noticing your cat."

"I always draw cats when I'm bored," she said.

"But why the knots in its tail?"

"I don't like the cat."

In the hall a little later I met a friend who said, "There are four cops here—two men and two women—all in plain clothes. Can you pick them?"

Picking the two men was easy. I'd already noticed them because they stood a foot higher than anyone else in the house.

They listened to the bidding and dutifully entered the prices in their catalogues, but without conviction. As actors they were amateurs.

But the policewomen were almost impossible to find.

I picked only one—all in black, with a black hat and glasses, who blended with the crowd and gave nothing away except that she had the sort of eyes which seem to see everything. Which proves that, where dissembling is concerned, women are professionals.

"What am I offered? . . . Twenty guineas . . . twenty-five . . . thirty there . . ."

The list moved from Bohemian vases to a Turkish tabaret to an Italian china cabinet to Spode cups, when a man near me growled, "We're late. We must go."

"I won't go till I have a crack at that plate," his wife said.

POISED on the wall, this woman doesn't want to miss a thing in the saleroom.

"But we're late!"

"I won't go. Auntie can wait."

I was in the garden at last, sitting on one end of a marble seat, having a cigarette, resting my weary feet, thinking of the scattering of loved possessions, the infinite sadness of auction rooms, when a large lady and her daughter, I think, sat down.

The large lady sat quietly for a few seconds. Then she wriggled, wriggled again, smiled, and said, "Look, it dips down in the middle. It fits me beautifully. It dips."

"Let's buy it," her daughter said.

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Thanks to powerful new antibiotics and vaccines for example—many of them developed by Parke-Davis—your doctor can relieve you of that hopeless fear of such deadly child killers as pneumonia, diphtheria, whooping cough and gastro-enteritis. In addition, he can rely with confidence on many other Parke-Davis medicines that provide effective treatment for the more common ailments.

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PEARS **Sunsilk** SHAMPOO

LEAVES HAIR SHINIER, EASIER TO DO, BECAUSE YOU NEED ONLY ONE LATHER

Now you can wash your hair and go straight out! With Sunsilk your hair is shining and beautifully behaved the moment it's dry. The secret is simple. Sunsilk is so luxurious, so gentle, so thorough, that it washes your hair shining clean with just *one* wonderful lather. **Really clean — without overwashing.** With Sunsilk there's no need for a second lather, no risk of overwashing your hair — no risk of washing away the vital natural oils that keep hair silky and easy to do. **Whether your hair is dry or oily,** ONE rich Sunsilk lather cleans perfectly, yet so gently that it leaves your hair gleaming . . . easier to set, lovelier than you have ever known it before.

Try Sunsilk yourself and see how lovely *your* hair can be! Try a Sunsilk bubble for 1/3 Then buy the big bottle (8-10 shampoos) for 5/6 — you'll save 8d. a shampoo! Smaller bottle 3/9. At chemists, grocers, retailers.

Sk.S.WW143g

BUTCH

"Butch!"

MOTHER

"Hold off a bit longer—Mum will soon decide that it's too late to write our birthday thank-you letters."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

HANGING out washing the other weekend I met a fellow tenant who suddenly remarked, "I don't know why it is, but it always seems funny to see you working."

My first reaction was a flattered pleasure. Did I perhaps have that lily-of-the-field air that every woman covets? Regretfully, I had to discard this theory.

More likely, because this column touches only seldom on such facts of life as housework, I may have given the impression of living at cocktail parties.

If anybody would care to know, I'm a fair washerwoman (with or without a machine), an indifferent ironer, an adequate if spasmodic cook, and a first-class scrubber.

It is true, however, that I can start to vacuum clean a room, leave the vacuum cleaner in the middle of the carpet, and sit down to read a magazine.

And this, I suppose, must show.

* * *

MAYBE the fellow tenant did hit on some evident characteristic, because I always have the greatest difficulty in getting men in furniture shops to pay me proper attention.

Only last week I tried to buy a divan bed. The salesman kept pointing out the virtues of various designs, and I kept reiterating that they hadn't sufficient clearance for suitcases.

"Here's one with drawers," he said. "All the storage space you want."

"Then where can I put the suitcases?" I asked.

"In a cupboard," he answered firmly.

"I haven't got a cupboard," I said. "Why clutter up the place with a cupboard when I can put the cases under the bed?"

"Well, you can't get them under these beds," he snapped, and turned to another customer.

Some years ago I found a more docile salesman who was nevertheless shocked because when looking at armchairs I sat on the arms to see if they were comfortable.

"You shouldn't sit on the arms of armchairs," he said crossly.

Eventually he sold me, with some reluctance, a good strong armchair which, with arms in use, seats three. I think he felt it deserved a better fate.

* * *

PAINTINGS by Betsy, a chimpanzee in the Baltimore (U.S.A.) Zoo, are selling well, according to report.

The buyers, I suspect, are like those people who, in less arty strata, acquire fake flies to put on pats of butter at luncheons.

The purchaser of one of Betsy's finger paintings doubtless invites comments from an innocent guest who, anxious to please, uses words like "interesting" or "significant," which he has heard are safe for abstract art.

The host, laughing heartily, proceeds to make a monkey out of the guest. On the whole, I prefer the fly on the pat of butter.

"LOVELY weather," people say to one another in the autumn. It doesn't seem polite to disagree, but autumn is a season that always tinges my outlook with gloom—and this year's fashions are the last straw.

The shop windows have broken out in a rash of beige—a charming color for those it suits, who are few. There are many women (and I'm one of them) who don't care for their dress, complexion, and hair to repeat the same tonings. It makes a kind of Symphony in Mouse, and very depressing it is.

Yet what happens when you go into a shop?

"Show me," you say sturdily, "anything but beige."

Prepared for this, the salesgirl shows you blue and grey and pink and black and green.

You stare gloomily at yourself. You look wrong. Your conviction ebbs. "Perhaps I'll try that one on the stand," you say.

"You mean the beige one," answers the salesgirl. She controls her triumph easily. She has seen the same thing happen so often.

* * *

AS for the hats! It's all very well to dish up funny hats in spring, when the surge of optimism that goes with the season helps to sell them.

But it's risky in autumn. What can pass as amusing in spring seems merely ludicrous in autumn.

The youthful faces that could survive the new chimney hats aren't seen in hat shops any more. If millinery continues to be fantastic they won't be the only faces missing.

In a few years' time encyclopaedias may carry the following information: HAT: Head-covering sometimes worn by market-gardeners' horses, formerly by women.

* * *

BRITISH aircraft - designer Frank Robertson told a conference studying airport requirements for jet planes that passengers did not want more speed, but would prefer cheaper fares.

It's nice to be travelling somewhere, but you've got to have time to think,
Have you packed your stockings and toothbrush, did you turn off the tap of the sink?
Did you pay for the paper and milkman, remember to bring in the hose?
At last you can fasten your seat-belt, and settle yourself for a doze.
But what of the day that is coming, when your plane, flying faster than sound,
Defeats the holiday spirit—You might as well stay on the ground
If your body is rocketing forward, but your mind still lingers at home,
And you think, "Did I turn off the iron?" when you're landing in Paris or Rome.

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FAMILY GROUP. The Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, arrives at Parliament House with his daughter, Mrs. Peter Henderson, and his wife, Dame Pattie Menzies, who chose a grey wool dress and a white-feathered cloche.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, accompanied by Lady Slim, arrives at Parliament House to open the second session of the twenty-second Australian Parliament. Lady Slim wore a bell-skirted dress of navy-blue silk and a jaunty plum-colored hat.

QUARTET OF GUESTS at the opening of Parliament in the Senate Chamber are (from left) Lady Wunderly, the High Commissioner for the United Kingdom, Lord Carrington, Lady Carrington, and Mrs. W. A. Wynes.

Canberra

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE red-and-black uniformed guard of honor snapped to attention, two men with brooms made a few swift passes across the red carpet, photographers jockeyed for positions, the crowd of spectators on the steps craned forward, as, in the quiet sunshine of a Canberra afternoon, the Governor-General of Australia, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, drove down the broad avenue to the steps of Parliament House.

Sir William, accompanied by his wife, Lady Slim, paused on the steps of the House to salute when the guard of honor from the Royal Military College, Duntroon, presented arms, then passed on into the Senate Chamber to open the second session of the 22nd Australian Parliament.

Dressed in his uniform of Field-Marshal, medals gleaming, Sir William read the opening speech to a packed Senate Chamber—the benches and galleries filled with an audience of diplomats, some in their rainbow-colored national dress; members of both Houses, much more soberly dressed; service chiefs, spick-and-span in uniforms; wives of Parliamentarians in garden-party outfits.

After the official ceremony, Sir William inspected the guard of honor still drawn up outside Parliament House.

• • •

WHEN I visited the House of Representatives after the departure of Sir William and Lady Slim, I noticed several wives who took this opportunity of watching their husbands. Dame Pattie Menzies was listening intently from the back row, just along from Mrs. Malcolm Fraser and Mrs. Leslie Bury, who heard her husband's maiden speech in the House. Mr. Bury replaces Sir Eric Harrison as the Liberal member for Wentworth.

AT GALA RECEPTION. Helen Barder with Senator Bill McMahon, the Minister for Primary Industry, at the evening reception in the King's Hall. Helen chose a finely pleated ballerina of blush-pink silk taffeta for the reception.

ITALIAN MINISTER to Australia, Dr. Silveo Daneo, with Signora Daneo, at the formal evening reception for 800 guests held in the King's Hall—the first reception ever held to mark the opening of the Federal Parliament.

DISTINGUISHED GUEST. Dr. Heinrich von Brentano (left) with Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Fraser at the brilliant evening reception in the King's Hall. Dr. von Brentano is the West German Foreign Minister and paid a nine-day visit to Australia as representative of Dr. Adenauer.

AT nine o'clock cars carrying the eight-hundred guests began to arrive at the brightly lit King's Hall, Parliament House, for the first formal evening reception to be held after the opening of the Federal Parliament.

• • •

A LONG crocodile of guests soon wound round the hall to the receiving line under the statue of King George V, where the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, the President of the Senate, Senator Alister McMullin, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Jack McLeay, and their wives waited to greet the guests.

• • •

SIR WILLIAM and Mr. Menzies walked up the red-carpeted stairs together, followed by Lady Slim (in cherry-red silk) and Dame Pattie (in jade-green taffeta). And from behind the potted palms in the corner the band from the Royal Military College played "God Save the Queen," stiffening guests to attention.

Anne

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EVERY WOMAN DESERVES A WASHING MACHINE!

Let's give the fair sex a fair go. **After all, Mum washes Dad's clothes as well as her own — and the kiddies', too! Set *him* up with copper stick, bar of soap and the week's wash, and see who's bright and sparkling on Monday night. Seriously, washday doesn't have to be drudgery. Now, it's easier than ever before — anyone can afford to own a modern Washing Machine. You'll find out just how easy it is when you ask your local Electrical Retailer all about it. He'll show you a full range of the latest manufacturers' models and arrange a demonstration of the one you like best.**

Call in to-day!

MORE TIME FOR LEISURE:
Only a machine could wash as fast and do it so gently and so well. You'll save most of Monday with your own Washing Machine.

NO MORE DRUDGERY:
Your washer does the heavy work—washes cleaner than ever—doesn't wear out your clothes, or you—leaves you . . .

MORE ENERGY FOR OUTINGS:
You won't know it's been washday when you own a Washing Machine. You put in the clothes—your washer puts in the work—leaves you feeling on top of the world, ready for anything!

MORE CLEAN CLOTHES:
It's no effort to toss in the few slightly soiled clothes that in pre-washer days could have seen another wearing.

EWD WM *EVERY WOMAN DESERVES A WASHING MACHINE*

Inserted by THE HOME LAUNDRY MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA A Division of the Chamber of Manufactures of N.S.W.

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Cosmetic Queen

Visit is a sentimental journey

• *HELENA RUBINSTEIN, whose beauty business covers the world.*

• "If women took ten minutes each day to cream their faces they would take ten years off their ages" is the precept most often preached by a woman who has made beauty a million-pound business.

SHE is Madame Helena Rubinstein, in private life the Princess Gourielli, whose visit to Australia is a sentimental journey.

After a six-day stay in Sydney, Madame Rubinstein will travel to Melbourne, where, in 1902, with a pot of face-cream, she founded one of the greatest one-woman-made fortunes in the world.

Her business is estimated to bring her more than £22 million a year, has provided five homes scattered between France and the United States, and enabled her to select art and jewellery collections that are world-famous.

Helena Rubinstein is in her eighties, although her precise age is a well-kept secret.

Born in Poland, the eldest of eight sisters, Helena Rubinstein came to Australia to visit a rich uncle, who, it was hoped, would find a suitable husband for her.

But she was fascinated by the interest Australian women, with sun-dried faces, showed in her fine skin and the cream she used. Within two months she had sold her modest string of pearls and gone into business.

"Dear Mama," she wrote, enclosing a cheque, "My new friends have used up all the beautifying cream. Would you ask the manufacturer to send me eight hundred jars?"

"Buy doctor"

THE demand for her "Creme Jeunesse" was so great that within a year she cabled home: "Buy formula and doctor; bring them both here; money no object."

She opened a small laboratory to extend the range of her products, trained beauticians to staff her salon, and in 1908 sailed off, with 20 preparations and an estimated £20,000, to measure up the world potential.

"It was the same everywhere," she said. "People were inexperienced and self-conscious about cosmetics. I was obliged to educate the world—and my competitors."

In London she married Edward Titus, an American journalist, and they had two sons, both of whom are in the Rubinstein empire. Her marriage ended in divorce in 1937 and she married Prince Gourielli-Tchkonia, a Russian, who has since died.

With a dozen relatives employed to safeguard her interests (a second cousin, Mrs. Regina Garrett, supervises the Broadway, Sydney, laboratory) she has found time to amass magnificent collections of modern paintings, antique furniture, silver, jewellery.

Art wholesale

"I BUY everything wholesale," she told bewildered friends when a lorry-load of negro sculpture was delivered to her Paris apartment.

Only 4ft. 10in. tall, and undeniably round, with an excessive taste for jewellery ("I am very fond of diamonds, you know, they are so restful for my eyes"), Helena Rubinstein is a great supporter of youthful talent.

She gives parties for young people and listens, with obvious satisfaction, to their extravagant opinions.

But when business is involved she will sit, sharp and vigilant, even at the head of her dinner table, and suddenly bring it into focus with:

"My silk face powder, you know, was used for hospital dressings during the war. Each particle is punctured so the skin is free to breathe."

Despite her many beauty preparations, Madame Rubinstein remains an advocate of simplicity. She said: "I keep my hair in a bun because it is smart and because I have no time for curls."

This is her first visit to Australia since 1939 and in Sydney she will be guest of honor at an afternoon-tea party for 200 staff and associates at her Broadway laboratory. She later will visit New Zealand.

MADAME RUBINSTEIN and her sister, Madame de Bruchard, check all new preparations. Here Madame de Bruchard (centre), who runs the Paris salon, discusses a new Rubinstein face-cream. At right is a secretary.

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"Just FEEL the difference!
so soft! so silky!"

Amazing NEW LOTION revitalizes as it perms..makes hair manageable!

Now!...a home perm lotion that *really* works wonders with your hair... New Creamy Prom. And New Creamy Prom is the easiest home perm ever! It never drips, needs no resaturation and you wave your hair comfortably and conveniently in your own home. Simply apply Creamy Prom lotion to your hair...roll it up and rinse. New Creamy Prom revitalises your hair as it perms...gives you a lovely head of soft, natural curls that will make a hit with every HIM.

Leaves hair TANGLE-FREE

TABLE ROUTINE FOR A FORMAL DINNER

Continuing LADY BEHAVE By London columnists ANNE EDWARDS and DRUSILLA BEYFUS

● **Once, elbows on the table could lose a girl the hand of a peer.**

TODAY, looking round the tables we dine off, only Captain Fogey would dare make an issue of the finest points of table etiquette. "The fellow does not know how to handle a knife and fork," he will mutter, relating how some fellow guest had sprinkled the salt instead of putting it on the side of the plate.

But this is not to say that table etiquette has disappeared. There remains a strict code of how to behave at a very formal dinner table, or banquet, which can only be broken at the risk of offending many others besides Captain Fogey.

Among table manners which still matter are these:

To put out your cigarette and put down your cocktail before going in to dinner; to wait until told where to sit, and then not to sit down until the hostess sits down; to take off gloves or unbutton them and roll them back before picking up a knife and fork; to break the roll and butter it, bit by bit; to wait to begin until the head of the table begins. (See illustrations below of some correct ways with tricky details.)

Knife and forkery

THE knives and forks which parade either side of your plate are not necessarily there to be used. For example, if a fork will cut a dish the form is to ignore the knife and use only the fork.

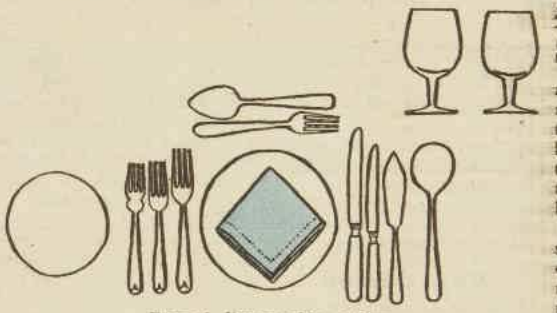
The general rule is to begin at the outside of the army of knives and forks and to work inwards. But this principle must be applied with discretion, as a friend once discovered. He kept blindly to the maxim of working from the outside and found himself left to tackle the ice-cream with the nut-crackers.

Further formal knife and forkery demands that you press green peas on to the back of the fork instead of using the fork like a spoon. Use a fork with a sweet, only bringing in a spoon as a last-ditch measure.

At the end of each course, the fork is put on its back beside the knife, which has the blade facing inwards. If you drop a knife or fork, leave it on the floor for the staff to pick up—unless there are no staff to do it for you.

Table napkins

TABLE napkins are shaken out of whatever shape they have been folded into—do not be scared by a water-lily or sailing boat design—and spread on the lap. Any sensible precautions to prevent it from falling off, like anchoring it to your belt, are frowned upon. Today only diehards would notice or care if it was folded instead of left rumpled after the meal.



Formal dinner-table setting

Finger bowls

THESE are usually brought on after any course which guests eat with their fingers, such as asparagus, artichokes, or fruit. Insouciance is the keynote here. Dip the tips of your fingers, sticky or not, into the water as a gesture to the formality of the occasion and dry them off on the napkin.

Drinks

WHEN several different wines are served, the rule is to drink up each wine with the course it accompanies, or if you drop a bit behind, leave the remains of one wine and go on to the next.

In general

DISCRETION is the better part of formal table manners. It is profitable to bear lightly in mind the old rules about not discussing politics or food, at least until you get a lead from someone else.

Smoking

SINCE Princess Margaret is frequently seen smoking at restaurants and dances, not even the fogeyest of Captain Fogeys maintains that no lady smokes in public, although when women smoke in the streets there will always be men who criticise.

The only new aspect of smoking etiquette is whether or not, and how often, a guest may light up at a private dinner. The habit of asking, "Do you mind if I smoke?" after the first course is spreading quickly, particularly among younger people.

A hostess who is not a heavy smoker herself may be justifiably put out by an aura of tobacco over her delicately blended sauce, but when a guest asks to smoke she must say Yes.

If a guest does not know her hostess very well, it is wiser not to be first to ask.

LEFT: Sipping soup (from the side of the spoon) and tipping the plate (away from you). RIGHT: Taking a helping from a waiter.

LEFT: Salads are put on a separate side-plate, if provided, and eaten from there with a knife and fork or with a fork alone. RIGHT: Holding the glass for the toast.

LEFT: Eating a sweet with a fork only (aid of a spoon as a last resort). RIGHT: Holding a brandy balloon.

NEXT WEEK: TRICKY FOODS TO EAT

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Oh—and do you like to poke the fire? That's easy to do with this *De Luxe Model* Wonder-Heat Console. The smoke-proof door lifts up part-way for livening the fire . . . opens outward for fuelling. The chrome trim is tarnish-resisting . . . looks better longer. *THIS* is the Home-Heating Unit of your dreams . . . the cheapest and easiest to install, too.

Of course, it works on the same efficient air-conditioning principle which, for 20 years, has made Wonder-Heat famous throughout Australia and New Zealand. More than 50,000 in use in N.S.W. alone.

For complete explanatory details of this and nine other Wonder-Heat models, fill in the coupon at left and *post without delay*. Winter will be here sooner than you think. Order now . . . install later.

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TeleVision Parade

Sydney's three television stations, Channel 2, ABN; Channel 7, ATN; and Channel 9, TCN, are co-operating with the Royal Agricultural Society to televise Sydney's Royal Easter Show. Tentative plans indicate that the three channels will give viewers the greatest "spectacular"* yet televised.

THESE plans mean that televiewers will see the Show from go to whoa. The only thing they'll miss are the crowds, the sample bags, the fairy-floss, and chips that accompany a day at the Show.

On present schedules the three stations will televise the ring events each afternoon and evening from the opening day, Friday, April 12, right through to the last day, Tuesday, April 23, with the exception of Good Friday.

Other events televised "live" will be the wood-chopping, cattle judging, and dog parades.

Highspot of the R.A.S. telecasts will be the official opening by the State Governor, Sir John Northcott, on Wednesday, April 17, and the magnificent Grand Parade.

Glimpses of the rest of the Show—the exhibits, the pavilions, the sideshows, and the general hurly-burly — are likely to be filmed so viewers don't miss any of the atmosphere.

One of the big night programmes to be televised is the extravaganza presented by schoolchildren, always one of the most popular events of the Show.

This year the performance, to be given by 1500 schoolgirls from the Sydney Metropolitan area, is called "Carousel," and, on paper, sounds the prettiest and most spectacular ever presented.

Most of the telecasts will be made by Channel 2, ABN, and Channel 9, TCN. Channel 9, TCN, may also do a number of telecasts from 11 a.m.

TV manufacturers and advertisers, planning a big sales drive at the Show, are jubilant about the Show telecasts. They reckon the telecasts will clinch hundreds of sales for them and bump their sales curve to an all-time high.

★ ★ ★

IN an office near ours there's a notice. It reads simply: "Before you mess it up, THIMK." I would like to show it to Mr. Terry Dear, who recently bowed that very good radio show "Leave it to the Girls" on to Channel 7, ATN.

Mr. Dear didn't THIMK.

Smiling happily and televising remarkably well for one so chubby, Mr. Dear plunged into the introduction of the panel. He described Elizabeth Riddell as "felicitous," Margot Lee as "gynomorphous," Josephine O'Neill as "emollient," and Eric Baume as "gnomic."

I have always understood that to be typed is fatal to success, but when you are typed by words like that it really is tough.

Half-an-hour after the session was over I knew what Mr. Dear was talking about. But I'd had a busy time with the Concise Oxford Dictionary, Fowler's Modern English Usage, and the Psychological Dictionary.

CHIPS fly as a competitor swings into action in the 12in. standing block event at the Kiama Show. The woodchops at Kiama are a Royal Show "dress rehearsal" for some of the State's best axemen.

For your information, Miss Riddell is "strikingly apt, pleasantly ingenius"; Miss Lee is "female-shaped"; Miss O'Neill is "soothing and (medically, as this word is generally used) a hot and cold foment." Mr. Baume is "inclined to the maxim or aphorism."

Don't be surprised, Mr. Dear, if The Girls describe you one day. They should, using words about which people have no doubt.

Mr. Dear loosed this introduction on to Channel 7, ATN,

By
NAN MUSGROVE

in a neat grey business suit, but The Girls wore dinner dresses, which you saw only from the waist up, and generally only from the shoulders.

Miss O'Neill favored the covered-up look. Miss Riddell's dress was simple and becoming. Miss Lee, looking like a petulant cameo, wore one of those amazing "Look, Mum, no hands" topless dresses. In some close-ups she looked as if she was wearing only earrings.

But The Girls' "Shall we dance?" expression didn't match the thoughtful discussions they had about the problems submitted.

A plea to Mr. Dear: Don't try to make the girls argue. They're all strong-minded, bright, and outspoken, and don't need egging on.

★ ★ ★

THERE'S a holiday trip for two to Perth, W.A., waiting to be won on our session, "Name That Tune," telecast from Channel 9, TCN, each Wednesday night at 9. For good measure there's £250 cash in it, too.

All you have to do is know your tunes and be able to identify them when Gus Merzi and his orchestra play them.

The trip to Perth can be taken at any time of the year within 12 months from your win, and you can travel on one of four ships, Manoora, Kanimbla, Westralia, or Duntroon, whichever you prefer.

With the trip goes really royal entertainment on board. In Perth you'll find wonderful accommodation waiting for you (again for free) and more entertainment before you set out home on the ship of your choice.

If you want to try your luck at the big prize, write to "Name That Tune," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Enclose two sheets of paper and a snap — one that you don't want back.

The first sheet of paper should carry your name and address, and the name of any seven songs, the second your name and address again, and a sentence in which you say what you do and any interesting facts about yourself.

Contestants who make a successful application are then notified.

If you'd just like to see the show in the making, ring TCN at JF0444 and ask them to reserve seats for you for the night you'd like to go. You'll be very welcome.

The studio is at Artarmon Road, Willoughby, right under the mast.

★ ★ ★

MANY people think I went too far last week when I nominated Eric Baume as Mr. TV.

But Michael Crosby, five-year-old son of actor Donald Crosby, of Sydney, goes even further than I do.

Subjected to 15 minutes of the Baume technique on the state of the nation, Michael, awestruck, turned to his father and said, "Daddy, is that God?"

** A "spectacular" is TV jargon for a mammoth live show televised direct. Putting me wise, a TV man said, "You know, something like what the Arabian Nights were if you'd been there."*

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SUCCESS ABROAD

By ANNE BRADLEY, staff reporter

Australian Jennifer Hocking, who went overseas in 1952, has had such outstanding success as a model that a recent issue of the Paris magazine "Chapeaux" featured her in every photograph.

Jennifer credits all her success — and even her marriage—to her London agent.

WHEN she left Australia she was Jennifer Hocking, of Lindfield, N.S.W.—a pretty, dark-haired 21-year-old textile designer and scene painter, who had done some, but not much, photographic modelling.

Now she is Mrs. Nigel Howland, of London, wife of a young English dress designer, mother of two children, and a photographic model in much demand by English and French magazines.

The agent who has done all this told Jennifer soon after her arrival in London that she had the right man for her. The agent then told Nigel she had the right girl for him. Eventually the agent introduced them and soon afterwards they were married.

Jennifer's mother, Mrs. F. M. Hocking, who recently returned to Australia after a 12 months' visit to England, said that Jennifer had taken up modelling in Sydney quite by chance.

"She was originally trained as a textile designer," said Mrs. Hocking, "but she enjoyed scene-painting better. She did a lot of work for the Independent Theatre in Sydney and printed all the materials for the John Alden Company's season.

"A friend urged her to take her picture round to the city stores, and, when she did, the work began pouring in."

HIGH-CROWNED toque by Patou is in draped beaver-colored velvet all-over-embroidered with pearls.

EVENING CAP of ultra design is in black velvet embroidered with silver pearls and topped with a cluster of soaring aigrettes.

WEDDING DAY. Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Howland after their marriage in London. Nigel Howland has since become a successful dress designer with his own boutique in London. They hope to find bigger premises soon so they can enlarge the boutique and live above it.

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AUSTRALIAN COVER GIRL

Modelled every hat in one Paris issue

EXTRAVAGANT Dior hat is white feathers trimmed with aigrettes. Like all the hats worn by Jennifer on these pages, it is from the Paris magazine "Chapeaux."

Mrs. Hocking prophesies that one of these days Nigel Howland will be one of the top designers in the London fashion world.

"Jennifer, too, was always a wonderful dressmaker," she said. "She designs and makes all her own clothes."

The Howlands live in a small flat at Swiss Cottage, near Hampstead, with their children, Wendy (3) and Julian (1), and "an absolutely wonderful German maid."

Jennifer's sister, Margaret, is working in London as a stenographer. Her brother is in Australia, where their grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Duncan, of Cremorne, N.S.W., is one of Jennifer's greatest fans.

Jennifer goes off to Paris and the Continent for 10-day periods at the beginning of each new fashion season.

"Much as she loves Australia and dislikes the weather over there, she's not planning on coming back again," said Mrs. Hocking. "Their whole future seems to be tied up in England. Nigel really began his career only after they were married, and has done exceedingly well in such a short time.

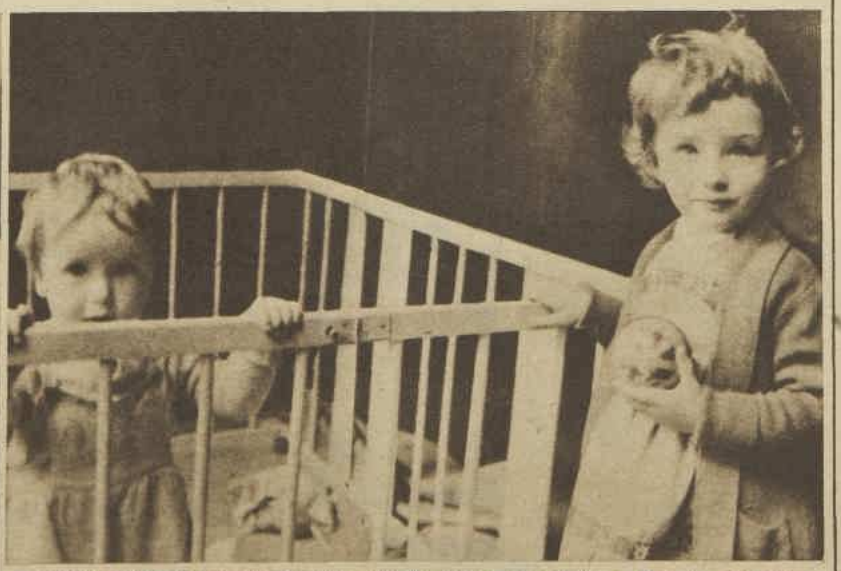
"They hope to find bigger premises soon for Nigel's boutique, and to live above it."

Jennifer still finds time to make clothes for the children, cook the evening meal, and help Nigel in his work.

"And, of course," added Mrs. Hocking, "they both relax with the children in the weekends.

"They are an ideal couple, a real partnership. And they seem to have brought each other luck."

COVER PICTURE of beautiful Australian Jennifer Hocking on the French magazine "Chapeaux Modeles." At 26, Jennifer, now Mrs. Nigel Howland, is a top photographic model in London and Paris.



HAPPY MOTHER Jennifer (left) and (above) the two children, Wendy and Julian Howland, aged 3 and 1. This picture was taken at the Howlands' Hampstead flat. Jennifer successfully combines marriage and motherhood with a career that often takes her on modelling jobs to Paris.

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Isn't it gorgeous?

The polka dot cake you make so easily with Puffin Cake Mix!

"There's nothing more popular than layer cake, and this one is made specially delicious and gay with colourful chocolate buttons!" says *Betty King*

Home Economist of World Brands

This is the kind of cake you'll be so proud to bring in . . . a high-rising, light, rich-flavoured layer cake with a fine, moist texture that stays fresh and delicious to the very last slice. Marvellous to think you make this beauty with no effort at all — with Puffin Cake Mix!

From packet to oven in next to no time!
It takes mere minutes to work this kind of cake-making magic. You merely add eggs and milk to Puffin Cake Mix. No weighing, no creaming or tiring beating — and only one bowl needed.
You mix and bake according to the simple directions for layer-cakes given on the Puffin packet. When baked, sandwich the layers with your favourite icing (try one of the recipes on the Puffin packet) and frost all over with the same creamy icing. Now take the little chocolate buttons (we've used Cadbury's Dairy Milk Rolls) and press all over. Wasn't that quick?

Special ingredients in Puffin guarantee success
You just can't have a flop with Puffin, because Puffin contains specially milled flour, enriched shortening, cane sugar and top-quality raising ingredients, all blended more smoothly and accurately than you could ever do at home. Success is guaranteed — a gorgeous cake, or double your money back.

How about Polka Dot cake for a surprise tonight?

Golden! Light!

Scones more delicious than ever before with New Puffin Scone Mix!

Just add milk to new Puffin Scone Mix — then mix and bake. Fifteen minutes later you're looking at the highest, lightest, most handsome scones you've ever baked! *No more weighing, sifting, measuring or rubbing in the shortening.*

All the work — gone forever! Puffin Scones are made with such little effort, you'll never stop being amazed.

Puffin Scone Mix makes many other delicious recipes, too. Pikelets, pancakes, rock cakes, savoury pinwheels and tea-cakes . . . they're but a few of the delicious variety of recipes you'll make so easily and quickly with Puffin Scone Mix. All the recipes are right on the Puffin packet.

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— so try Puffin soon as you like.

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Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by M. J. McMAHON

JEAN SEBERG AS

Shaw's Saint Joan

★ Nobody had even heard of Jean Seberg, the pretty girl from Iowa, until a little while ago. But this American shopkeeper's daughter hit the headlines when she was chosen from 18,000 competitors in a world-wide talent quest for the coveted part of George Bernard Shaw's Saint Joan in the film which producer-director Otto Preminger is making at London's Pinewood Studios. Jean, who had never acted professionally before, is pictured below as her crew-cut self. The shots at the right were taken on the set. The suit of armor that Jean Seberg wears weighs 28 pounds, but she says it's not really uncomfortable once she's inside it.

ON THE SET of "Saint Joan" the shooting stops, and the cast stands around to permit wardrobe staff to make some running repairs to young Jean Seberg's leather jacket.

MAKE-UP man puts a finishing bloom on Jean's pretty cheek with a deft touch just before a close-up shot. Off stage 18-year-old teenager Jean wears almost no make-up except lipstick.

RICHARD WIDMARK in pensive mood. The erstwhile Hollywood tough-guy shocked everyone in the film business by seeking the minor role of the weak and gentle Dauphin of France in the new production.

BELOW: A costumed lady of the Court of France puts some spare time to good use by taking a quiet nap. The entire cast of "Saint Joan" has been selected with great care by producer Otto Preminger.

ABOVE: A sword at her hip, crop-haired Jean Seberg takes a five-minute breather between scenes of "Saint Joan." Jean has a strong cast to support her in her star role. It includes Sir John Gielgud, Anton Walbrook, Richard Todd, and Richard Widmark.

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Comedy-drama of the West

1 RANCH family of H. C. Curry, in a drought-stricken south-western area, have an added bother. She is Lizzie (Katharine Hepburn), who seems destined for spinsterhood in spite of all the efforts of her brothers Noah and Jimmy (in hat).

Taken from a successful play of last year, "The Rainmaker" (Paramount) is a blend of drama and high comedy set in America's south-west territory and filmed in widescreen technicolor.

It tells how a smooth-talking confidence man manages to bring back life to a drought-stricken area of the territory and changes the lives of some of the independent characters who live in it.

Husky Burt Lancaster is the wandering charlatan who sells his supposed rain-making powers to the farmers of a small Western town.

The versatile Katharine Hepburn portrays the plain daughter of a farm family that Lancaster works for. Yearning for romance, Lizzie nevertheless wishes, as she goes about the task of being mother, sister, and daughter to her family, that they would stop trying to marry her off.

Tears, laughter, and intense drama result when Miss Hepburn and her whole family succumb to the interloper's slick gift of the gab.

Co-starring roles in the film are played by Wendell Corey, Lloyd Bridges, Earl Holliman.

2 STARBUCK (Burt Lancaster), a fake rain-maker, offers to bring rain within 24 hours for a fee of 100 dollars in advance. Sceptically, the family goes along with his hocus-pocus. Lizzie's problem, as Starbuck sees it, is lack of confidence.

3 SHERIFF FILE (Wendell Corey), a shy man who has always been interested in Lizzie, visits the ranch under the pretext of seeing her brothers. They are both so awkward that there is nearly an argument and the sheriff leaves in a huff.

4 ROMANCE between Jimmy (Earl Holliman) and Snookie Maguire (Yvonne Lime) makes fine progress until the family starts interfering. Then it is only the calm temperament of his father that keeps the household on an even keel.

5 TALKING with the brash Starbuck, Lizzie, heartbroken after her encounter with File, starts to believe in herself. He tells her she has inner beauty but needs outer glamor, too. He also admits he's a fake. They reach an understanding.

6 ABOVE. Arriving to arrest Starbuck for fraud, the Sheriff agrees to let him go upon return of the 100-dollar fee. Starbuck asks Lizzie to go with him. But she accepts File instead.

7 RIGHT. Downpour of rain brings Starbuck back to collect his fee from the jubilant ranchers. Now the land is saved, Jimmy's problems are settled, and Lizzie has her man.

LUCAS Spectator

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Featuring "Lightning" Zippers with the lifetime guarantee

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- *NEW glide-on action that dries as you apply instantly sponges up excess moisture.*
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Try ODO·RO·NO Stick in the handsome plastic case today . . . it's ideal for you . . . for him . . . for every member of your family.

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SLUM CHILD TO SCREEN STAR

LOREN: Beautiful, rich, but lonely

What happens when a "skinny Naples slum kid" becomes an international film star? American writer Louis Berg gives the answer in this story about Sophia Loren, Italian glamor actress.

By LOUIS BERG, in Europe

SOPHIA LOREN is a 23-year-old girl who is as beautiful as Venus. She is a highly successful movie actress. By the end of this year she will probably be a millionairess. Her publicity is running close to that accorded Grace Kelly, Marilyn Monroe, and Gina Lollobrigida.

Her first American film, made in Madrid for Stanley Kramer, is an important one, "The Pride and the Passion."

Wherever she goes in Europe crowds pursue her. Photographers fight to get close enough for pictures. Fans fight to get a look at her, to touch her dress, to snatch souvenirs. Once her shoes were torn off by enthusiastic well-wishers.

All Europe, it seems, is mad for Sophia. There is hardly any doubt that America soon will be. And yet, when I met her in Madrid, this dazzling young glamor queen made a terribly wistful remark.

"I have no friends," she said.

She may very well be telling the truth. Her rise to international fame has been too rapid to permit her a personal life. Scarcely eight years ago Sophia was a skinny, dirty-faced kid living in the Naples slums, about as tough and sordid an environment as you could find. She was known as "stecchetto"—"little stick."

She didn't, in fact, legally have any other name until after a recent court battle. She had to sue her father for the right to call herself Sophia Scicolone, for Signor Scicolone had never troubled to marry Sophia's mother officially.

But if her father took little interest in her, her mother made up for it. An aggressive, single - minded, red-headed tigress, Sophia's mother saw in her daughter's beauty their sole hope of escaping from the sordid life of the slums. For at 14 the "little stick" abruptly flowered into a young woman, who won a prize in a beauty contest.

Promptly men began to take an interest in her—and firmly they were driven away by watchful Mama, who was taking no chances.

What followed is G. B. Shaw's "Pygmalion" story in an Italian setting with Sophia cast in the role of Eliza, the girl from the slums. As for Henry Higgins, the professor who makes her over into a great lady, Sophia's mother filled the role.

At 16 Sophia became a model. She struck poses for the photographs used in the fumetti, a kind of lurid photographic comic strip popular in Italian magazines.

Italian producer Carlo Ponti discovered her, and at his suggestion Mama enrolled her in the Experimental Centre of Cinematographic Arts in Rome. Her education in acting didn't last long. As soon as the Rome film producers got a look at her startling and sexy beauty they wanted to put her in pictures.

Her first picture was titled "White Slavery." It was strictly Grade B, but Sophia was now a movie actress. In fact, she was an exceptionally busy movie actress. Before she was out of her teens she had made some 20 pictures — all second rate, all sexy.

"I have never had a holiday, never in my whole life," Sophia told me. Her mother dedicated both herself and her daughter relentlessly to the pursuit of success.

Besides the movie acting, Sophia had to struggle to learn to speak Italian without a Neapolitan accent. She had to spend hours of drudgery, just like Eliza in "Pygmalion." She had, above all, to learn English, because Hollywood is where the big money is.

She had no time to meet new friends. And the companions of the Naples slums, the friends of little "stecchetto," were left far behind.

Quick success

SOPHIA'S beauty and her mother's drive could not be contained in B films for long. Success came very soon, and the girl who had had to go to court for a name suddenly possessed one of the most famous ones in Italy. The new name, Sophia Loren, is significantly easy for Americans to remember and pronounce.

Her big chance was tossed at her—not intentionally—by Gina Lollobrigida. Gina was making the "Bread, Love," etc., series for Vittorio de Sica, Italy's leading director. Gina decided to abandon the series; bigger things were being offered her.

De Sica turned to the task of finding a new girl with the same qualities of earth and fire that Gina possessed.

Sophia got the part and from the start was a terrific success. There were no more B-grade pictures after that, nothing but topnotch vehicles.

Then Stanley Kramer, convinced that Sophia was ready for her English-language debut, put the girl into "The Pride and the Passion." Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra, who

INTERNATIONAL STARS Sophia Loren and Alan Ladd laughingly pose in front of a statue group on the set of "Boy On a Dolphin," which they recently finished shooting in Greece and Rome. Sophia says of the picture: "I have never acted in a movie with such camaraderie and so much fun." Ladd remarked succinctly: "What a girl!"

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Film Fan-Fare

ITALIAN ACTRESS Sophia Loren poses with two portraits by Negulesco, the Rumanian painter and director. Some American critics disagree over Sophia's acting talent and this always angers her. But everyone seems to be in accord about her striking beauty.

star with her in this film, think she is going to be as great in Hollywood as she already is in Europe.

Her American success will be another blow to the declining Italian film industry. Sophia is the third of a trio of beautiful and sexy girls who made Italian pictures prosperous. First there was Lollobrigida, then Silvana Mangano, then Sophia Loren. Because of them Italy was able to compete on almost equal terms with Hollywood in certain world markets. The trouble is that one after the other they began to demand Hollywood prices. The Italian industry couldn't afford them.

Mangano never really cared for her career and worked only when broke. Lollobrigida, of course, went to Hollywood, or rather took to working for Hollywood abroad. Sophia, coming up from nowhere, is now on her way to where the U.S. dollars blossom. "The Pride and the Passion" will net her 200,000 dollars. Goodness only knows what Sophia's rake-off will be on "Boy on a Dolphin," the picture that she went into after "The Pride and the Passion."

Whatever it is, she is probably worth the money even if, as some American critics say, she can't act.

If there is considerable controversy over her acting ability there is little over her beauty. Admirers rave about her green eyes flecked with gold, her red hair tinged with fire. "Light shimmers from her," says her own cameraman.

A more convincing reason for her success, we suspect, is the fact that she has a body—bust 38 inches, waist 24 inches, hips 38 inches. She has the height, 5 feet 8 inches, to carry these heroic proportions; she manages to be both billowy and willowy.

Is she more beautiful than Lollobrigida? You could probably start a fight in Naples by asking that question. And a feud—real or Press-agent variety—was going on between the two girls for a while.

I tried teasingly to revive it.

"I'm seeing a friend of yours in Spain," I told Gina when I saw her in Paris.

"Who?"

"Sophia Loren."

"Oh!" There was a world of sharpness in the "Oh!"

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Did she steal your donkey?" I was referring to the donkey in "Bread, Love, and Dreams."

"She is too big to ride a donkey," said little Gina.

I reported this conversation to Sophia, but she merely smiled.

Sophia has developed considerable poise, and some culture. She is truly an avid reader. Like most of the "sexy kids" she yearns to be recognised for something other than cheesecake.

Career comes first

She has a mind, and it is her own. And unlike Marilyn Monroe, she prides herself on being always on time for appointments. In Madrid she had an appointment twice with the same interviewer, who kept her waiting — a half hour the first time, and an hour-and-a-quarter the second time. He got a third interview. This time he was on time, but she was exactly an hour-and-three-quarters late — the time she had been kept waiting previously.

"You will excuse me," she said blandly, "but you understand how these things happen."

The Press has been critical because her Italian manager and Press agent, Basilio Franchina, is in constant attendance during interviews, and often answers the questions addressed to her. She likes the straight question-and-answer form of interview, and used to prefer having the questions submitted to her in writing—like a statesman.

But she seems to be over that. Or else my interview was singularly felicitous. It took place under a tent perched on a cliff above a spectacular ravine where the action of a film was taking place. Shooting had been interrupted by rain—a torrent that showed no sign of letting up. The set was flooded, rain seeped through the lashings in the tent and whipped through the openings.

We were all huddled gloomily within, stars, producer, director, cameramen. But the imperious and stately Sophia Loren was like a little girl, her sultry face eager and animated.

She sang American popular songs with her sister, Maria, who travels with her on location. I volunteered some of the forgotten words of "We'll Have Manhattan" and was made part of the circle.

She showed us how to play a Neapolitan game of her childhood, involving the shifting around of saucers to chanted words—when the words change, so must the saucers. She answered all questions freely. When we met again, constraint was gone. I discovered that she could not only smile, but even laugh sometimes.

When she can trust, she is frank. Where she can love, she is generous. There are rumors of a romance in her life; she admits there may be something to it, but here she will volunteer no details. Her career, that is very clear, must come first.

Her working associates certainly swear by her. In some way or other, she has touched them all. One of the company's Press agents worships her because she rarely displays temperament.

Her make-up man is mad about her because at 5.30 in the morning, when she must begin her make-up, she is cheerful and singing, where most stars are sulky and ill-disposed.

All of her co-workers have a strangely protective attitude toward her, as if she were a pathetic, bruised, sad, helpless, little girl instead of a self-sufficient, ambitious, aggressive movie star on the make.

Maybe she is both, and maybe she has some friends after all.

SCENE from "Boy On a Dolphin," with Hollywood actor Clifton Webb, shows the lovely Loren looking typically sultry. As a child in Naples she was known as the "little stick."

SOPHIA LOREN in the kitchen of the tiny flat in Rome which she still shares with her mother. Even today, when she has a good deal of money, Sophia lives frugally and remains free of romantic ties.

THE BEAUTY and the business woman. Sophia Loren and her mother, a shrewd and ambitious woman, who has masterminded her daughter's movie career with a lot of shrewd judgment over the years.

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ANNE DIXON — KIA-ORA'S HOME ECONOMIST

Anne Dixon's exciting, new recipe for Lent... EASTER EGGS IN SPAGHETTI NESTS

Anne Dixon, Kia-ora's Home Economist, personally created and kitchen-tested this delightful recipe for *you*. You'll find it wonderfully easy to prepare and very, *very* tasty. Whether you prepare it as one big dish or in six individual ramekins . . . *it's ready in just 10 minutes* . . . the tastiest Lenten dish you've ever enjoyed.

EASTER EGGS IN SPAGHETTI NESTS

To serve six, empty two 16-oz. cans of Kia-ora Spaghetti into a shallow ovenproof dish. Shell three hard-boiled eggs and cut each in halves. Make six depressions in the spaghetti and line with coarsely shredded cheese, then place a hard-boiled egg-half in each cheese "nest." Season with a little pepper, cover with buttered paper and place in moderate oven for 10 minutes until heated through.

It's those long strands of golden Kia-ora Spaghetti which make this Lenten dish so wonderfully appetising. Golden spaghetti, cooked slowly with a special matured cheese and Kia-ora tomato sauce. It improves any recipe and tastes delicious served hot straight from the can.

P.S. *Anne says it's a good idea to cook the eggs in the morning, when you boil the breakfast eggs.*

In Three Handy Sizes
4, 8 and 16 OZS.

Kia-ora Spaghetti

K656

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PRIZEWINNERS IN "STRANGE BUT TRUE"

● This week's first prize of £10 in our popular new contest, "Strange but True," was won by Mrs. E. Phillips, 27 Loatta Rd., Lindisfarne, Tasmania, with a story about the controversial number, 13. Five other entries won £2 prizes.

HERE is Mrs. Phillips' winning entry:

"Ever since I was a little girl I've had a real horror of the number 13. I would never be one of 13 at a table or in a room, nor would I buy any kind of ticket with the number 13 anywhere in it.

"I'm now married to a school-teacher and we have three grown-up children. When being transferred from one school to another in 1950, imagine my horror to see our appointment was number 13.

"It haunted me, and when I saw all our worldly goods being carefully packed on to a lorry to be taken to the railway station, I felt I wanted to travel with them. I felt quite sick as they drove the van away.

"The next day we started our journey by rail, little guessing what lay ahead. Our furniture, clothes, yes, everything we owned was burnt in the closed railway truck when it was still 50 miles from its destination.

"On investigation we found the number of the truck in which it was travelling was —13EE!"

PRIZES of £2 were awarded to each of the following:

● Mrs. D. Doran, 76 Brush Rd., West Ryde, N.S.W.:

"MY mother had gone to visit my uncle in another suburb, leaving my father at home with us children. My uncle was to bring her home on his motor-bike about 10.30 p.m.

"At 10.30, Dad, who had gone to bed, heard a motor-bike pull up outside our home. Then he heard someone walk around the back, open the door and switch on the kitchen light. Then there was silence.

"He waited a while, thinking my mother would be in soon, but as she didn't come he got up. There was no sign of her.

"The kitchen light was on and the back door wide open. We children were sound asleep. Dad searched everywhere, but found no-one.

"About midnight Dad decided to go to the police, as Mother had never been so late as this. As he started out, my uncle and my mother arrived on the bike. Dad told them what had happened.

"My uncle told Dad that on the way home about 10.30 p.m., the bike had skidded on the wet road and Mother was thrown off and knocked unconscious, but after treatment at hospital my uncle had been allowed to bring her home.

"We still do not know who opened the door and switched on the light."

● Mrs. P. Peters, 23 Brays Rd., Concord, N.S.W.:

"SIX years ago my husband and I bought a lovely old home with a very large open verandah looking on to a paddock.

"On our first night in our new home we had been in bed asleep for about four or five hours when we were awakened by loud noises outside. Thump! Thud! Thump!

"Jokingly I said to my husband, 'It sounds as though there's an elephant on our verandah.'

"My husband opened the blinds and said. 'Goodness gracious, it is one!'

"Yes, Jolly Jumbo was looking in the bedroom window. The circus had come to town, and while the men were pitching the Big Top in the paddock the elephant had wandered away.

"We still often laugh about the night we moved into our new home and had an elephant for a midnight visitor."

● Mrs. A. McCalman, Casterton, Vic.:

"SOME years ago I had to travel unassisted from Melbourne to my home in a country town with my infant and 18-month-old toddler.

"Owing to a slight derailment at one of the stations we were forced to wait there an hour. Trying to feed the baby in the waiting-room, with the toddler repeatedly strolling off, was just impossible, and we were all close to tears.

"A sweet-faced lass of about 17, seeing the trouble, came to my help, amusing the toddler and helping me on to my carriage later. I was very grateful and often wished afterwards I had asked her her name and address.

"Three years later I was invited to my brother's wedding. As he lived in the city and his taste in girl-friends had been poor, I rather dreaded meeting his bride.

"Imagine my surprise and delight when she turned out to be the young girl who had helped me during my train journey. And isn't she a popular sister-in-law!"

● Miss N. Anderson, 5 Livingstone St., Warracknabeal, Vic.:

"AFTER a day of hitch-hiking in Sweden last year, my friend and I were eating our evening meal when she suddenly missed her camera.

"We searched everywhere but, sure enough, it was gone. She was very upset as it was quite an expensive camera and her most treasured possession.

"For an hour we sat trying to recall the events of the day and to remember when we had last seen the camera. At the end of this time we thought, but were by no means certain, that she had left it in one of the last three cars we had travelled in that day.

"We had no hope of contacting any of the drivers, as none of them had spoken any English and we didn't even know in what towns they lived.

"The first of the drivers had dropped us at a fork in the road about two hundred miles from where we were that night. He had taken the fork which led east.

"On our map we saw that there were many towns marked along this eastern route. Picking the town marked in the largest print we decided to ring the police there.

"A Swedish girl made the telephone call for us, and, incredible as it seems, my friend's camera had indeed been handed in to the police in this town.

"The police there posted it on to Stockholm, where we collected it four days later."

● Although the contest is primarily for adults, we could not resist this one. It is from seven-year-old Mary Lou Ladegaard, 17 Berry St., Cronulla, N.S.W.:

"I AM seven years old and I hate ordinary eggs. But when I was a little girl, every morning my pet fowl used to lay an egg specially for me, with my name and a funny face on it, and they were the best eggs I have tasted.

"Now that I have grown up it has suddenly forgotten me. Don't you think that this is strange?"

HOW TO ENTER

Write your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not previously have been published. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, including the State, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned, nor any correspondence entered into.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.

"DOG TALK" No. 15 RESULTS

● First prize of £50 in "Dog Talk" Contest No. 15 was won by Mrs. D. K. Northeast, Argosy Radio Store, 2 Wells Rd., Salisbury North, S.A.

MRS. NORTHEAST'S entry was: "Yoo-hoo! Agnes! I'm parked over here."

£10 prizes to:

Mrs. F. Suthers, McLean Street, North Ipswich, Qld.

"All right, you're so smart. You park the car!"

Mrs. H. Walmsley, "Pen-y-lan Cottage," Bethanga Lower, Vic.

". . . And I laughed till I cried."

Mrs. J. Wiley, "Hazelville," Jasper's Brush, N.S.W.

"I didn't really expect a ticker-tape welcome!"

£5 prizes to:

Miss P. Denniston, 7 The Esplanade, Williamstown, Vic.

"Young man, I drove a car before you were born, so I should know."

Mrs. A. N. Hunter, 68 Torrens St., Braddon, A.C.T.

"I think they've tied old shoes on the back."

Mrs. F. McKinnon, Busselton, W.A.

"So wonderful to see you again after all this time."

£1 prizes to:

Miss D. Clemence, 70 Mitchell St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

"Oh, Henry! Be a darling and run back for my sunglasses."

Miss M. Platz, Harrisville, via Ipswich, Qld.

"Hello, there! I hope you don't mind us dropping in unexpectedly like this!"

Miss E. Richards, Newee Creek, Macksville 2C., N.S.W.

"And so, folks, in conclusion, I ask you all for your No. 1 vote."

"Yoo-hoo! Agnes! I'm parked over here."

Miss A. Dobson, 109 Cook Rd., Centennial Park, N.S.W.

"If you think I'm going to share this taxi with you —"

Mrs. N. Breeden, "Cool Waters," Peel Terrace, Busselton, W.A.

"The old mink upholstery was much too hot, so we changed back to zebra."

Results of "Dog Talk" Contest No. 16 will be announced next week.

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His heart will dance to your tune when you wear tutu – the irresistible perfume with the provocative air

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"M-m-m-m- the more chocolatey Chocolate!"

They're all **Good** and good to eat *often*!

The Nestlé's "threepenny" has a big brother known as Quarter-Pound Block—a whole quarter-pound of the most delicious milk chocolate money can buy! NESTLÉ'S MILK CHOCOLATE.

Crisp, crunchy hazel nuts delightfully blended with creamy, smooth Nestlé's Milk Chocolate . . . NESTLÉ'S NUT MILK.

The choicest nuts from sunny Brazil and Australia's finest milk chocolate in delicious combination—NESTLÉ'S BRAZIL NUT.

Twenty taste-tempting morsels of that smooth, creamy, more "chocolatey" Nestlé's Chocolate! Mmm-mm . . . NESTLÉ'S CROQUETTES.

Nestlé's had mothers and children in mind when they first devised the now famous "threepenny" tablet of Nestlé's Milk Chocolate. They perfected not only the chocolate itself but the *wrapping* . . . the special hygienic wrapping which preserves the flawless purity and freshness of *every* tablet of delicious, creamy Nestlé's Milk Chocolate. So, for little folks as well as their elders, Nestlé's Chocolate is *good* to eat, *good* to eat often.

ALWAYS ASK FOR NESTLÉ'S MILK CHOCOLATE

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Teenagers are often baffled and annoyed by the decisions of their parents, particularly when these decisions actively interfere with their social lives.

TWO teenagers suffering from parent trouble have written this week for advice.

Here is the first letter:

"I'M 17 and have been living in a very nice suburb for nearly 5½ years. Since I was six we have been constantly on the move (altogether in about 10 different suburbs). It wasn't quite so bad when I was younger, but now I just make a lot of nice friends when we're off again. Now Father is going to sell up and move again. It would not have meant quite so much to me before, but in the past four months I have been going steady with a very nice fellow of whom everyone approves with great enthusiasm. We mean quite a lot to each other.

"As it is, he lives only 10 minutes' driving from my place, but my father has ideas of going over the other side of the harbor or out to Parramatta or Liverpool. I think it is too far for my boy-friend to make week-end drives with petrol the price it is now, although I know he would drive 50 miles there and back to see me if necessary.

"Do you think I'm being rather childish if I wonder if he will give me up if he has too far to go to see me?"

B.M., Illawarra, N.S.W.

No, you are not childish, you are realistic. It is quite true that distance does other things besides lend enchantment. You know, of course, that girls are often classified by boys as "G.I.," which means Geographically Impossible. It is a sad and disillusioning fact that mile pegs can dispassionately push fate aside and prove that two people are not meant for each other.

I do feel, however, that it may not be so in your case when your young man is *not* dependent on the public transport, has his own car, and, in your own words, would be happy to drive 50 miles there and back to see you.

At your age, you can do nothing about your parents moving house. You've just got to go with them. At least, you'll never be bored with living in the same place. And you never know who'll be living next door at the new place.

"I AM 15½ and love my parents very much. I know they are trying to protect me as I am an only child, but I have a problem I want solved. I go round with a decent bunch of girls and boys. My friends are allowed to attend our small-town dances on Saturday nights. My father said I am too young to go dancing. Do you think I am? At our dances everyone knows everyone, and our local policeman watches the boys who drink too much. Everyone is well behaved."

"Lonely," N.S.W.

I don't think you are too young to go to all dances, but it depends entirely on what type of dance it is. I do agree with your parents about the Saturday night dances.

I think 15½ is much too young to go to a public dance where there is drink and the local policeman is keeping an eye on behaviour. Your attendance at a public dance with your friends is in itself an announcement by your parents that you are able to deal with any situation that may arise, and under the circumstances I can imagine many situations that might embarrass you.

You must obey your parents about this, even if you are lonely because of it.

A word from Debbie . . .

● One of the things you should get straight in your mind is where you stand about lending or borrowing money.

Sometime in your life you'll find that one or the other will lose you a friend; that it is far better to manage, come what may, neither lending nor borrowing.

Of course it's hard (particularly as sometimes you are embarrassed for the friend who asks) and it seems frightfully mean not to dig into your pocket to help out a friend in need, but supposing she can't give you the money back when you need it? You'll find that you start feeling differently about her.

You've got to make your own rules and stick to them.

If you decide to lend money, don't lend it, give it. You'll feel better about it.

I practise the "trust them twice" routine. If my friends fail to pay me back when they said they would, twice, next time I'm asked for a loan I just say "No," without explanation. I find this doesn't lose friends.

If you're a borrower, chronic type, make a list of your debts and the friends you've lost. You may be shocked into new ways.

DISC DIGEST

MY cat "Wing" helped me review "Sincerely, Conte," a 10-inch LP featuring the trumpet of Conte Candoli (LZ-NA.14010). I found him crouched at the living-room door with a distracted expression on his face and his ears pressed back flat on his head. I realised then that I must have looked very much the same, because this is "contemporary jazz." That means it's very loud and, as far as I can make out, tunes such as "I Can't Get Started," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," and "I'll Remember April" all sound like something quite different.

Others on the disc (if you dig modern jazz you'll recognise them) are "Fine and Dandy," "Night Flight," "On the Alamo," "Tune For Tex," and "Everything Happens to Me." The playing of Candoli, Stan Levy (drums), Max Bennett (bass), and Claude Williamson (piano) is, one must admit, brilliant, but the overall effect left "Wing" and me cold. Most of the musicians have worked with Dizzy Gillespie and Stan Kenton, so if you like the modern idiom you'll want to hear this disc.

THE success of "The Piano Style of Nat King Cole" seems to have prompted a follow-up, this time a 10-inch LP called "Penthouse Serenade." The former record employed Nelson Riddle's work as a support, but this time Nat plays alone and gives the impression that he's seated at the piano playing for a few friends at an intimate party.

His fine musical taste is evident in every chord he strikes (or, should I say, "caresses") and the whole disc is a joy from start to finish. In addition to the title tune, Nat plays "Somebody Loves Me," "Once in a Blue Moon," "Polka Dots and Moonbeams," "Down by the Old Mill Stream," "If I Should Lose You," "Rose Room," and "Laura," which seems to pop up on every second LP one hears nowadays.

DO you like the husky, moody style of June Christy? If so, you'll go for an extended play 45 r.p.m. disc called "The Misty Miss Christy" (EAP.2-725). The imaginative accompaniment, which includes a harp and a French horn, enhances her carefully chosen songs—"Day Dream," "Sing Something Simple," "The Wind," and "This Year's Kisses."

—BERNARD FLETCHER

Nothing else gives you the same concentrated washing energy as Trix ★

... and nothing else so safe and gentle!

With all its **concentrated washing energy**—there's nothing so **safe and gentle** as Trix. As you yourself know, woollens washed in suds tend to become hard and matted. But Trix-washed woollens stay soft, fluffy and "in perfect shape." Nylons and silks never need rub-a-dub scrubbing—for Trix just **soaks** them clean. Try it. Dip your soiled nylons in a basin of warm Trix-in-water. Straight-away the water will cloud up—proof positive that Trix **absorbs** dirt and grease **out** of the fabric **into** the water! Again—Trix makes rinsing easier and more complete. There's no soap scum—no harsh powdery deposit to give them a dingy look.

Concentrated Energy for WASHING MACHINES!

The concentrated washing energy of Trix stays deep down in the water—gets right after the dirt in the clothes. Your wash comes out REALLY clean—not half-clean. Remember, too, that a washing machine cannot be truly efficient if thick suds slow down the free "swishing" action. With Trix there are no heavy suds—it's all energy, concentrated washing energy.

* Price slightly higher in some country areas.

Concentrated Energy for WASHING-UP!

Ordinary soaps and powders give you a sinkful of lazy suds that leave a germ-laden film on every dish. But Trix is non-sudsing—it's all concentrated washing energy. Because Trix leaves no streaking, no greasy film—there's NO NEED TO DRY UP. Just stock the dishes to dry sparkling, hygienically clean.

Insist on Trix ★ the non-foaming detergent with Concentrated Washing Energy

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Pamper yourself! From fiery reds to fairest pinks . . . each colour luxuriously flatters your complexion, richly accents your every costume. Exclusive formula Cutex Nail Polish defies chipping and peeling . . . lasts days longer than more costly polishes. Cutex Stay Fast Lipstick, with super lanolin, keeps lips softly alluring, radiant with colour. Never fades nor dries . . . stays on after eating, even after a kiss!

For lasting beauty . . .

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CUTEX "STAYFAST" LIPSTICK . . . 4/11
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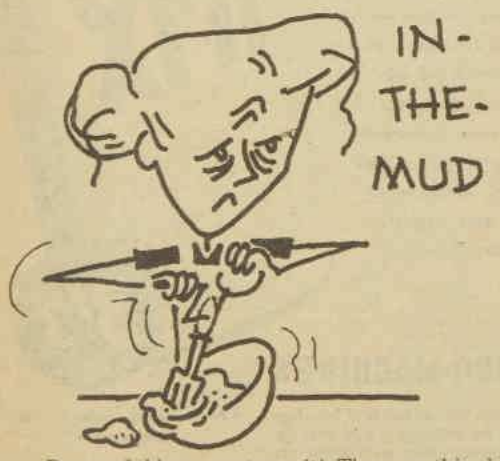
CUTEX NAIL BRILLIANCE 4/9

THIS IS A STICK-IN-THE-MUD



Be careful how you tease it! The poor thing's so worn to a frazzle with beating, frying, grilling (not to mention washing up) that it will probably chase you out of the kitchen with its eggbeater. Pity it can't relax and serve a big, rustling, energy-loaded breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes instead. Then everybody would be happy.

FRESH IDEA! If your family has been missing out on all the fun, flavour and food value in Kellogg's Corn Flakes, why not start making up for lost time—tomorrow morning?

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I FIND it hard to understand the critical attitude adopted by elderly relatives when young wives acquire labor-saving devices for the home. So often I've heard daughters and daughters-in-law say, "Honestly, you'd think they hate to see us get anything they didn't have." Hesitating to put this attitude on the part of the older folk down to envy, I assume it comes from the horror of debt, engendered by the depression years that the younger people never knew.

I manage quite well without some appliances many housewives now take for granted. But if, when my daughters marry, their homes are equipped to leave them more time for the profitable enjoyment of leisure, I'll be as happy about it as they are. It will be from a distance, be it said, because, except when they need me, I won't be living with them!

£1/1/- to Mrs. Stella Thorpe, 33 View Point St., Ararat, Vic.

THERE is no reason why a person with average intelligence cannot take up any study at any age, as long as the will to learn is there. At 55, with the family grown up, a move nearer civilisation, and improved finances, I started taking lessons in pianoforte and singing. Naturally I have slowed down and concentration isn't easy, but my enthusiasm hasn't waned, and, though I shall not be anywhere near a concert pianist, I hope to rank with the moderately good some day. In the meantime I thoroughly enjoy my daily practice and my fingers have become fairly nimble.

10/6 to "Wynot," Northam, W.A.

I WOULD like to see public schools in overcrowded areas remain open after school hours and used as community centres and clubs for children, as is done in some countries overseas. This would keep the children off the streets in densely populated districts, giving them somewhere to play games and work at hobbies and handicrafts. Such community centres or clubs could play an important part in curbing juvenile delinquency.

10/6 to Miss N. Windsor, 22 Bareena Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

FORTUNATELY most people are considerate when travelling and will gladly move along to make room for one more. But there is a minority who will spread out and take up more than a fair share of space. Worst of all is the person who knits with her basket and parcels beside her while others stand. Lots of people don't mind standing while a small, tired child sits, but who wants to stand for a basket?

10/6 to E. Robinson, c/o 150 Magill Rd., Norwood, S.A.

DID you know you could have matching nail-polish, lipstick, and frames to your glasses? All you do is match nail-polish and lipstick, then paint the frames with the nail varnish. It is quite easily removed with nail-polish remover.

10/6 to Miss Colleen Stevens, 78 Reed St., Albert Park, Vic.

ON my doctor's instructions I visited a maternity hospital to confirm his booking of accommodation for me to have my second child. It was a different hospital from that when I had my first baby, but my reception was the same. I was merely handed a card stating the requirements for mother and baby, and had to find out the question of fees, etc., for myself.

I know that hospitals are busy and probably no one has time to make a prospective patient (who won't be admitted for about six months) feel welcome. But I do feel such a distant attitude is rather chilling and perhaps frightening to a woman facing her first confinement, and who might never have had any previous experience of hospitals.

10/6 to Mrs. Evelyn Patuzzi, 27 Loftus St., Leederville, W.A.

The wedding dress

I DISAGREE with Miss Cormack (13/3/'57), who says brides have plenty of other occasions to wear evening frocks without wearing one on their wedding day. Most girls can't afford an expensive wedding dress to be worn only once, so they choose one they can wear later as an evening frock. Wedding dresses are especially expensive, but by buying an adaptable and suitable evening frock the money saved can be put into something needed for the house. And as for having other occasions to wear evening frocks, the dress I was married in is the only long frock I have ever worn. I think it is the same with other country girls.

10/6 to Mrs. J. MacCarthy, Lowmead, Qld.

Family affairs

OTHER readers might be interested in the idea I hit on to make my small son take his four-hourly mixture and tablets when he was ill. Having first been assured by the doctor that this could have no ill effect, I crushed the tablet and added it with the mixture to pineapple juice or cordial put in a small bottle decorated with colored cut-outs and a colored straw. Pretending it was something special that only adults were in the habit of drinking, I then walked casually out. When I came back, and each time afterwards, it would be gone, and no tantrums.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Crowe, Cygnet, Huon, Tas.

● ***Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.***

Ross Campbell writes...

THE PEN BUSTERS

WHAT a lot of war books are still being published!

World War II produced an amazing crop of first-class writing men.

The trouble is, from the ordinary ex-serviceman's point of view, that those books are too exciting.

They make his own experiences sound humdrum.

My friend Cec McGoon was complaining to me about it.

Cec was in the Navy, and saw a lot of action.

"I was telling them at home about some of the things I went through," he said. "But the kids just yawned. They said it wasn't as good as 'The Cruel Sea.'"

"Surely your wife was interested?" I said.

"Not a bit," he replied. "She reads too much. She used to be mad on books by fighter pilots. She'd call us to breakfast saying: 'Scramble! Ten sausages bearing 090 at zero feet!'"

"Does she still do that?"

"No. She gave it up when she got keen on submarines. Then she'd shout: 'Unter periskop! Dive!' when she went down to the laundry.

"The milkman slammed the servery door one night. She woke up yelling: 'Depth charges! Switch off engines!'"

"Did that go on for long?"

"Only till she was shown over a submarine. She didn't like it; she kept bumping her head on things. 'Is this a midget submarine?' she said. 'No, it's a big one,' they told her. After that she switched to books by prisoners-of-war."

This was a depressing phase, said Cec.

His wife kept hoarding sticks of chocolate, as if she was planning an escape.

She asked how long it would take to dig a tunnel under the front fence into the street.

"Why do you want to know?" he said.

"I was just wondering," she replied.

But she forgot about the P.O.W.'s when she started reading "I Was a Frogman."

"She said she wanted to be a frogwoman in the next war," said Cec. "She bought a pair of flippers and tried to swim underwater. But she found it made a mess of her hair."

Just now, he says, she is reading the diaries of Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke. Her main interest is in high strategy.

She arranges the peas on her plate to explain the battle of El Alamein.

One thing I know, if I get into another war I'm going to take plenty of writing paper.

There's good money in it.

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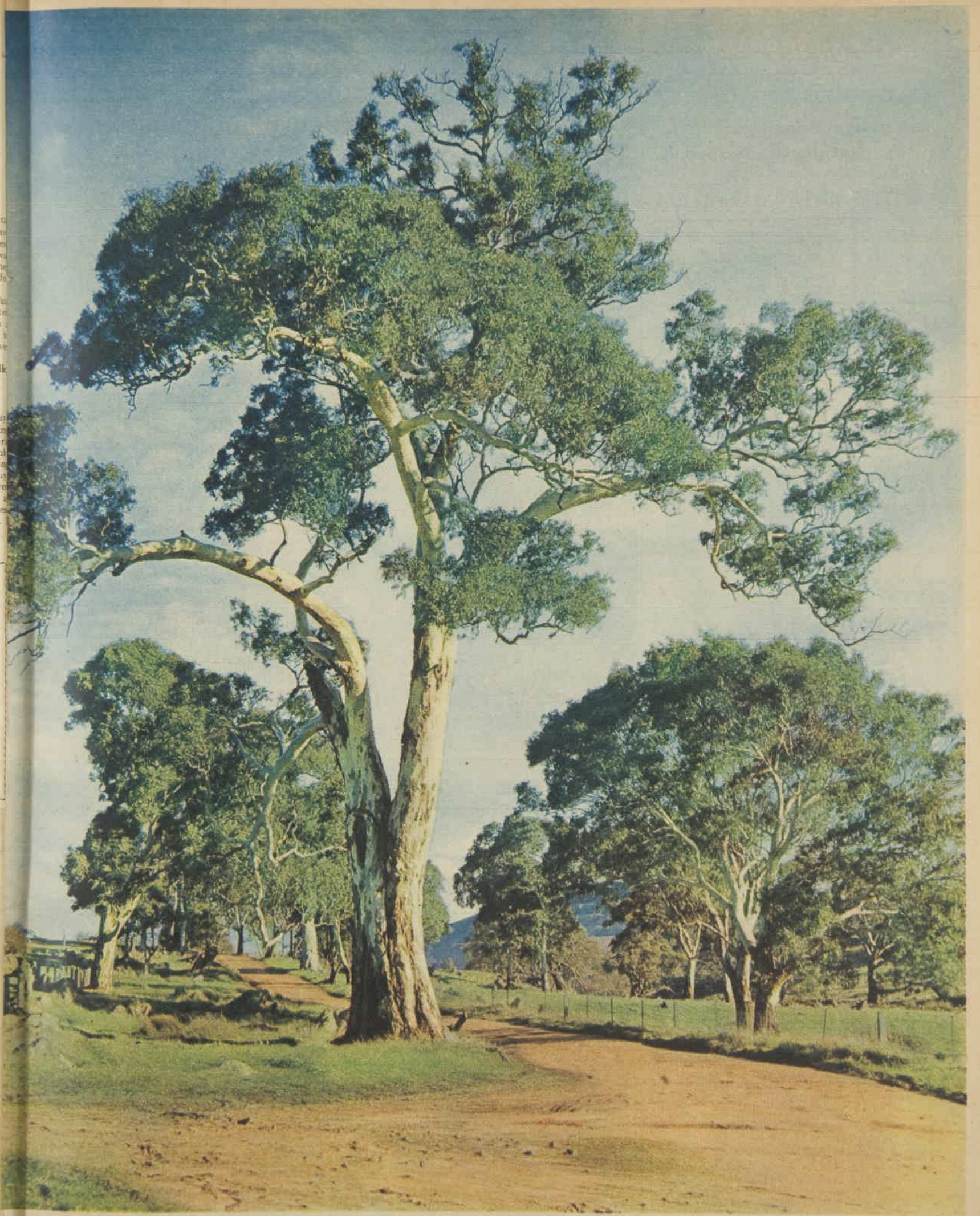

THESE ARE AUSTRALIAN: *RIVER RED GUM (Eucalyptus rostrata) is one of Australia's finest trees. It grows to 100 feet in height and has hard, durable timber, used for building ships and bridges, and for telegraph poles and paving and house blocks. This picture was taken by Keith Phillips, of Mitcham, S.A.*

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Fast on-the-spot relief...

...from **Indigestion, Heartburn, Nausea, Flatulence, Dyspepsia**

with

DE WITT'S ANTACID TABLETS

At the first sign of indigestion, dissolve a pleasant - tasting DeWitt's Antacid Tablet on the tongue, and halt the trouble before it develops. Made to the same well-balanced formula as the world famous DeWitt's Antacid Powder, these convenient, cellophane packed tablets rapidly neutralise excess stomach acid which is the common cause of digestive disorders. Ask your chemist or storekeeper for a packet of De Witt's Antacid Tablets today.

At home, DeWitt's Antacid Powder is the family standby for the relief of all digestive disorders.

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ANTACID TABLETS.

TABLETS . . . 3/3 LARGE ECONOMY SIZE—REGULAR SIZE 1/9
POWDER . . . 7/- LARGE ECONOMY SIZE—REGULAR SIZE 3/6

Career Housewife

WORKING WIFE, Mrs. D. Brennan, Victoria Street, Potts Point, Sydney, has a job many housewives would envy. Glamorously gowned, with beautiful make-up and hair-do, she stands on a pedestal in the foyer of the Prince Edward Theatre, Sydney, the centre of all eyes as she greets patrons and directs them to their location in the theatre.

WITH A WAVE OF HER WELL-GROOMED HAND

With hands always in the spotlight, Mrs. Brennan must keep them attractive and well-groomed. It isn't always easy when you do your own washing, but Mrs. Brennan has the answer. She says: "On washday I always use Persil because it's so wonderfully kind and gentle. Persil keeps my hands soft and smooth."

P.141.WW62g

The Golden Greeks

A shipping millionaire had two lovely daughters. At 17, one married a millionaire. The same year, the other did the very same thing.

● When two multi-millionaire sisters marry two multi-millionaire shipping magnates, you'd expect a luxury-bored four in the glittering society of the international set.

THE Livanos sisters, Tina (wife of Aristotle Socrates Onassis) and Eugenie (wife of Stavros Spyros Niarchos), are in the international set and they certainly glitter in jewels and model gowns in world capitals.

But they are not bored. Born to great wealth, they find their wealth-cushioned lives as natural a way to live as the baker's daughter who marries a baker.

Stately homes, luxury yachts, and Dior gowns they take for granted, retaining their simplicity, as they make London, Monte Carlo, Paris, or New York their home, according to the weather or the demands of their husbands' business interests.

The sisters' husbands, Aristotle Onassis and Stavros Niarchos, are the fabulously wealthy Greek oil-tanker kings whose fleets span the world's oceans and who, as modern merchant adventurers on a grand scale, have become known as the "Golden Greeks."

Starting with £2,000,000 insurance money each from tankers and merchant ships lost in World War II, and helped by the post-war shipping boom, both men have amassed staggering fortunes.

Nobody knows how much, but Niarchos, the world's biggest independent shipowner, is reputed to have made £150,000,000, and Onassis isn't far behind.

They are now on their way, because of the international oil crisis over Suez, to many more millions from the transport of oil supplies to Western Europe.

Niarchos has placed an order for the world's biggest oil tanker, a 106,000-tonner, to be completed by 1959. Onassis also plans two 100,000-ton tankers, which he hopes to have in operation by 1960.

While the tanker kings, rivals in temperament and background as well as big business, pile up millions and deliberately avoid each other's company, their sister-wives are the greatest friends and see each other as often as possible.

This dual story of love and luxury, draped in ermine, embroidered with diamonds, and set against the sea, began in London, where Tina (short for Athina), now 27, and Eugenie, now 29, were born.

Best schools

THEIR father, Stavros Livanos, a big, bustling, publicity-shy London Greek, who owned more than 1,000,000 tons of shipping, was so wealthy that even today some people think he could buy out his millionaire sons-in-law and still have plenty to spare.

The girls got more than the best of everything. They had a mademoiselle to teach them French, went to exclusive schools, and rode in Rotten Row with the children of other wealthy parents.

They accepted all this as natural, having no idea of their father's riches. Once at school Eugenie was asked, "What does your father do?"

"Oh, I don't know," she replied. "Something to do with ships, I believe. He is a frightfully busy man, always travelling."

Eugenie was 12 and Tina 10 when World War II began, but early in 1940 their parents moved them out of England first to Montreal and later to New York.

Eugenie, at a fashionable New York finishing school, and Tina, at school in Connecticut, early showed they would be beautiful.

They were both small, but Eugenie had olive skin, dark hair, and sloe eyes, while Tina was blond with sparkling eyes. Tina, too, was more temperamental, with a passionate love of horses.

Tina was 14 when she first met 36-year-old "Ari" Onassis, and she is never without a gold bracelet of Alexander-the-Great coins to prove it, for on one is engraved, "Saturday, 7 p.m., 17 April, 1943, T.I.L.Y." — the time and date Onassis says he first saw her.

Daily call

THE initials, which Onassis formed with the wake of his speedboat in his early wooing days at Oyster Bay, New York, mean "Tina, I Love You."

Of her bracelet, Tina says: "I adore it."

In 1946, when Tina was 17, they were married, a marriage that has included without one failure a daily phone call to Tina from any part of the world at 6.30 p.m.

Onassis, then 39, already gave the impression that he had been born to power and wealth, but from the age of 16, when the Turks massacred half his family in the Greek colony in his native Smyrna, he had battled.

"If you want to be rich," he once said, "the main thing is to make your first million."

Stavros Spyros Niarchos, now 47, who married Eugenie Livanos (she is his second wife) soon after younger sister Tina had married Onassis, probably agrees with his brother-in-law, though his start in life was quite different and he didn't make his first million until he was over 30.

Niarchos, who talks and acts much more quickly than the slow, somewhat silent Onassis, and has a sparkling personality, comes from a family of

DEVOTED SISTERS. Tina Onassis (standing) and Eugenie Niarchos, wives of the "tanker kings," snatch every chance of being together, although the two men rarely meet.

IN SPORTS CLOTHES at St. Moritz, the sisters are seldom recognised as two of the world's wealthiest women. Ski-ing is a favorite sport, and they often meet in Switzerland.

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Unspoilt by their millions

• They love . . . emeralds and turquoises, rock-'n-roll, opera—and their husbands.

wealthy Greek millers and flour merchants.

Niarchos broke with the family firm at 30 and, carefully investing in ships, quickly built up the nucleus of his merchant fleet.

Here is one example of the way the men operate. When Onassis decided to establish his business headquarters in Monaco, the Monte Carlo Sporting Club refused to sell him premises. So he bought the Sporting Club, the Casino, several hotels and other properties, and became, reluctantly, Monte Carlo's host to visiting statesmen, artists, and film stars.

He also anchored the world's largest private yacht, Christina, a converted 1800-ton Canadian frigate, in Monte Carlo harbor and made Prince Rainier's (and Grace's) yacht look like a rowing boat.

By comparison the two sisters lead uncomplicated lives.

Tina, when interviewed at her Paris apartment, had arrived from the hairdresser's as concerned with the shape of her new coiffure as any pretty woman. Under her straight green coat with a tiny leopard collar - she wore a grey twin-set and skirt — the English woman's morning uniform.

FAMILY GROUPS. Above left, Aristotle Onassis dancing with his wife, Tina, and below them their children, Christina and Alexander.

ABOVE RIGHT, Stavros Niarchos and his wife, Eugenie, at a French dinner, and below them their children, Philip and Spyros.

No lipstick

LATER, for a photograph, she changed into a wonderful Dior evening dress, only to be met by the elder of her two children, nine-year-old Alexander, with the boyish question: "Mamie, why are you wearing a nightdress in the middle of the day?"

Tina's daughter, Christina, is six, and Eugenie has two sons, Philip, aged 4, and Spyros, nearly two.

Of Eugenie, an interviewer wrote: "I found her a simple, unassuming, but very attractive woman, rather girlish in many ways. When I saw her she wore no lipstick at all!"

The Niarchos and Onassis families, each with their two children, seldom spend more than a few weeks or months in one place.

Both men are constantly travelling their empires, though much of their work is done by radiophone, and their wives passionately love travel and meeting new people.

As Eugenie Niarchos says and is echoed by sister Tina Onassis: "Our movements depend on the seasons. We like New York in the autumn, Switzerland in the winter, the Mediterranean in the summer, and London and Paris in the season.

"I never feel uprooted. I have no packing problems. Things are always ready for us wherever we go. I only take my maid, Denise, with me. And we take our home with us because the children always come along . . ."

They invariably stay at Claridge's when in London, and the Palace Hotel in St. Moritz, but Eugenie has a home at Oyster Bay, New York, three floors of their own 16-story apartment house in New York City, a Paris house, the Chateau de la Croe on the Riviera, and a home in Bermuda in which she has never lived.

Tina has an apartment in New York and one in Paris, but spends most of her Mediterranean time on Christina. Christina has, among other things, a swimming-pool, a fully equipped surgery, 17th-century furniture, two El Grecos, a priceless jade Buddha, a superb French chef, a seaplane, and even, sometimes, Greta Garbo.

But the first thing Eugenie did when moving into her first married home on Long Island was to change the curtains. "It was not that I didn't like them," she said, "I simply thought new ones were needed."

Travel to the merchants and their wives, as Tina once proved, is simple.

At the end of a holiday with the whaling fleet in the Pacific, Tina and "Ari" flew to Peru where they planned to stay. But the moment they landed, Tina said, "I'd love to go to Cuba now."

"I know my husband was terribly busy," said Tina, "but he took me by the hand towards the next plane to Cuba. That's the way he is."

Eugenie and Tina are among the world's best-dressed women, and often instinctively wear similar clothes on the same day though thousands of miles apart. This is not because they buy from the same Paris designers, which they do, but because their minds in many ways seem to be closely attuned.

But, when they met in Paris recently, wearing identical coats, they were, like most women, more than a little upset. They now have advised their fashion houses that they expect to be told what each has brought.

In jewellery as well as dress the sisters have remarkably similar tastes, though both have their favorites.

Tina's choice, apart from her inscribed gold coin bangle, is a glittering snake of emeralds and diamonds, a piece of antique Russian jewellery worth thousands.

Eugenie, though she owns a case of jewels for all occasions, prefers a turquoise ring which she believes wards off the evil eye, and an antique turquoise cross.

Maybe Eugenie is right, for as she says: "I'm lucky, but Tina isn't. Ever since she was a little girl, she's made a bad habit of breaking her legs, either falling off horses or on ski runs, and she won't wear turquoise."

Both families gave magnificent parties, though they prefer the intimate gathering to the ostentatious "do," and their guests are kings, Arabian princes, British statesmen, German industrialists, American senators, and film stars.

Close friends of Tina and "Ari" include Greta Garbo and Aly Khan, though Eugenie and Stavros number the Greek Royal Family among their intimates.

Fame and constant association with the famous has left Eugenie as untouched as her sister. Once when asked to lunch to meet film star Gina Lollobrigida, Eugenie smiled and said: "Oh, I think Stavros would be more interested in that than I."

"Nice women"

NEITHER of the sisters can cook. "I can only fry eggs," is Tina's confession. Eugenie has a liking for cheese dishes. In New York, she often eats cheese-burgers.

Tina likes to read biographies, magazines, and newspapers, and is a rock-'n-roll fan; Eugenie prefers mysteries and likes opera.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the "tanker kings" and their wives is not their money or their fleets, but the simple fact that their marriages have remained happy and scandal free.

As for the wives themselves, they are, said an English reporter, "exceptionally nice women.

"Talking to them away from the parties, the bright lights, the yachts, and the chateaux, no one would guess that they have a single million to their names," he said.

OIL-TANKER BUSINESS often is conducted in out-of-the-way places. Here Aristotle Onassis has a shipboard meeting with King Saud of Arabia. Onassis, who started work at 16, has made nearly £150 million—not quite as much as brother-in-law Niarchos.

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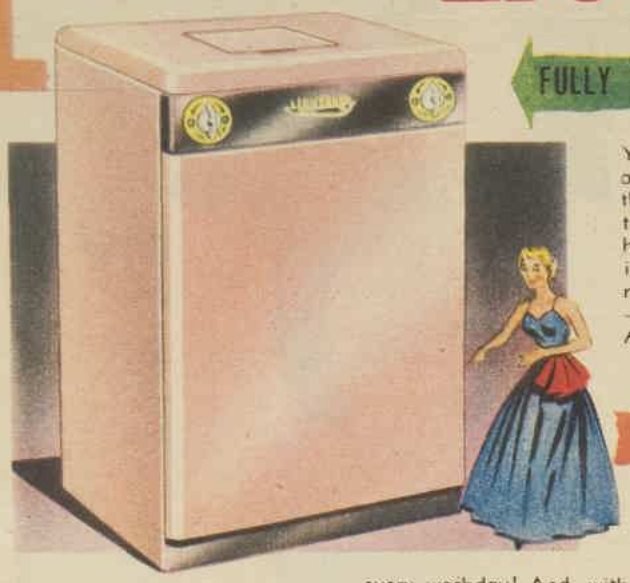
Have you seen LIGHTBURN'S LATEST?



FULLY AUTOMATIC, SELF HEATING HOME LAUNDRY

You just drop in the clothes, turn on the tap, set the automatic dials and GO—the LIGHTBURN does all the thinking and hard work! It washes clothes thoroughly because it presoaks, boils, rinses with hot and cold water then spin dries and switches itself off—all automatically! The LIGHTBURN needs no hot water system, no expensive installation—has large, 12 lb. capacity and safe, top loading. And there's no clutch or gear box to wear out!

Automatic Model 175 Guineas

SEMI AUTOMATIC WASHING MACHINE

This LIGHTBURN model washes clothes in minutes, spins them dry in seconds and washes while it spin dries . . to save you precious time every washday! And, with Australia's most efficient spin dryer, there's no dirty water left in clothes to soil colours—no deep creases to iron out—no broken buttons or zippers to mend! A powerful two motor drive, big family capacity, its mobility and special water saving features make it ideal for the larger home . . the heaviest wash! **A.C. Models 135 Guineas. D.C. Models plus 10 Guineas.**

NEW "Console" Model WASHING MACHINE

With a new, attractive appearance, an improved washing action, Australia's most efficient spin dryer and automatic pump, this LIGHTBURN model's "tops" in the popular price range! It has two separate bowls—you can wash and dry at the same time—has one simple control and it's mobile, compact and really saves water!

A.C. Models 99 Guineas. D.C. Models plus 11 Guineas.

Magic WATER WAND WASHING MACHINE

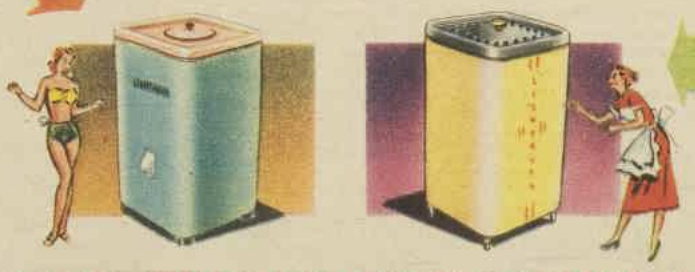
This low priced LIGHTBURN fits the smallest budget—and takes up only 2¼ sq. feet of space in the laundry or kitchen! The "Water Wand" triple washing action moves rivers of suds in, around and through the clothes . . . giving the cleanest and most gentle washing ever!

Priced to suit every budget at 47 Guineas

SUPER SPEED SPIN DRYER

Here's the famous LIGHTBURN Spin Dryer as a separate unit! It spins **all** the water out of clothes in 20 seconds—lots quicker than any other method—cleaner too! It is rubber mounted, compact and suitable for use with **any** washer!

A.C. Models 35 Guineas.
D.C. Models plus 8 Gns.



Compact *Airy* CLOTHES TIDY

Now you can keep all those soiled clothes stored away neatly in a LIGHTBURN Clothes Tidy. It's just 30" high, uses only 2¼ sq. feet of space and allows the air to circulate through the clothes!

HERE'S WHY IT'S BEST TO BUY A LIGHTBURN

- All units have a gleaming, hard baked enamel finish in colour combinations to suit you!
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- Each unit is available on very easy terms, with low deposit and small weekly payments!

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** EVERY WOMAN DESERVES A WASHING MACHINE!*

. . . so select a model to suit you from this extensive LIGHTBURN range and watch for more new models coming too!

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Worth Reporting

TWENTY-FIVE members of the National Opera Company left Sydney recently on a tour of New South Wales and Queensland.

The opera they will perform on tour is "Fra Diabolo," music by Auber, text by Scrive, written originally in 1820 for the Comedie Francaise as a satire on the Paris Opera House.

The only other professional stage production of "Fra Diabolo" in Australia was made in Melbourne by the Italian Gonzales Opera Company in 1926.

"The whole thing is great fun," said Mr. Simon Montigue, producer - director. "There are plenty of laughs, and melodies the audience will hum as they leave the hall."

Two casts of the major principals are on tour. The role of Fra Diabolo will be played alternately by tenors Walter Rychtowski and Gino Zancanaro.

Alternating in the leading soprano role of Zerlina will be Madge Stephens, of Melbourne, who played Marsinah in the Australian stage production of "Kismet," and Rosalind Keene, of Sydney, also in the "Kismet" cast.

Other leading singers include Harry Quick, Raymon Opi, of New Zealand, Ailene Fisher, and Pamela Coleman, with Josef Drewniak and John Pooley in the two leading comedy bandit roles.

The main character lead is taken by Douglas Parnell.

The tour schedule has been arranged by the founder of the company, Mrs. C. T. Lorenz, in co-operation with the Railways Department.

The tour is expected to last at least six weeks.

★ ★ ★

A cry for help from Hungary

WE received a letter this week from a woman in Hungary who had obtained a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The woman, wife of an agricultural expert, out of work and not eligible for a pension, wrote:

". . . my three children caressed the pictures of oranges and chocolate in your beautiful paper, they have not eaten similar things . . . they looked in wonder at the beautiful clothes and shoes . . . we have no warm clothes, very little linen and bed clothes . . . I implore your help . . ."

Letters like this are arriving in Australia every day from Hungarians to various organisations, and individuals, begging for urgent assistance.

A steel-worker in Budapest wrote: ". . . since the revolution in Hungary we hit rock bottom as far as material misery goes . . . during the street fighting our little home was destroyed, together with all our belongings . . . I am not a man of big words, but I can assure you that whoever helps us will receive the everlasting thanks of a misery-stricken Hungarian family."

This came from a mother of four: "Believe me, it is not easy to beg, and only as a last resort have I decided to take this step . . . I have 10-year-old twin sons, and eight-year-old twin daughters . . ."

And this one: "I am a Protestant parson who sank so low that he is not ashamed to ask for help . . . we have three children, all of school-going age, and our main problem is their clothing. Would there be anyone in Sydney, who, in token, would accept the godfathership of any of them, and help by sending a parcel occasionally?"

If anyone would like to help, Mr. Andrew Dettre, c/o the "Daily Telegraph," 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, will supply the address of a Hungarian family.

"My wife, here, is doing the job. How much will it take to cover her and a fourteen by twenty room?"

WHAT Next Department.

Cigarette lighters, push-button radios, lighted instrument panels, and double-cushioned, fully adjustable foam-rubber seats are now standard equipment on some tractors in America.

★ ★ ★

Village goes under the hammer

THE most popular items under the hammer at a two-day auction sale at Olympic Village, Melbourne, on April 4 and 5, are expected to be the portable ice-making machines.

They produce a continuous flow of "ice buttons"—eight pounds an hour.

Six hundred lots of goods will be sold to the public from the Village, which is being taken over by the Victorian Housing Commission.

Other articles listed for sale include a Sauna bath (for which the Department of Supply has had several inquiries), double - decker toasters that will toast 24 slices of bread at once, infra-red grillers, giant deep fryers, dish-washing machines, and 18 buildings, including the international cafeteria, all of which were originally erected for easy dismantling.

There are also multitudes of more mundane implements listed, such as brooms and brushes, saucepans and teapots.

Proceeds of the sales will go into Olympic funds.

SUN-GLASSES to match your hat is the latest fashion trend in Paris. With a turquoise-studded hat-ribbon, why, of course, turquoise-studded rims!

★ ★ ★

Daily stunt on Wall of Death

APPEARING with the Reckless Jackson troupe at Sydney's Royal Easter Show will be 25-year-old Glenis Hannan, of New Zealand, who will ride her motorcycle round the Wall of Death.

Glenis was the first woman motor-cyclist in New Zealand to compete against men in races.

Followers of the sport watched her hurtle around the "Cemetery Circuit," or "Morgue Mile," at Wanganui, clad in black racing breeches, jacket, boots, goggles, and crash-helmet.

Glenis, who hopes to race in Australia, has taken part in hill climbs, ridden side-car in contests, and has competed successfully in "grass racing," where the course presents hazards of potholes, creekbeds, and sharp cornering.

Weighing just under nine stone, Glenis, who is an attractive brunette, and very feminine, not only rides cycles but has a pilot's licence, and the qualification (C class licence) to drive 21-ton trucks.

She is also a swimming and diving champion, and a skilled horsewoman.

Formerly a clerk at a garage, she was seized with the desire to "get among the grease," and afterwards became a qualified mechanic.

She enjoys her job as solo rider around the 36-foot diameter by 15-feet-high Wall of Death, although it means "hard work and long hours."

★ ★ ★

EXASPERATED by vain attempts to encourage his five-year-old daughter and her set to "speak nicely," a Brisbane man we know said, "I might," when his daughter and a friend asked him to buy them an ice-cream.

"What did he say?" asked the friend.

"He said maight, but he means 'moight'," the daughter translated.

OUR KNITTING BOOK FOR 1957

Designs for 43 exciting new garments, many of them from overseas, are included in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for 1957, now on sale at all newsagents.

THERE are designs for every member of the family, from baby to grandmother, and for every occasion.

The large section devoted to children's knitteds includes a delightful lacy layette comprising bootees, bonnet, dress, and jacket, as well as attractive, warm garments for little boys and girls.

There are sturdy sweaters for older boys and a pretty party bolero trimmed with pearls is included for the junior miss.

Among the many women's garments are two fashionable bulky-knit jackets. A stole, crocheted in white to make a glamorous and warm accessory for the most formal winter occasion, also is included.

One design certain to be a favorite is a sweater knitted in one of the traditional Isle of Aran patterns, which have hit fashion headlines this year.

Unlike so many difficult Aran designs, this one could be made with ease by any knitter.

The book contains a classic design — ideal for wearing under a suit—a wide boat-necked sweater with contrasting trim, a pretty crocheted bedjacket, and a flattering evening sweater in two colors for the larger sizes.

Sportsgirls are not forgotten. In addition to several versatile casual designs for spectator sports there are two striped sailing sweaters, an eye-catching ski sweater, a snug ski hood, and warm knitted gloves.

For the men there are two V-necked sweaters and a cardigan with a neat seed-stitch design on the front panels. None of these patterns is hard to knit.

Most of the designs are in several sizes and all have concise, easy-to-follow instructions for knitting or crocheting, and making up the finished pattern pieces.

Buy your copy of this wonderful book now and start knitting your woollen wardrobe for the winter. Available from newsagents and bookstalls. Price 2/-.

"I buy my Talcum Powder wisely! do you?"

says JOAN BILCEAUX, Leading Mannequin and Television Artist

"When buying Talcum Powder I look for a talc that ensures day-long daintiness — a talc with a fresh, clean fragrance, and the new economy size gives more value for my money than ever before. That's why I choose

Potter-Moore
MITCHAM LAVENDER
TALCUM POWDER

the talc that contains ANOBIAL, a deodorant additive that ensures day-long daintiness."

NEW GIANT ECONOMY SIZE

Twice the quantity of talc for only 5/6 Standard Size . . . 3/3

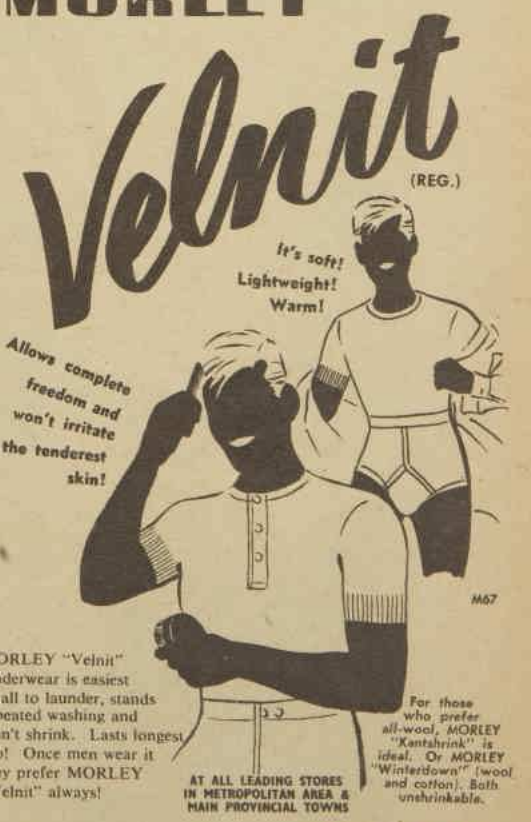
Lovely Models ELLY LUKAS and JUNE MASSEY also wisely choose Potter & Moore Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder.

make your choice
Potter-Moore
Mitcham Lavender
TALCUM POWDER

it's got everything men want!

MORLEY

Velnit (REG.)



MORLEY "Velnit" Underwear is easiest of all to launder, stands repeated washing and won't shrink. Lasts longest too! Once men wear it they prefer MORLEY "Velnit" always!

AT ALL LEADING STORES IN METROPOLITAN AREA & MAIN PROVINCIAL TOWNS

For those who prefer all-wool, MORLEY "Kantshrink" is ideal. Or MORLEY "Winterdown" (wool and cotton). Both unshrinkable.

Always look for the name MORLEY

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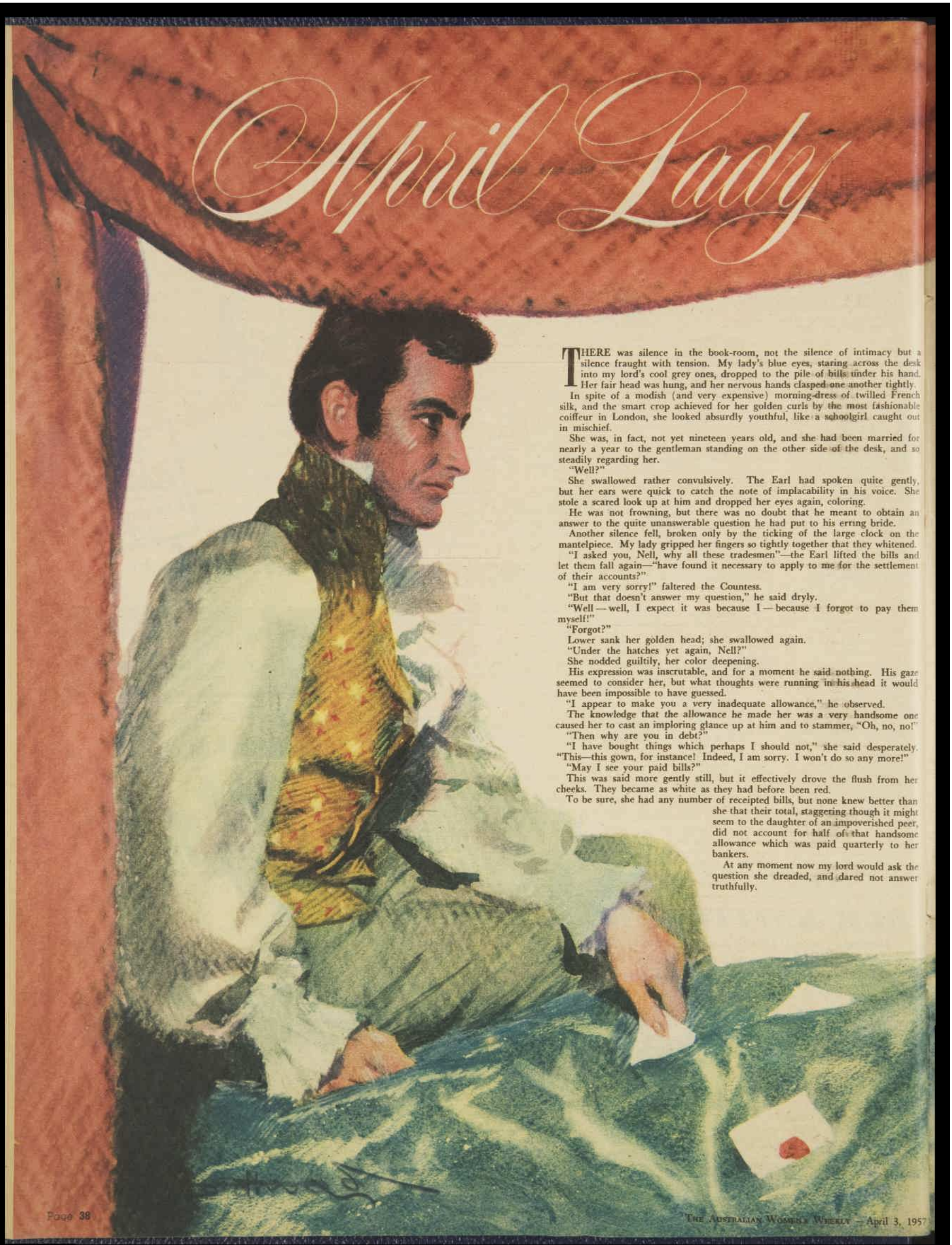
April Lady



THERE was silence in the book-room, not the silence of intimacy but a silence fraught with tension. My lady's blue eyes, staring across the desk into my lord's cool grey ones, dropped to the pile of bills under his hand. Her fair head was hung, and her nervous hands clasped one another tightly.

In spite of a modish (and very expensive) morning-dress of twilled French silk, and the smart crop achieved for her golden curls by the most fashionable coiffeur in London, she looked absurdly youthful, like a schoolgirl caught out in mischief.

She was, in fact, not yet nineteen years old, and she had been married for nearly a year to the gentleman standing on the other side of the desk, and so steadily regarding her.

"Well?"

She swallowed rather convulsively. The Earl had spoken quite gently, but her ears were quick to catch the note of implacability in his voice. She stole a scared look up at him and dropped her eyes again, coloring.

He was not frowning, but there was no doubt that he meant to obtain an answer to the quite unanswerable question he had put to his erring bride.

Another silence fell, broken only by the ticking of the large clock on the mantelpiece. My lady gripped her fingers so tightly together that they whitened.

"I asked you, Nell, why all these tradesmen"—the Earl lifted the bills and let them fall again—"have found it necessary to apply to me for the settlement of their accounts?"

"I am very sorry!" faltered the Countess.

"But that doesn't answer my question," he said dryly.

"Well — well, I expect it was because I — because I forgot to pay them myself!"

"Forgot?"

Lower sank her golden head; she swallowed again.

"Under the hatches yet again, Nell?"

She nodded guiltily, her color deepening.

His expression was inscrutable, and for a moment he said nothing. His gaze seemed to consider her, but what thoughts were running in his head it would have been impossible to have guessed.

"I appear to make you a very inadequate allowance," he observed.

The knowledge that the allowance he made her was a very handsome one caused her to cast an imploring glance up at him and to stammer, "Oh, no, no!"

"Then why are you in debt?"

"I have bought things which perhaps I should not," she said desperately. "This—this gown, for instance! Indeed, I am sorry. I won't do so any more!"

"May I see your paid bills?"

This was said more gently still, but it effectively drove the flush from her cheeks. They became as white as they had before been red.

To be sure, she had any number of receipted bills, but none knew better than she that their total, staggering though it might seem to the daughter of an impoverished peer, did not account for half of that handsome allowance which was paid quarterly to her bankers.

At any moment now my lord would ask the question she dreaded, and dared not answer truthfully.

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An enchanting new Regency serial

By GEORGETTE HEYER

It came.

"Three months ago, Nell," said the Earl in a measured tone, "I forbade you most strictly to pay any more of your brother's debts. You gave me your word that you would not. Have you done so?"

She shook her head. It was dreadful to lie to him, but what else was to be done when he looked so stern and had shown himself so unsympathetic to poor Dysart? It was true that Dysart's recurring difficulties were all due to his shocking luck; and it seemed that Cardross couldn't understand how unjust it was to blame Dysart for his inability to abandon gaming and racing.

That fatal tendency, said mama with resignation, ran in the family. Grandpapa had died under a cloud of debt; and papa, with the hopeful intention of restoring the fortunes of his house, had still more heavily mortgaged his estates. That was why papa had been so overjoyed when Cardross had offered for her hand.

For Cardross was as well-born as he was wealthy, and papa had previously been obliged to face the horrid necessity of giving his eldest daughter to the highest bidder, even (dreadful thought!) if this should prove to be a rich merchant with social aspirations. He had done so with great fortitude, and he had had his reward. In her very first season—indeed, before she had been out a month—Cardross had not only seen the Lady Helen Irvine, but had apparently decided that she was the bride for whom he had so long waited.

Such a piece of good fortune had never even occurred to Lord Pevensey. It was certainly to be supposed that Cardross, past thirty and with no nearer relation than a cousin to succeed him, must be contemplating marriage in the not too distant future, but such was his consequence that he might have had the pick of all the damsels faithfully presented by their mamas at the Queen's drawing-rooms, and thereafter exhibited by them at Almack's Assembly Rooms, and all the fashionable parties.

Moreover, to judge by the style of the lady who was pretty generally known to be his mistress, his taste was for something older and by far more sophisticated than a child fresh from the schoolroom. Never had papa thought to see his little Nell do so well for the family!

In the event, her success and Cardross' generosity proved to be rather too much for him. Hardly had he led his child to the altar than he suffered a stroke. The doctors assured his lady that he had many years of life before him, but the visitation had rendered him so far incapable that he had to abandon his usual pursuits, and to retire to the seclusion of his ancestral home in Devonshire, where, it was the earnest if unexpressed hope of his wife and son-in-law, he would be obliged to remain.

Nell did not know just what Cardross had done to earn her parent's gratitude. It all came under the vague title of Settlements, and she was

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Flushing and vexed with herself, as Cardross looked at her Nell removed her hand from the bill she had instinctively tried to cover.

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By MAUREEN LUSON

Mrs. Parmenter, standing at the garden fence as Margery hung out the clothes, hissed in a conspiratorial manner, "Margery, come here."

Imagine... How Romantic!

MRS. PARMENTER was not a woman who allowed herself to be dull because nothing ever happened in her street; she had an imagination as fertile as her well-tended garden.

There was nice little Margery Browne, for instance—ever since she and her invalid mother had taken the house next door Mrs. Parmenter had watched hopefully for signs and portents of boy-friends.

None had materialised, but by dint of engaging Postie in conversation just before he reached the Browne gateway and glancing sidelong at the letters in his hand, Mrs. Parmenter had seen airmail envelopes from South Africa addressed in a strong masculine hand to Margery.

She did not need a second two to make four—two and any fraction were adequate; Margery, surmised Mrs. Parmenter, had a boy-friend in South Africa, and they had been unable to marry because Margery had to look after her mother.

It was, thought Mrs. Parmenter as she weeded her front flowerbed, very sad and very romantic.

Heavy, snorting breaths and brisk footsteps along the street now heralded the morning promenade of Mr. Magee's boxer dog straining at his leash and of Mr. Magee himself hauling backwards like a tug with an obstinate corvette in tow.

Mr. Magee was spruce, middle-aged, and an enigma to Mrs. Parmenter; she had tried, unsuccessfully, to establish herself on conversational terms with him, and so had failed to solve the mystery of his solitary menage in the pleasant house at the top corner of the street.

She had invented a flighty wife and several ungrateful children, who had left their husband and father to languish in the company of the boxer, thirteen canaries, half-a-dozen chickens, and all his cronies at the bowling club.

She had to admit that Mr. Magee bore his adversity cheerfully. Today he was humming a tune and smiling broadly as he walked; and surely—yes, he was wearing another new tie.

She sat back on her heels and called: "A lovely morning, isn't it, Mr. Magee?"

To her astonishment he stopped and answered: "Lovely. Really lovely."

The boxer snuffled destructively at Mrs. Parmenter's gerberas; she stood up, brushing her skirt, and leant over the fence to pat his hideous, amiable face. Pleased, he sprang up to lick her hand.

"Down, Emperor!" Mr. Magee wrestled with the plunging dog. "I'll be glad when my boy gets home," he said to Mrs. Parmenter. "Emperor needs more exercise than I can give him these days."

Had Mrs. Parmenter been a canine her ears would have quivered to full prick. "Your—boy?" she queried eagerly. "The—eldest?"

"I only have one. Mike. He's a schoolmaster. He's been teaching in South Africa for the last four years."

Emperor perceived a roving enemy at the far end of the street, and hurled himself forward to do battle; Mr. Magee was borne swiftly away.

Mrs. Parmenter left the weeds to flourish, and went inside to make tea while she dwelt on this exciting piece of news—Mr. Magee had a son in South Africa. What an extraordinary coincidence! Perhaps it was more than a coincidence, thought Mrs. Parmenter; perhaps Margery's boy-friend was none other than Mike Magee. And his coming home could mean that he was taking a post here, so that he and Margery could marry at last.

He must have become resigned to the fact that Mrs. Browne would have to live with them. Mrs. Parmenter shook her head. A marriage burdened with a sick mother-in-law

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How to win 5 pairs of Fiesta nylons for your mother...

Just send us a photograph or snapshot of your mother. We're going to choose the hundred prettiest — the hundred whose photographs best show the loving look that every mother wears. And each of the hundred will receive, by Mother's Day, five pairs of Fiesta nylons.

Mothers have their own special brand of prettiness, so your mother needn't be a beauty queen to qualify — and she can be any age at all. We'd love to meet her.

CONDITIONS

Send your mother's photograph, together with the box top from a pair of Fiesta nylons to "Prettiest Mother" Competition, Box 7063, G.P.O., Sydney. Write her name and address on the back lightly in ink. Entries close on April 17. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

Have you seen the latest Fiesta colours?

They're the "almost nothing" shades you love. "Cuban Sands" is a gentle tan. "Flamingo" has a warmer glow.
You'll find them in 15 denier Slenderline, 12/11. 30 denier Symphony, 11/9.
12 denier Pastels, 15/11.

*

Fiesta by **BOND'S**

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

Between Trains

By GEORGE PATRICK

OLD Mrs. Hilton always thought of it as three-fourths of eighty-five dollars a month, because that was the way the social-security man had said it years ago and because it was more satisfying and mouth-filling than sixty-three dollars and eighty cents. So even now that they had increased it she still thought of it that way. Three-fourths of eighty-five dollars a month at age sixty-five. That was the phrase. At age sixty-five. He had been rather benevolent, she recalled.

"Not enough to travel on," the man had said, "but it will help out, with the insurance."

She remembered this, looking around the station. This must be a new station. It was fuzzily bright with cheerful murals. She had a dim memory of an older, drabber New Orleans station, one that looked as if it were built of coal and touched up with lamp-black. But that was on her honeymoon, and everything was different then. Everything.

She glanced at the clock on the far wall. These modern clocks were certainly hard to read. She found her handbag under the newspaper in her lap and put on her glasses.

Fifteen minutes since she had telephoned him. Not long. And then young people were so flighty nowadays and obtuse. Especially young men. But she had explained it carefully when she rang up. That she was Clara's aunt, her great-aunt Margaret, and she had a few hours between trains and just had to ring up and talk to him. She had heard so much about him from Clara, and when she left Atlanta, Clara had said be sure and telephone Charles.

Of course, he had just insisted on coming to the station to see her. She hadn't suggested that, but it was really very nice. Now she waited.

Travel certainly was expensive. Why, just the fare from New Orleans to San Antonio was almost thirty-five dollars. They all wondered how she did it. Of course, they probably thought she still had the insurance, since she hadn't told anyone—not anyone—about those young men with the stocks. Not but what they were perfectly sincere; they all were. But the money was gone anyway.

Mrs. Hilton sighed and closed her eyes. A man in dark tortoiseshell glasses passed her bench, looked down, and smiled, as one smiles at a sleeping, defenceless child.

The old lady was small and delicately made; everything about her seemed very close to the surface. The veins in her closed eyelids were startlingly clear; and the bones, the knuckles, and tendons of her hands were covered but lightly.

She stirred and opened her eyes, pushing aside a dimming sound of long-dead voices and the rustle of faded dresses at forgotten parties. It was the newspaper rustling. That was the trouble with Sunday papers; they were simply too big. But she enjoyed them.

Here, too, she could read the society news, the doings of what they called "the younger set," with an interest slackened not at all because the names were Broussard or Hebert or Couvillion, instead of something more solidly Anglican, as at home.

A bulky young man approached, and she looked up eagerly. He went past without pausing.

Well, that wasn't the one—what was his name? Charles. That was it, Clara's Charles. She must remember, but lately it was so hard. She thought of other young men, the ones of her girlhood, dead now most probably, but, for her, frozen forever in the awkward grace of youth and memory.

And then later, the others, so eager and confident—and the insurance money. She still believed they were honest and sincere. It had just been unfortunate. She hadn't let it shake her faith in people. So all she had left was the social security. But she got along.

Another young man solidified out of the foggy vastness of the station. He was tall, almost too thin, and hesitant. His face was the sort that should have been smiling, but something—some foolish young-man's worry, she thought—had temporarily erased the smile.

"Are you Aunt . . . are you the lady who telephoned? I'm Charles Trowbridge."

He was shy. She liked that. "I declare I never would have recognised you from that old picture Clara has. Why, you're much better-looking than that." She looked at him approvingly.

"I'm sorry I took so long," he said. He sat down. "Have you had supper?"

"I ate on the train; it's always so exciting. And waiting doesn't bother me at all. I believe I even dozed off for a little. It's just real nice of you to come down to talk to an old lady when you've got lots to do."

Charles really had nothing better to do; so he said, "I couldn't let Clara's aunt go through New Orleans without seeing her."

"Well, I'm glad at least that I saw you before the wedding. That's all I've heard the last two weeks. Charles, Charles, Charles, and plans for the wedding."

He stirred uncomfortably. "How was Clara when you left?"

"Just on a cloud. You know how she is. And it's so close now. What is it—two weeks?"

"And two days," he said, with less enthusiasm than seemed called for. There must be something she didn't know about, some sort of trouble.

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Hilton nervously to Charles, "I was sure I had the ticket in my purse."

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For the first time he felt he was talking to someone who would really understand how he felt about his future . . . and his marriage

He saw her newspaper. "Here's something I want to show you, if you haven't already seen it—Clara's picture."

The old lady studied the smudged newspaper cutting and the caption, which said that Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Singleton, of Atlanta, announced the engagement of their daughter Clara to Mr. Charles Trowbridge, of this city.

"Clara looks better than that," said Mrs. Hilton, who evidently held a low opinion of photographs. "This doesn't do her justice at all."

He agreed, perhaps a little more happily than before. But very little. And the old lady, like a too-early party guest, felt that things were going poorly despite her best efforts. What could be wrong? Clara's parents? Money? She hoped it wasn't money. None of your business anyway, she told herself firmly.

"Such an interesting city, New Orleans. How long have you been here?"

He said two years. There was this oil refinery where he worked, just the sort of thing he had hoped for when he was at engineering school. And he really liked New Orleans, especially the French Quarter. There wasn't anything else like it. If she had time before her train left he could show her around. If she wasn't too tired, that is.

"Do you have much farther to go?"

"Just to San Antonio to visit relatives. My husband's family, no relation of Clara's." The train didn't leave for over two hours, and she'd just love to see the French Quarter.

The next two hours were somewhat confused to Mrs. Hilton. First they drove through narrow one-way streets that were solid with sound and people. Music, mostly fast, and people shouting. Everything moved awfully fast—the cars, the sight-seeing buses, even the walkers. And on every building there were little iron balconies crowded with more people—residents, probably.

She suggested they should walk a little. "So we can look at the stores," she said.

Bourbon Street was even louder and more crowded than the others, and Mrs. Hilton marvelled at everything. At the restaurants—famous restaurants with signs you couldn't see until you were right on top of them—at the store windows and the lingerie they displayed.

"Really!" said Mrs. Hilton.

Girls went by, rosy-cheeked, standardised girls with sailors. Charles didn't see them. Now Mrs. Hilton was more than ever sure something was wrong. Charles walked in a hazy way, and once he was almost knocked down by a blaring red sports car.

They left the bright lights, the sections where shabbiness was a business, and went through others that were shabby through necessity and age but still had a certain atmosphere. Mrs. Hilton felt very much at home. The tourists were scarcer now, though there was a big cluster in front of a church beyond a high iron fence. They had the air of people at a dogfight.

The fight in front of the fence was a three-cornered affair. The fence was hung with pictures, and a dark, agile man was tearing them off and hurling them into the gutter.

A short man with a too-artistic beard tried to stop him, but he was somewhat hindered by a scratching, biting girl in a ragged sweater. Finally some policemen appeared and herded all three into a dingy Black Maria. It all had a curious, dreamlike quality to Mrs. Hilton.

When the crowd broke up, she tried to pick up the torn pictures, but it seemed rather hopeless. And she had mislaid her handbag. Charles found it hanging on a fence post.

"How about some coffee?" Charles asked. Mrs. Hilton felt as though she needed some. But even the fiendishly strong coffee failed to scald her awake immediately. She realised vaguely that Charles had started to talk, and she listened—more or less.

He talked about the fight and how the artists in Pirates' Alley were always squabbling over fence space on which to show their pictures.

Mrs. Hilton discovered a plateful of doughnuts in front of her, and she ate one, licking the powdered sugar off her fingers. She wondered if the huge sugar-bowls were really silver.

On the other hand, Charles went on, you had to admire these men. They were doing what they wanted, he supposed, and it certainly wasn't easy.

He has a nice voice, she thought, still looking at the sugar-bowls, very soothing. But if they weren't real silver, why did they chain them to the table? Of course, they were impressive. She picked up another doughnut and looked around at the other tables. Why, the place was full.

"So I just don't know what to do. Mr. Singleton says I'd be a fool not to take the job, and I guess he's right. And then there's Clara. She'd go along with whatever I decide. But she's an awful lot like her father, don't you think? So—well, I just don't know."

Mrs. Hilton felt as though she had dropped several stitches knitting. "I'm afraid I don't understand," she said. "Mr. Sing— Clara's father offered you some sort of job?"

He nodded impatiently. "In the loan business. With him. And later Clara's brother and I would run it. Perhaps he's right. It's hard to get anywhere in these big oil companies, and Clara could stay in Atlanta, where all her family is, instead of moving all the way to New Orleans. After all, she doesn't know anyone here, and that sort of thing must be pretty important to her, as he says."

Charles bent over his coffee and stirred it moodily. "What do you think?"

Mrs. Hilton considered carefully. She could have avoided this if she had been alert earlier. But she hadn't, and here it was, like last night's dirty dishes.

"This oil place where you work," she said, "a while ago you talked about it being what you always wanted. And now

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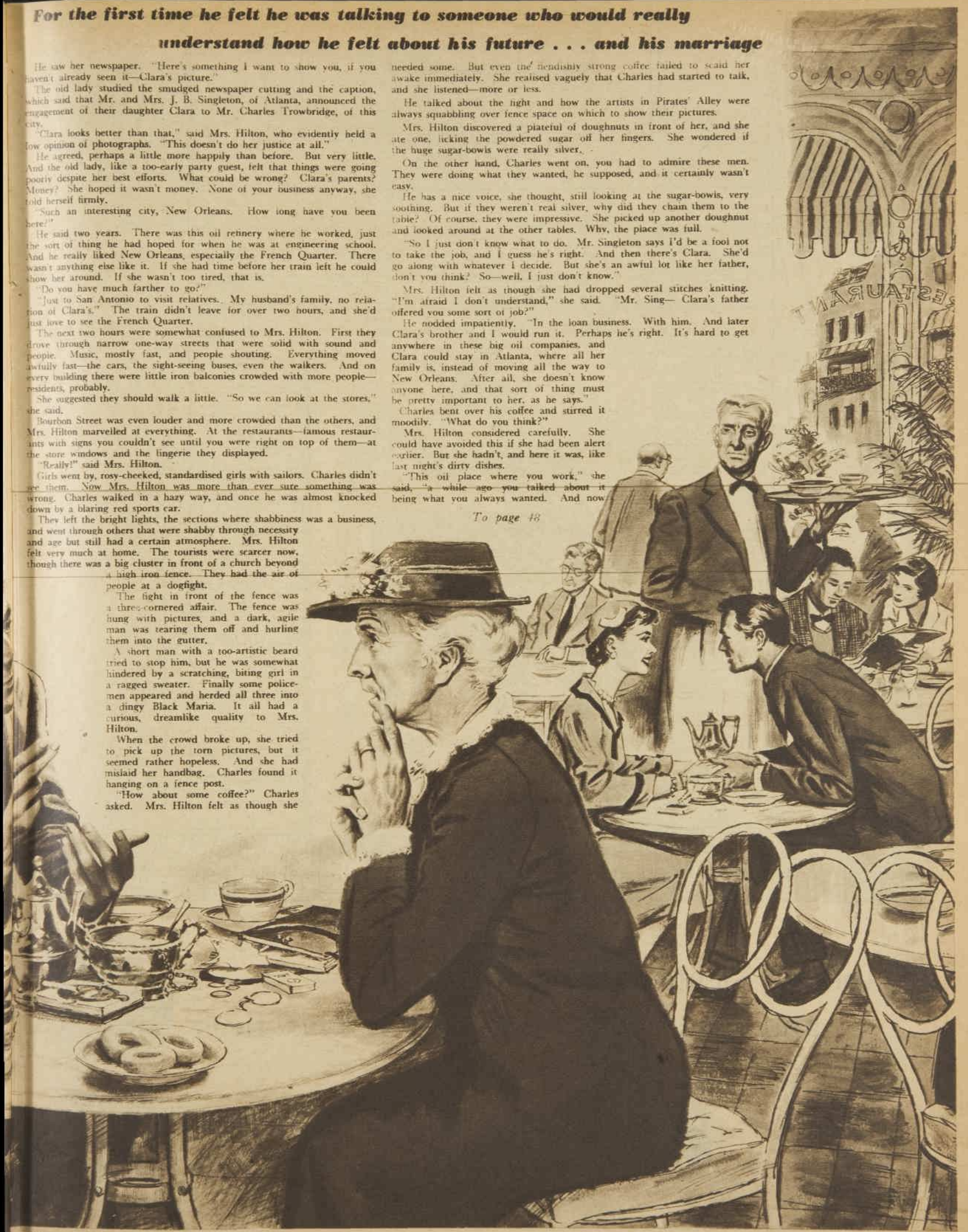

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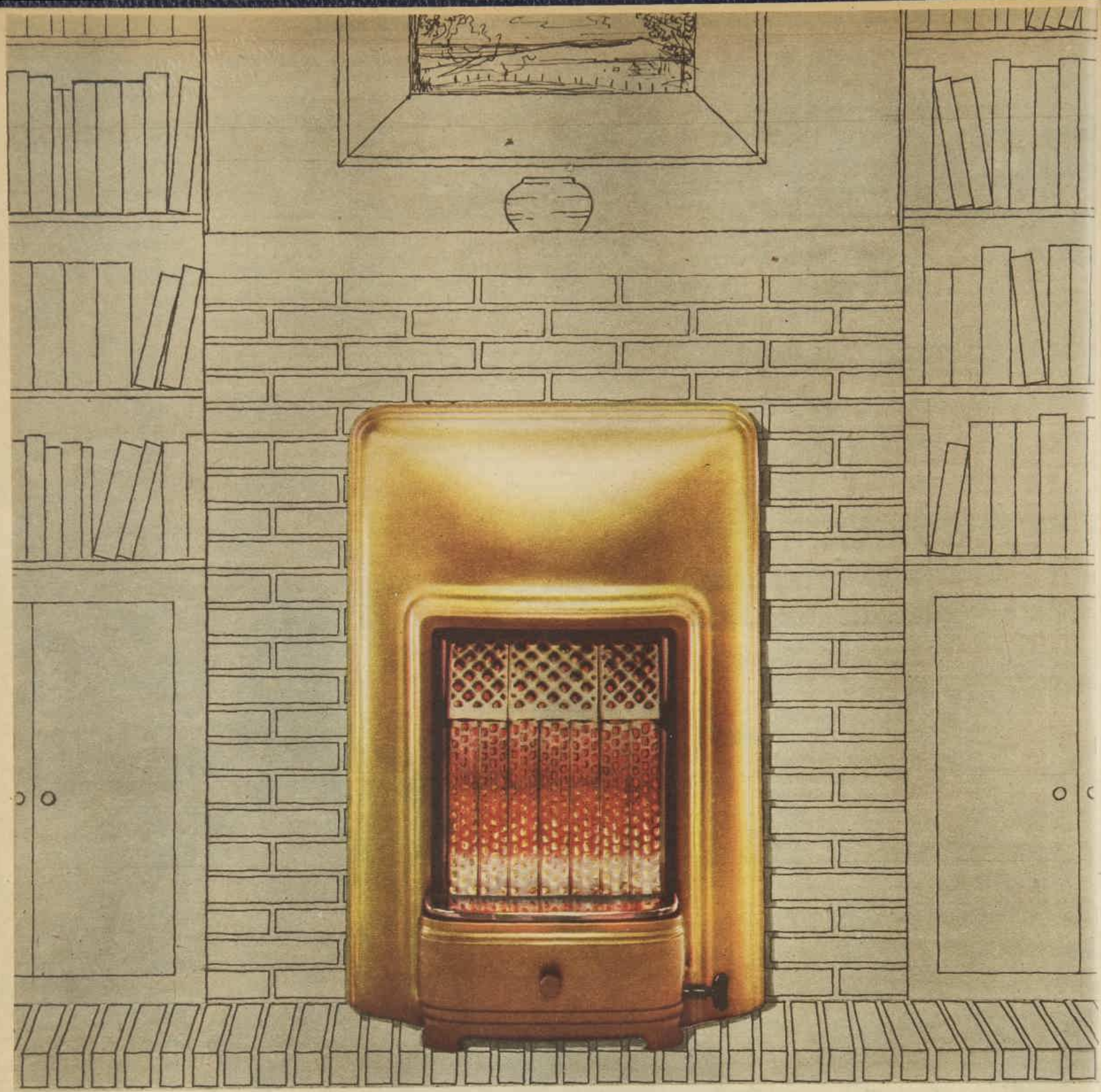

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Alone Together

By Harriet Shiek

A short story complete on this page

NERVOUSLY she filled the picnic basket while her parents ate their Sunday morning waffles at the kitchen table.

Her mother said, "You should eat something."

"No, thanks, Mother." She'd had coffee and a cigarette, but was too excited to eat. "I'm late. I . . ." She wasn't used to lying and couldn't meet her mother's eyes. "I told the other teachers I'd be there at ten-thirty."

Her father said, "This is a funny time of year for you girls to picnic at the lake. It's getting cold!"

She looked out the window—a slender, brown-haired girl, twenty-two, wearing a blue cashmere sweater that deepened the blue of her eyes. "We'll get a fire going in the cottage right away, Dad. And it's a sunny day." The sun seemed a good omen, a blessing on this day they would have alone together.

She slipped into her coat, blew a kiss to her parents, and went outside into the cold air—glad, glad, glad to be away from their eyes.

Her car seemed air-borne on the highway. She wished they could have made the half-hour drive together. But he couldn't come to get her in broad daylight nor could she stop for him.

Either way was impossible.

It's all impossible, she thought guiltily, and slowed down.

Driving slowly, she told herself: "I've been too darned good all my life; that's the trouble." She could chalk that up to her parents. Always trusting her, expecting her to do what was right and honest. It wouldn't even occur to them that she could do anything wrong.

At first it had been so innocent, so harmless . . .

They both happened to enrol in the same evening class in child psychology at the university; otherwise they would probably never have met, because they taught in grade schools at opposite ends of town. The first night she found herself sitting beside him, and as they looked at each other something clicked and they were friends before they spoke a word.

He had an appealing grin; his hair was short and dark, his eyes a friendly brown. During the ten-minute break it was natural to exchange information about each other.

She learned that he was married and had two small children, a boy and a girl; as soon as his wife sold their house in another town she would join him; he'd had to come ahead to his new job and was living with friends temporarily.

It seemed that she herself had simply nothing to tell about her life. It was all so simple. She had lived in the same town all her life, had been to the high school and university and had decided on teaching for a career. A dull little story, she thought to herself.

The next night, as they walked out of class with a group of other teachers, someone suggested coffee at the corner drugstore. There were seven of them, all quite young, and the coffee hour became a gay ritual with lots of shop talk and other stimulating discussions. Everyone liked him, liked to hear his ideas. No one could help liking him.

One night she had to take the bus to class because her car was being repaired. He drove her home. As he stopped the car their hands happened to touch. The next moment she was in her arms.

It stunned them both.

He said soberly, frankly, "I don't know how that happened, and I'd be lying if I said it meant nothing to me. But . . . my wife and I . . . we . . . we have our troubles, like any couple. She hates living on a teacher's salary and probably always will. But we have the children. I'd never . . . give them up."

"I know, I understand," she answered. His children—all children—were his very life. But she went into the house to lie awake with the knowledge that she loved him.

From then on each fought it out with his or her own conscience. But whenever he thought he had won, the longing in the other's eyes proved he hadn't won at all.

For her it was much harder to bear, for he was the first man she had ever loved. Of course, there had been friendships with other young men, but nothing in any of them had stirred her in the way this man could.

They began to linger over their coffee after the others left. She took the bus to class again . . . and again. In his car—there was no other place to go—their murmured words and stolen kisses were interrupted, always, by the people walking by and the headlights of passing cars.

"Oh, to be alone," she whispered, "to have the right to be alone somewhere."

"I know, darling." Then he said miserably, "What kind of heel am I? I've never gone off the beam like this before. It's not fair to you . . . to anybody. We've got to stop seeing each other."

But they couldn't stop.

Sometimes, in her classroom of third-graders, she would look at a little pigtailed girl, a little grubby-knuckled boy, and think, "What if those were his children? Could I look them in the face or meet their eyes?"

And she knew quite well she couldn't and that perhaps she might have to when his family came to live in the town and his children went to school. And that thought was a torture that racked her desperate heart.

For now his house in that other town had been sold. He was going to get his family next weekend. And the course at the university would end next week, too. There would be no more talks over coffee, no more rides home . . . nothing.

She was the one who had suggested this day at her parents' lake cottage. "One day," she said. "Alone. Together. We've never been alone. One day. Is that so much for us to ask? Please."

She had felt the silent fight that went on inside him before he had answered.

"All right."

Now, on her way to him, she thought defiantly, "If guilt has to be part of it, all right. I love him. And this is all we'll ever have . . ."

She stepped on the gas.

Turning off the highway she drove down a road canopied by pine trees. Ahead, through the clearing, was the lake, blue and sparkling in the sun. And there was the log cottage—silent, empty, waiting—with the sunlit beach in front and tall, shadowy pines in the back.

He was sitting on the steps.

She stopped the car, cut the motor. He rose. In the stillness they looked at each other as he came toward her—tall, dark-haired, wearing corduroy slacks, a leather jacket.

When he reached the car he didn't speak and she couldn't. He opened the door for her, and she could see his hand was shaking. She slipped out, his arms reached for her, and they held each other hungrily, silently. Then his lips sought hers, and she tipped her head back.

But . . . something was wrong.

Above her, beyond the cottage, two shafts of sunlight streamed down through the pines and shone on her face. She blinked, turned away from it . . . and him.

He asked, "What is it, darling?"

"I . . . I don't know," she said helplessly. She searched his face as though to find the answer in the brown eyes, the clean line of his chin, the lips that she wanted to kiss, but couldn't. "We . . . ." she said slowly, frowning, "we're all alone, just the way I wanted to be, but . . . I don't feel alone . . ."

She looked upward. The sun. She had thought of it as a blessing on this day. But those two shafts shining down on her were like eyes, watching. The eyes of his children, maybe. Or her parents. She wasn't sure whose eyes they were.

Suddenly tears streamed down her cheeks. "I . . . I love you," she said, "but I can't kiss you with the . . . the sun shining on us. We're not alone here. We'd never be alone . . . wherever we tried to go . . ."

He cradled her tenderly, let her cry. When she was quiet he held her face in his hands and said gently, "Don't ever cry about us again. Some day, somewhere, you'll meet the man who's . . . right for you. Goodbye, darling."

His arms reached for her and they held each other, hungrily, silently.

After he left she went into the cottage and built a fire in the fireplace. She sat there, staring into the flames, until three o'clock, when it started to rain. After scattering the picnic lunch around outside for the birds and squirrels, she drove home.

Her mother and father were at the kitchen table, having tea and cinnamon toast instead of waffles.

Her mother said, "I was getting worried. Have a nice time?"

"Yes. Fine, Mother."

Her father said, "Don't try to tell me it wasn't cold."

She looked out the window at the falling rain. "We had the sun when we needed it, Dad." And she knew it had been a blessing, after all.

Already, even while she stood there remembering him, she was thinking: "Some day, somewhere, I will meet the man who's right for me. The man I can kiss in the sun."

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There's a Kraft cheese type to suit every taste — to match every menu. So highlight your meals with cheese. Once you try it you'll dine with Kraft Cheeses often.

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FISH DE LUXE

Looking for a meatless *main course?* Well here's one that combines two favourite Lenten foods, fish and cheese, into a tasty satisfying family meal.

Ingredients: 2 tablespoons butter; ½ cup chopped celery; 2 tablespoons chopped onion; 2 tablespoons flour; ½ teaspoon salt; ⅛ teaspoon pepper; 2 cups milk; 8-oz. tin celery soup; 1½ lb. smoked cod, cooked and flaked; 1 tablespoon lemon-juice; 8 oz. (1 packet) Kraft Cheddar, shredded. 1½ cups mashed potato. Slices of tomato to garnish.

Method: Melt butter, add celery and onion. Cook until onion is tender. Blend in flour, salt, pepper; then gradually stir in milk and celery soup. Stir till boiling. Fold in half the shredded Kraft Cheddar, fish and lemon-juice. Pour into casserole and top with remaining Kraft Cheddar. Pipe mashed potato around the edge. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. Garnish with slices of tomato. Six generous serves.

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Try this *dessert* for compliments. Whip a 4-oz. package of Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with a little milk till smooth and fluffy. Spoon creamy scoops into the centres of apricot or peach halves (tinned or stewed). Such a refreshing sweet — light and delicate tasting.

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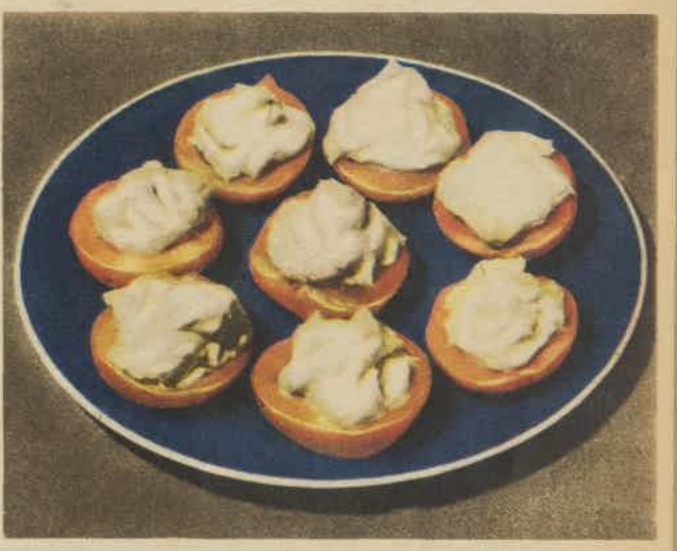

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★ *Your storekeeper cuts each of these cheeses from large, rindless blocks.*

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They're white with contrast in red, green or blue.

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Flower Waterer — for your flower pots and vases — in the prettiest colours. 12/11.

gayware

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Continuing . . . . **Between Trains**

from page 43

you go talking about the loan business." She shook her head. "It seems rather flighty to me."

"Mr. Singleton says it's not what you do that counts, it's the money, and I suppose he's right. Anyway, it'll be a long time before the oil refinery pays me as much as he will."

But it did matter what you did, Mrs. Hilton thought. At least, it mattered to him. She could tell. For some people work was just a way to make a living, but for others it was making things grow or building things or inventing. Of course, money was important, too; no one knew that better than she did.

"Aren't they paying you what you're worth here?"

Charles grinned. "Of course not. And he'll pay me more than I'm worth."

The old lady studied the brown puddle in the bottom of her coffee cup. He was like her husband, Charles was. She thought of the years her husband had spent at that job in the office before he opened the shop. There had been money then. Money and precious little else, with him coming home every night, "feeling as low as a barnacle on a submarine," he used to say. She smiled.

"When we were children," she said, "we always called him Windy. Windy Singleton. I'll bet Clara never told you that. He always had everything — footballs, and uniforms, and all. You might not believe it, but I was what you'd call a tomboy in those days. And if we didn't play the way he wanted he'd take all his things and go home."

Charles, puzzled, frowned.

"You know, I don't believe he's changed a bit, and if he pays you more than you're worth he'll find it out. It wouldn't surprise me, either, if that oil company found out that they're not paying you enough."

"You mean you think I ought to stay here? You don't think Clara will mind?"

"Perhaps times have changed more than I think they have, but we used to believe it was up to a man to find some work he could do without losing his self-respect. And it was up to his wife to go wherever it took him. If I know Clara, she just wants someone to tell her what to do and no argument."

Charles' face reminded the old lady of men she had seen at mission meetings long ago, men who had wanted to come forward but needed one last appeal.

"Tell me honestly, now, would you be happy lending people money and then dunning them for it?" asked Mrs. Hilton.

He shook his head slowly. "I never think of it that way. Somehow, all I think of is a big salary and a big office and Clara. I never thought about collecting the money."

"Well, I'm sure somebody has to think about it," the old lady said. "What if you find you don't like it?"

He shifted in his chair. "I see what you mean. It would be hard to give up."

"Hard! It would be impossible without giving up Clara, too."

"If I thought Clara wouldn't mind," he began, "I'd—I suppose I really wouldn't consider that job with Mr. Singleton for a minute. You don't think she'd mind too much?"

"Try her and see," the old lady said. "Try her and see. Clara's a really sensible girl, you'll find, when you stop mooning over her and know her better."

Charles and the old lady were beaming foolishly at each other when the waiter began to polish the table unobtrusively.

"Let me pay for it," said Mrs. Hilton, rummaging through her bag.

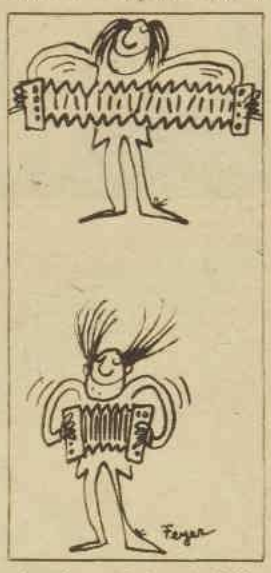
Charles couldn't think of it.

The old lady insisted. "It's the least I can do after you've been so nice." She began to empty her handbag on to the table. "I know it's here somewhere . . . the train ticket and my money . . . they were together." She laughed, with just a hint of panic in her voice.

"I'll do it," Charles said, and he tipped the waiter somewhat more than was really necessary, with his mind on the old lady.

Mrs. Hilton slumped over in despair. "Oh, dear!" she said. "I don't know what I'm going to do now." The clutter on the table included a huge box of aspirin, several wispy handkerchiefs, and a pair of pince-nez protruding from a faded case.

"It was in an envelope—a white one the train people gave me—and the money was in a purse. Now what do you suppose . . . I'm sure I had it



when I got off the train." Her hands trembled slightly as she gathered up her things.

Mrs. Hilton closed her handbag with a snap. "I think there's only one thing to do," she said with a brave attempt at a smile. "I'll have to wire my nephew. That's it. You take me back to the station and we'll send him a telegram and ask him to send me some money." She stood up decisively, only a slight quiver on her lips to show something was wrong.

Charles got up, protesting. "But your train leaves in half an hour. There won't be time to get an answer back by then."

"That can't be helped. I can catch the next one. Anyway, the sooner we send the wire the better, so come on."

They walked back to the car in silence.

They could go to the police, Charles thought. The money must have been taken when the handbag was mislaid, there by the fence. Or — hadn't she said something about falling asleep in the station? Maybe it happened then.

They got into the car and drove to the station. Fifteen minutes to train time.

"Perhaps they'd take a cheque," Charles began.

"On an out-of-town bank? At this time of night? I'm afraid not. No. I'll just have to send the wire and wait."

Charles looked round the station. The benches were scarcely inviting. He had a sudden inspiration.

"Look," he said excitedly, "I haven't enough money with me to buy your ticket, but they'll take my cheque."

Mrs. Hilton wouldn't hear of it. She said it might be months before she saw him again. Charles insisted. He said she could post it to him. Clara would never forgive him — he would never forgive himself — if she had to sit on that cold bench for hours, waiting for a telegram.

Charles went to the ticket window and, feeling very masterful, wrote out a cheque. The clerk drew it grudgingly through the window and demanded proof of identity. Presently Charles came back with the ticket.

"This is the best place I could get," he said apologetically.

"Why, that's just fine, but I still think you shouldn't," said the old lady. She extracted a small black notebook from her purse. "I'll make a note to send you that money the very first chance I get."

"No hurry. And you'd better take this; you'll need it on the train." He gave her his remaining money, almost fifteen dollars.

On the train the beds were made up, but old Mrs. Hilton did not retire right away. Instead she sat there, looking at the little black notebook. Perhaps she had been too impulsive, kissing him goodbye like that.

But he was one of her nicest, one of her very nicest young men. She hoped that this Clara whatever-her-name-was, Clara Singleton, was nice, too. But the advice she gave him was good.

The train was moving. Mrs. Hilton looked at the light-streaked blackness sliding past the window. So many trains, so many young men. But she would pay them all back some day. All the names were here, in the notebook.

Some day. But now she had to plan; there was still a long way to go. Perhaps in San Antonio she could get a Sunday paper before they threw them away. Sunday papers were the best for out-of-town weddings.

It was perhaps a week after the wedding that Clara and Charles stopped communicating solely through pinches, tugs, little pats, fragments of words, and half - shaped thoughts and began once more to use reasonably complete English sentences. Then he remembered.

"Where was your Aunt Maggie?" he asked Clara as she was putting on her slip. "I didn't see her at the wedding."

"What on earth are you talking about?" she asked, emerging from the foamy nylon like a sea goddess.

"Your old aunt or cousin or whatever she is. The one who lives in Decatur."

She gave him the look of a fond mother for a simpleton son. "Oh, Charlie, you've got it mixed up again. I haven't an Aunt Margie, or whatever you called her."

"Not even a cousin or something that you call Aunt Maggie?"

She shook her head.

"But you must have. Are you sure?"

"Of course, silly!" And she rumpled his hair. "No, don't, Charlie, or we'll never get down to breakfast."

Some time later she asked him, "Who was this aunt somebody-or-other you were talking about?"

Charles felt in memory the touch of lips like dry leaves on his cheeks.

"Just an old lady," he said, "who charged me fifty dollars for some good advice."

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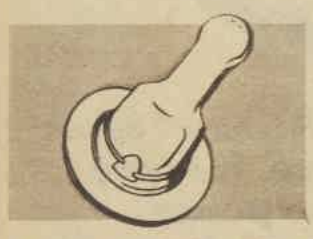
"My years of experience in Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, have convinced me that the Steadiflow feeding bottle is the best bottle to use for healthy happy babies.



VALVE ACTION TEAT

The Steadiflow feeding bottle incorporates a teat that actually breathes, with valves at the base which allow air to enter the bottle as the milk is withdrawn. This allows a steady flow, and prevents collapse of the teat, which is the cause of nursing colic.

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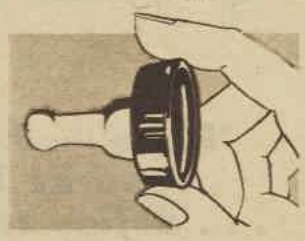

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The teat can be fixed to the bottle or tucked inside it **without contact with your hands.** The only things you touch are the cap and the disc. This increases hygiene and reduces risk of contamination.

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USE GENUINE STEADIFLOW TEATS FOR COMPLETE SATISFACTION — REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Continuing . . . . **April Lady**

from page 39

not to bother her pretty head over it, but take care always to conduct herself with dignity and discretion.

Mama, declaring herself to be deeply thankful, had made quite plain to her what her duty henceforward would be. It included such things as always showing my lord an amiable countenance, and never embarrassing him by asking ill-bred questions, or appearing to be aware of it if (perhaps) he was found to have formed a connection outside the walls of that splendid house of his in Grosvenor Square.

"One thing I am sure of," had said mama, fondly patting Nell's hand, "and that is that he will treat you with the greatest consideration. His manners, too, are so particularly good that I am persuaded you will never have cause to complain of the sort of neglect, or—or indifferent civility, which is the lot of so many females in your situation. I assure you, my love, there is nothing more mortifying than to be married to a man who lets it be seen that his affections are elsewhere engaged."

Mama should have known, for this had been her fate. What mama did not know, and no one must ever guess, was that her carefully instructed daughter had tumbled headlong into love with my lord at their very first meeting, when Lady Jersey, one of the Patronesses of Almack's, had brought him across the room to be introduced to her, and she had looked up into his eyes, and had seen them smiling down at her. No, mama had no suspicion of that.

Mama was all sensibility, but she knew that marriage had nothing to do with romance. It had been her dread, she confided, that Nell would be married to a man whom she could not like, but she was quite sure that Nell must like so charming and so handsome a gentleman as Cardross. And, what was more, there could be little doubt that he was disposed to hold his bride in considerable affection.

CARDROSS had actually desired Lady Jersey to present him to her, on that memorable evening; and what he had said later to papa, when he had made his offer, had quite soothed a mother's anxiety. Nell would meet with nothing but consideration at his hands.

It hadn't seemed possible to Nell, lost in love, that Cardross could have proposed to her only because she was pretty, and well-born, and rather more pleasing to him than any of the other young ladies who met his critical eye, but mama had been right.

When Nell had met my lord's half-sister and ward, a vivid brunette, not then out, but hopeful of being presented by her sister-in-law, that impetuous damsel had exclaimed, warmly embracing her, "Oh, how pretty you are! Prettier by far than Giles' mistress! How famous if you were to put her nose out of joint!"

It had been a dreadful shock, but Nell had not betrayed herself, which was some small consolation; and she was thankful to have been made aware of the truth before she could render herself by showing her heart to the world, or have become a tiresome bore to my lord by hanging on him in the doting way which one short season had taught her was considered by the modish to be not all the thing.

As for putting Lady Orsett's nose out of joint—it had not taken her long to discover the identity of my lord's mistress—that ambition probably belonged, like her earlier dreams, to the realm of make-believe, and certainly seemed very far from achievement today, when my lord was commanding her to account for her debts.

"Tell me the truth, Nell!"

His voice, quite kind, but unmistakably imperative, recalled her from her hurrying, jumbled thoughts.

But it was impossible to tell him the truth, because even if he forgave her for having disobeyed him he was very unlikely to forgive Dysart, for whom, in his eyes, there could be no excuse at all. And if he refused to rescue Dysart from his difficulties any more, and made it impossible for her to do so either, what would become of Dy, or, for that matter, of poor papa?

Not so long ago Cardross had said, a trifle grimly, that the best turn he could render Dysart would be to buy him a pair of colors, and pack him off to join Lord Wellington's army in the Peninsula; and it was all too probable that this was precisely what he would do if this fresh disaster came to his ears. Nor was there much doubt that Dysart would jump at the offer, because he had always hankered after a military career.

Only papa, with his next son a schoolboy still at Harrow, had refused even to discuss the matter; and mama, at the thought of exposing her beloved eldest-born to the dangers and discomforts of a military campaign, had suffered a series of distressing spasms.

No, the truth could not be told, but how did one account for three hundred pounds with never a bill to show? There was no need for Lord Pevensey's daughter to cudgel her brains for more than a very few moments over that problem. Few knew better than an Irvine how money could vanish without leaving a trace behind. "It wasn't Dysart!" she said quickly. "I am afraid it was me!" She saw his face change, an arrested look in his eyes, a hardening of the lines about his mouth, and she felt suddenly frightened.

"Pray, don't be angry!" she begged rather breathlessly. "I promise I will never do so any more!"

"Are you telling me you lost it at play?"

She hung her head again. After a pause he said, "I suppose I should have known that it would be in your blood, too."

"No, no, indeed it isn't!" she cried, with passionate sincerity. "Only it seemed stupid and prudish not to play, when everyone else did so, and then I lost, and I thought that perhaps the luck would change, but it didn't, and—"

"You need say no more!" he interrupted. "There was never a gamester who didn't think the luck must change!" He looked frowningly at her, and added in a level tone, "I should be very reluctant, Nell, to take such steps as must put it wholly out of your power to play anything but silver-loo, or a pool at commerce, but I give you fair warning I will not permit my wife to become one of faro's daughters."

"Well, I am not perfectly sure what that is," she said naively, "but indeed I won't do it again, so pray don't do anything horrid!"

"Very well," he replied. He glanced down at the bills on his desk. "I'll settle these, and any others that you may have. Will you bring them to me, please?"

"Now?" Nell hesitated,

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Continuing . . . . April Lady

from page 50

uneasily aware of a drawer stuffed with bills.

"Yes, now." He added, with a smile, "You will be much more comfortable, you know, when you have made a clean breast of the whole."

She agreed to this, but when she presently rendered up a collection of crumpled bills she did not feel at all comfortable. There could be no denying that she had been woefully extravagant.

The allowance Cardross made her had seemed so enormous to a girl who had never had anything to spend beyond the small sum bestowed on her with the utmost reluctance by her papa for pin-money, that she had bought things quite recklessly, feeling her resources to be limitless.

But now, as she watched my lord glance through the appalling sheaf, she thought she must have been mad to have spent so much money and so heedlessly.

For some moments he read with an unmoved countenance, but presently his brows knit, and he said, "A two-color gold snuffbox with grisaille paintings?"

"For Dysart!" she explained apprehensively.

"Oh!" He resumed his study of the incriminating bills. With a sinking heart she saw him pick up a document headed, in elegant scroll-work, by the name of her favorite dressmaker. He said nothing, however, and she was able to breathe again. But an instant later he read aloud, "Singing-bird, with box embellished turquoise-blue enamelled panels—What the devil—?"

"It was a music-box," she explained, her voice jumping. "For the children—my sisters."

"Ah, I see!" he said, laying the bill aside.

Her spirits rose, only to sink again an instant later when the Earl exclaimed, "What!" Peeping in great trepidation to see what had provoked this startled ejaculation, she perceived that he was holding another scrolled sheet. "Forty guineas for one hat?" he said incredulously.

"I am afraid it was a little dear," she owned. "It—it has three very fine ostrich plumes, you see. You—you said you liked it!" she added desperately.

"Your taste is always impeccable, my love. Did I like the other eight hats you have purchased, or haven't I seen them yet?"

Horrified, she stammered: "N-not eight, Giles, surely?"

He laughed. "Eight! Oh, don't look so dismayed. I daresay they were all quite necessary. To be sure, forty guineas seems a trifle extortionate, but it is certainly a charming confection, and becomes you delightfully." She smiled gratefully at him, and he took her chin in his hand, and pinched it.

"Yes, very well, ma'am, but that is only the sop that goes before the scold. You've been drawing the bustle disgracefully, my dear. You seem not to have the smallest notion of management, and I should doubt whether you have ever kept an account in your life.

"Now, I am going to settle all these bills of yours, and I am also going to place a further hundred pounds to your account. That should—indeed, it must—keep you in reasonable circumstances until the quarter."

She exclaimed: "Oh, thank you! How very kind you are! I will take the greatest care, I promise!"

"I trust you won't find it necessary to exercise any very stringent economies," he said, with a touch of irony. "But if you have any more bills laid by, give them to me now! I won't scold, but I warn you, Nell, it won't do to keep your money safely in Childe's while you run up debts all over town.

"There are to be no bills outstanding at the quarter, so if you are concealing any from me now, make a clean breast of them. If I found that you had deceived me, then, indeed, I should be angry with you, and do much more than scold!"

"What—would you do, if—if I happen to owe any money at the quarter?" she asked, looking frightened.

"Give you only enough money for such trifling expenses as must occur from day to day, and arrange that all your bills are sent to me for payment," he replied.

"Oh, no!" she cried, flushing.

"I assure you I should dislike it as much as you, and feel as much humiliated. But I have seen something of what such reckless spending as you appear to delight in may lead to, and I am determined it shall not happen in my household. Now, think, Nell! Have you given me all your bills?"

The consciousness of having deceived him, as much as his threat, coupled as it was by a certain look of inflexibility in his face, almost overpowered her. In suppressed agitation, which rendered calm reflection impossible, she said, hurriedly, "Yes—oh, yes!"

"Very well. We shan't speak of this again, then."

The flurry of her heart subsided; she said in a subdued voice, "Thank you! Indeed, I am very much obliged to you. I did not mean to be such an extravagant wife."

"Not I such a tyrannical husband. We could deal better than this, Nell."

"No, no! I meant I never thought you so! You are most kind—I beg your pardon for being so troublesome, pray forgive me!"

"Nell!"

His hand was outstretched to her, but she did not take it, only smiling nervously, and saying again, "Thank you. You are very good. Oh, how late it is. M-may I go now?"

"I like a house that looks lived in."

His hand fell. He said in quite a different voice, "I am not a schoolmaster. Certainly go, if that is your wish!"

She murmured something, in disjointed phrases, about his sister, and Almack's, and fled out of the room.

That gesture, coming as it did at the end of a scene during which he had indeed seemed to be more schoolmaster than husband, seemed to her rather the expression of kindness than of any warmer emotion, and, with her nerves already overset, she had not been able to respond to it as, in general, she had forced herself to respond to any advance made by him.

That her retreat might offend him she knew; that it could wound him she had no suspicion, having, from the start of her married life, seen in his love-making only a chivalrous determination not to betray to her that, although he had bestowed his name on her, his heart belonged to another.

As for Cardross, he was left with some rather bitter reflections to bear him company, and the growing suspicion that all the well-wishers who had begged him not to marry Nell had been right after all. No good could come of an alliance with an Irvine.

One of his cousins, that Pink of the Ton, Mr. Felix Hethersett, had put the matter to him with brutal frankness.

"Nothing to say against the girl, dear old boy, but I don't like the stable," had said Mr. Hethersett.

Well, he had not liked the stable either. Nothing had been further from his intention than marriage with an Irvine; and nothing had seemed more improbable than a love-match.

It was his duty to marry, but for some years he had enjoyed an agreeable connection with a fashionable lady of easy morals and skilful discretion, and that he should succumb to a pair of blue eyes and a mischievous dimple had been an event quite outside his calculations. But so it had been.

He had first seen his Nell in a ballroom, and he had instantly been struck, not so much by her undeniable beauty as by the sweetness in her face, and the innocence of her inquiring gaze.

Before he well knew what had happened, his heart was lost, and every prudent consideration thrown to the winds. She sprang from a line of expensive profligates, but he had been ready to swear, looking into her eyes, that she had miraculously escaped the Irvine taint.

She had been less than eighteen when Cardross had married her, fourteen years younger than he, and when he found himself with a shy, elusive bride he handled her very gently, believing that tenderness and forbearance would win for him the loving, vital creature he was so sure lived behind the nervous child.

He had caught glimpses of that creature—or so he thought—but he had never won her, and the fear that he had deceived himself was beginning to grow on him. She was dutiful, even submissive; sometimes an entrancing companion, always a well-mannered one; but although she never repulsed his advances she never courted them, or gave any sign that she could not be perfectly happy out of his company.

Once installed in Grosvenor Square she entered with apparent zest into every fashionable amusement, took her young sister-in-law into society, rapidly acquired a court of her own, and was by no means the sort of wife who constantly demanded her husband's escort.

Nell was extravagant; he had today discovered that, like the rest of her family, she was a gamester; and what affection she had she appeared to lavish on her little sisters, and on her scapegoat of a brother.

There had been plenty of people to tell Cardross that Nell had accepted him for the sake of his wealth. He had not believed them, but he was beginning to wonder. In her precipitate retreat from his book-room he saw only a spoilt child's desire to escape from a disagreeable schoolmaster, and never dreamed

To page 53

she's happy... she took 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' gets you there looking your loveliest, your headache gone, your pain soothed away.

Are you sometimes too tired to enjoy yourself? Are you nervy by the end of the week? Do headaches spoil your evening's relaxation and week-end play? If so, take 'ASPRO'.

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— be ready with 'ASPRO'. When work leaves you feeling too fagged out to play — take 'ASPRO' with that welcome cup of tea. When nerves and pain look like preventing sleep — take 'ASPRO'. When you feel chilled and low, and a cold seems likely — take 'ASPRO'. You'll feel better for 'ASPRO', every time, your pain and fatigue eased, your nerves soothed and your sleep sound and untroubled.

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There's nothing in the world like *WOOL*.

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Continuing . . . . April Lady

from page 51

that she had fled because her feelings threatened to overcome her.

Lady Cardross made for the shelter of her own apartments, hoping since she needed a little time in which to compose herself, that she would not find her dresser already there. She did not. She found her sister-in-law instead, blithely engaged in trying on one of those eight—no, nine!—modish hats.

The young countess' apartments consisted of a spacious bedchamber, and an adjoining room, known to the household as her dressing-room, but partaking more of the nature of a boudoir. My lord had had both rooms redecorated on the occasion of his marriage, nesting his bride in a tent-bed with rose-silk curtains upheld by cupids and garlands, and hanging her dressing-room with blue-and-silver brocade.

In this frivolous bower, of which she was frankly envious, the Lady Letitia Merion was parading between various mirrors, well pleased with her appearance, but unable to decide on the precise tilt at which the hat should be worn.

She hailed her sister-in-law light-heartedly, saying, "Oh, I am glad you are come! I have been waiting for ever! Nell, I do think this is a ravishing hat, only how should one wear it? Like this, or like this?"

"Oh, don't!" begged Nell involuntarily, unable to bear the sight of what had contributed to her late discomfiture.

"Good gracious, what's the matter?" demanded Letty.

"Nothing, nothing! I have the headache a little, that is all!" She saw that Letty was staring at her, and tried to smile. "Pray don't be concerned! It is only—I only——" She could not go on, her voice being totally suspended by the tears she was unable to control.

"Nell!" Letty flung off the ravishing hat, and ran across the room to put her arms round her sister. "Oh, pray don't cry! Has something dreadful happened?"

"No, no! That is—I have been so wickedly extravagant!"

"Is that all? I collect Giles has been giving you a scold. Don't regard it; he will come about! Was he very angry?"

"Oh, no, but very much displeased, and indeed it was unpardonable of me," Nell said, drying her eyes. "But that was not the worst! I am obliged ——" She broke off, flushing, and added in a hurried tone, "I can't tell you! I shouldn't have said that—pray don't regard it! I have been sadly heedless, but I shall hope to go on better now. Did you wish to speak to me particularly?"

"Oh, no! Only to ask if I may wear your zephyr scarf this evening, if you shouldn't be needing it yourself—but if you are in a fit of the dismals I won't tease you," said Letty handsomely.

"Oh, yes, do wear it! In fact, you may have it for your own, for I am sure I can never bear to wear it again!" said Nell tragically.

"Never wear—Nell, don't be such a goose! Why, you went into transports when they showed it to you, and it cost you thirty guineas!"

"I know it did, and he saw the bill for it, and never spoke one word of censure, which makes me feel ready to sink!"

"For my part," said Letty candidly, "I should be excessively thankful for it! May I have it indeed? Thank you! It will be just the thing to wear with my French muslin. I had meant to try if I could persuade Giles to purchase one like it for me."

"Oh, no, do not!" exclaimed Nell, aghast.

"No, I shouldn't think of doing so now that he has taken one of his pets," agreed Letty. "I'm sure I never knew anyone so odious about being in debt! What shall you wear tonight? You haven't forgotten that Felix Hethersett is to escort us to Almack's, have you?"

Nell sighed. "I wish we need not go!"

"Well, there's not the least occasion for you to go if you don't choose," said Letty obligingly. "You may send a note round to Felix's lodging, and as for me, I daresay my aunt Thorne will be very willing to take me with her and my cousin."

THIS airy speech had the effect of diverting Nell's mind from her own iniquities. Upon his marriage, the Earl had removed his young ward from the care of her maternal aunt, and had taken her to live in his own house. Mrs. Thorne was a good-natured woman, but he could not like the tone of her mind, or feel that she had either the desire or the power to control his flighty half-sister.

Cardross had been startled to discover how casual was the surveillance under which Letty had grown up, how improper many of the ideas she had imbibed; and he was still more startled when she disclosed to him that young as she was she had already formed what she assured him was an undying attachment.

Jeremy Allandale was a perfectly respectable young man, but although well-connected he could not be thought an eligible husband for the Lady Letty Merion. He was employed at the Foreign Office, and although his prospects were thought to be good his present circumstances were straitened. His widowed mother was far from affluent, and he had several young brothers and sisters for whose education he considered himself to be largely responsible.

The Earl thought this fortunate, for although the young man conducted himself with the strictest propriety he was plainly infatuated with Letty, and no dependence whatsoever (in her brother's opinion) could be placed on her discretion. Could she but gain control of her fortune she was quite capable of persuading her lover to elope with her. In the event, he was wholly unable to support her, so that that contingency seemed unlikely.

Mr. Allandale received little encouragement to visit in Grosvenor Square, but, whether from wisdom or from a dislike of enacting the tyrant, the Earl had never forbidden his sister to hold ordinary social intercourse with him. She would incur no censure by standing up for two dances with Mr. Allandale; but Nell was well aware that under the careless chaperonage of her aunt she would not stop at that.

She guessed from Letty's ready acquiescence in her own desire to remain at home that evening that Mr. Allandale would be at Almack's, and she at once shook off her megrims, and said that of course she would take Letty there.

. . . . . .

Mr. Allandale was indeed at Almack's, and for the fiftieth time Nell found herself wondering why it was that Letty had fallen in love with him.

He was a well-made man, he was even good-looking; but his manners were too formal for ease, and his conversation was painstaking rather than amusing. He was certainly solid. Nell found him a little dull. Mr. Felix Hethersett, not mincing matters, said, "Fellow's a dead bore. Shouldn't think the affair would last."

"No," agreed Nell, "but I must own that she has shown the greatest constancy, in spite of having been very much made up to, ever since she came out. I did venture once to suggest to Cardross that perhaps it would not be such a very bad match after all, but —but he cannot like it, and will only say that if she is still of the same mind when she is a few years older he will not then receive Mr. Allandale in an unfriendly spirit."

"Throwing herself away," said Mr. Hethersett disapprovingly. "Dash it, cousin, very taking little thing! Besides being an heiress. No! but what," he added, as a thought occurred to him, "very understandable you should wish to see her safely tied up to someone! I daresay she's the deuce of a charge."

"Oh, no, indeed she is not!" Nell said, quite distressed. "How could you think I wished to be rid of her? I am only too happy to have her companionship!"

Much abashed, he begged pardon. His earlier strictures on her family notwithstanding he was one of her more faithful admirers, and was generally recognised to be her favorite.

Lady Cardross had other and more dazzling followers, but he was certainly her favorite: a circumstance which presented an enigma to the worldlings who never dreamed that the beautiful young Countess had no taste for dalliance, but smiled on Mr. Hethersett because he was her lord's cousin. Nell treated him much as she treated her brother, an arrangement which suited him very well, since he was not, in fact, much of a lady's man, but attached himself to the court of some lady of rank and beauty as a matter of fashion.

A high stickler, Mr. Hethersett, precise to a pin, blessed with propriety of taste, an impeccable lineage, and a comfortable fortune. He was neither handsome nor articulate, but his dress was always in the first style of elegance; he could handle a team to perfection; was generally thought to be up to every rig and row in town; and had such obliging manners as made him quite the best liked of the Bond Street beaux.

The gentleman thought him a very good fellow; the ladies valued him for two very excellent reasons. To be admired by him added to any female's consequence, and to possess his friendship was to enjoy not only the distinguishing notice of a man of the first stare of fashion, but the willing services of one whose good-nature was proverbial.

For the more adventurous ladies, the dashing chippers

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Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"MYRNA."—Smartly styled slender-line sheath dress has a front-buttoned fastening from neck to hemline. The material is Marle frocking in muted tones of scarlet and grey, emerald and grey, ming-blue and grey, navy-blue and grey, and charcoal.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 119/6, 36 and 38in. bust 117/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 79/3, 36 and 38in. bust 81/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

• *Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 89. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.*

1515 Here's a classical two-piece companion set in gloriously soft lambswool. It's an exquisite set! Like the famous Scottish knitwear, it has the softness of cashmere — and it's pre-shrunk, too!

LOVELY AROSA KNITWEAR is styled on the latest trends from the fashion centres of the world. Australia's finest knitted garments bear the name AROSA—and they're loomed from the softest *super merino yarns.*

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Everyone who likes to do odd jobs round the house—from renewing a tap-washer to building a garage—should get the new monthly magazine, "Practical Householder," obtainable from all newsagents, price 2/-.

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THE PARIS LOOK FOR BRIDES

ROMANTIC, beautiful, and unmistakably of today are these five bridal gowns and ethereal tulle-swathed head-dresses. The dresses were created and shown in Paris spring collections of five world-famous designers.

This year's bride who wishes to follow Paris will wear traditional white, in all its sensational elegance. Materials most used are satins, laces, and sheers, often embroidered. Skirts to the floor and sweeping trains are in vogue.

Allure and modesty are combined in many of the bridal veils—and nearly every one is held in place with an exquisite head-dress.

● Romantic flower and tulle head-dress (left) is made of blush-pink roses, white blossom, and green leaves. The arrangement, worn to crown a short-cut coiffure, is swathed in tulle. Head-dress by Gres.

● Simple and sweet is the gown (above) made in embroidered cotton lawn. The dress has a high-to-the-throat neckline and long sleeves tied with bows. The veil is held by white roses. Gown by Fath.

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● Bridal gown (above) was inspired by Japanese traditional costume, like the rest of Castillo of Lanvin's spring collection. It has wide kimono sleeves and a long embroidered train. Orange and jasmine blossom trail from a crown of flowers which holds the long white tulle veil.

● Carven's regal long-sleeved gown (above) is made in superb white lace with a form-fitting bodice and wide skirt. The tulle train matches the veil, which is held by blossom.

●

● White organdie, trimmed with ribbon and appliques of lawn in a flower design, is chosen for the Empire-line dress (left). Note the bridal bouquet wrapped in tulle.

●

● Jacques Heim's full-skirted gown (right) made in spotted net has a train falling from a bow at the back. The veil, held by a matching net turban, is designed by Svend.

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DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

• *A capelet as part of an ensemble has fashion importance for the autumn-winter season.*

THE fashion item above answers the reader's query below.

Here is her letter and my reply:

"MY problem is a style and pattern for an outfit to be made in fine wool. I was thinking of a slim plain frock and a short matching cape, if you think that would be suitable. I also wondered if I would have a touch of white at the neckline. I have used your patterns with success."

The sheath dress with a separate capelet is right in fashion and I don't think you could have anything newer or smarter for an autumn-winter ensemble.

The design I have chosen (illustrated at right) is finished at the neckline with a white grosgrain bow. I hope you will like the ensemble sufficiently well to copy it. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Lines under the sketch give you further details and tell you how to order.

"WOULD you suggest a willowy design with a front drape? The frock is to wear to a five o'clock function. I want the frock in some sort of wool and the drape in a contrast. I want the whole effect to be very feminine. I am a blonde. What color would you advise?"

Mink-brown wool jersey with a front panel in matching chiffon would make a very alluring and feminine late-day dress. Have the panel falling from a scoop neck, bound in below the bosom and at the natural waistline with a self-material band, and released from this point in a floating apron effect. Have the skirt slender, and the bodice well fitted and finished with set-in, three-quarter-length sleeves.

"DO you think that skirts will be worn much longer for winter?"

This winter I think the majority of women will have their daytime hemlines one inch longer than the 14in. standard length. The woman who follows high fashion will probably have a late-day dress with a skirt approximately eight inches above the ankle.

"WOULD you please help me with a renovation? I have a frock with a side-wrapped skirt and bodice finished with a surplice neckline. The dress has a small, self-material belt at the natural waistline. I have some of the original dress material left and wondered how the frock could be brought up to date."

I suggest a pleated cummerbund (backed with dress canvas). The cummerbund will achieve the high-waisted look that is so new in fashions.

DS234.—Cape-dress ensemble in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Dress, 2 5-8th yards 54in. material or 3 1-3rd yards 36in. material; cape, 1½ yards 36in. material or 1 yard 54in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief:

Experiment with eye-shadow

By CAROLYN EARLE

• When it comes to selecting eye-shadow, it's always safe to match your eyes. But it's more fun to experiment with other shades.

JUST for the record, here is a color guide to help you:

• If your eyes are brown, try brown, green, or violet shadow. If they are blue, use blue varied with grey or violet.

• For grey eyes the prettiest shadow is green, grey, or even blue.

• Try green, violet, or grey shadow to make green eyes look bigger and brighter. Use violet, brown, or green shadow if your eyes are an in-between hazel shade.

It's easy to see from all this that when it comes to eye make-up it's every girl for herself and you simply have to experiment.

Remember, the most charming effect is quite often achieved by breaking some of the rules.

New lotion actually heals chapping . . . keeps hands softer and younger . . .

Angel Skin by POND'S.

Does more than smooth — it heals detergent chapping. *Angel Skin is the only lotion that counteracts the harsh alkali effects of detergents and soaps. Redness fades, chapping disappears.*

Hardworking hands become soft, smooth *When your hands must look their most glamorous, smooth on fragrant, creamy-pink Angel Skin — sinks in instantly, softens deeply.*

Angel Skin is scientifically years ahead of any lotion on the market today

Angel Skin also comes in hand cream form — only 4/9 in the 2-oz. jar.

Angel Skin actually heals chapped skin because it relieves the causes of roughness, chapped redness and dryness! Angel Skin is more than a gentle, soothing lotion — it helps ward off skin disorders. Leaves hands genuinely softer, smoother, whiter, because it goes deep — spreads its protective qualities below the mere surface of your skin. Improves the texture of your skin.

So different from the ordinary "cosmetic" lotion, Angel Skin promotes natural skin health, keeps skin looking younger —

- Sensitive, exposure-reddened hands become genuinely softer and whiter.
- Skin loses that rough, parched shine.
- Tender split cuticle skin heals quickly.
- Sandpapery legs and heels smooth out so they can't snag nylons.

2-oz. bottle 3/9 . . . 4-oz. bottle 6/3. Get Angel Skin from your favourite beauty bar today.

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Beautiful Beutrons are made by G. Herring (Aust.) Pty. Limited, Willoughby, N.S.W. Branches also at Trentham, N.Z. and Aberdeen, Hong Kong.

To FASHION PATTERNS PTY. LTD., Box 4443, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me this special illustrated Beutron pattern No. 4471. Enclosed is postal note for 4/6d.

I am size 32" ( ) 34" ( ) 36" ( ) 38" ( ).

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BUSINESS COUPLES...

Does the weekend mean another big wash-day to you?

Don't let it! Relax and enjoy yourselves while your MALLEYS does the wash!

There's no such thing as washday with a MALLEYS

When you both work during the week, you *deserve* to spend precious weekend time relaxing. Slaving over a big wash, lifting heavy wet clothes, takes half the pleasure out of being together. So leave your weekends free for fun — leave the work to your Malleys. It washes, rinses, spin dries and turns itself off *completely automatically!*

Arrange to see a demonstration together — in your lunch hour perhaps, or Saturday morning. You'll admire the smooth, lovely look of the Malleys as well as its superb performance. And remember, with easy terms you can instal one in your home *right away*. Dont wait another week to enjoy Australia's own tried and tested Malleys Automatic.

YOU DON'T NEED A HOT WATER SYSTEM!

Malleys heats its own water, right up to boiling point if you wish • you may choose the **exact** temperature and washing time you require • has safest top loading • no other washing-machine can beat its 12-lb. capacity • washes freshest, cleanest, BEST, because it pre-soaks gives 3 thorough rinses . . . damp-dries your clothes and adds a final fresh-air tumble! **costs less than any other comparable machine:** 171 guineas, or 142 guineas with single dial control. Prices slightly higher in country areas. **Free installation to approved sites, of course.**

HUSBANDS! CHECK THESE CONSTRUCTION DETAILS

Frame is of 14-gauge steel (the same steel used in today's most modern cars) rustproofed for life • non-rusting allodised aluminium—finest material for the job—makes the basket and tank. Bearings are of sintered bronze, to show less wear than any other type in any other washing machine • a powerful pump gets rid of washing and rinsing water in seconds • built-in heating element can never burn out • whole transmission operates through an over-drive, permanently sealed in oil, there are no clutches or gear boxes to wear out or create service problems.

MALLEYS Automatic

Every woman deserves a washing machine!

EWD WM

Continuing . . . . April Lady

from page 53

who damped their muslins to make them cling revealingly to their exquisite forms, painted their toenails with gilt, and lived perpetually on the brink of social disaster, there were many more attractitve blades.

But young Lady Cardross was not a member of this sisterhood, and, while she naturally did not wish to be so unfashionable as to own no devoted admirer, she took care not to encourage the pretensions of any of the notorious rakes who courted her.

Mr. Hethersett could be depended on to gallant one uncomplainingly to quite the dullest party of the season; and there was no need to fear that the abandonment of formality would lead him to encroach on his position. He was neither witty nor talkative, but a certain shrewdness characterised him, his bow was perfection, and his grace in the ballroom unequalled.

Even Letty, who said that his notions of propriety were quite gothic, did not despise his escort when she went to Almack's. Almack's was abominably slow, of course, and its haughty patronesses by far too high in the instep; but any lady refused a voucher of admission to its sacred precincts must consider herself to be socially outcast.

To attend the assemblies gallanted by Mr. Hethersett ensured for one the approval even of censorious Mrs. Drummond Burrell, and had been known to win for a perfectly insipid damsel a condescending smile from that odious Countess Lieven.

NELL was as much astonished as she was delighted to perceive, on arrival in King Street, that her graceless but beloved brother was rather inexpertly dancing the boulanger, with a quiet-looking girl for his partner. He explained to her presently that he had never been so taken in before.

"Ay, you may well stare!" he said, his angelic blue eyes kindling with indignation.

She could not help laughing, but she said, "Oh, Dy, what a wretch you are, when you wouldn't come with me, and said wild horses couldn't drag you here!"

"It wasn't wild horses," he replied darkly. "They couldn't have done it! It was old Mother Wenlock! Beckoned to me to come up to that antiquated landaulette of hers in Bond Street this morning, and said I must dine in Brook Street to meet her niece. Of course I said I was engaged with a party of friends, but I might as well have spared my breath. Of all the devilish things, Nell, those shocking old hags who are hand-in-glove with mama are the worst.

"Mind, if I'd known she meant to drag me to Almack's she could have said what she chose, I wouldn't have budged. I ain't a dancing man, you can't get a thing to drink but lemonade and orgeat—and of the two I'd as lief drink lemonade!—and this precious niece, whom she swore was a ravishing girl, is nothing but a dowdy!"

"Ought to have known she would be," said Mr. Hethersett, from the depths of this worldy wisdom.

"Why?" demanded the Viscount.

In other company Mr. Hethersett would have answered him with brutal frankness, but under Nell's innocently inquiring gaze his courage failed, and he said he didn't know.

After all, one couldn't tell an adoring sister that no chaperon in her senses would invite Dysart to gallant a ravishing girl to a party.

If the damsel in question seemed likely to attract his roving fancy she would be much more likely to forbid him the house. Dysart might be the heir to an earldom, but it was common knowledge that his noble father (until he had the good fortune to catch Cardross for his daughter) was all to pieces, having, in vulgar parlance, brought an abbey to a grange. No one who had observed the son's own volatile career could place the slightest dependence on his setting the family affairs to rights by more prudent conduct.

So far from being regarded as an eligible bachelor, Dysart was considered to be extremely dangerous, for he combined with decidedly libertine propensities a degree of charm which might easily prove the undoing of the most delicately nurtured female. He was also very good-looking, and, although his critics unequivocally condemned the carelessness of his attire, it could not be denied that his tall person, with his fine shoulders, and its crown of waving golden hair, inevitably drew all eyes.

The young man had an endearing smile, too, at once rueful and mischievous. It dawned now, for he was no fool, and he knew very well what Mr. Hethersett had meant.

"Craven!" he said challengingly.

But Mr. Hethersett refused to be drawn; and since Letty came up at that moment, under the escort of Mr. Allandale, Dysart allowed the matter to drop. He greeted Letty with the easy camaraderie of one who was in some sort related to her, and at once begged permission to lead her into the set which was just then forming.

However unalterably devoted to Mr. Allandale Letty might be, she was by no means impervious to the viscount's charm, and she went blithely off with him, leaving her swain to exchange civilities with Nell.

Her cousin Felix watched these proceedings with a jaundiced eye. It would have been hard to have found a greater contrast than that which existed between Lord Dysart and Mr. Jeremy Allandale.

The one was a rather thickset young man, whose grave eyes and regular features were allied to a serious mind, and solid worth of character. The other was a tall, handsome buck, bearing himself with careless arrogance, laughter never far from his lips, and in his gleaming blue eyes a reckless light which sprang from a disposition which was as volatile as Mr. Allandale's was dependable. But in one respect they were blood-brothers; as prospective bridegrooms each in his way was wholly ineligible.

Mr. Hethersett, watching the start of a promising flirtation between Letty and his lordship, was much inclined to think that he had grossly failed in his duty towards Cardross. A quick-witted man, he gloomily reflected, would have intervened before Letty had had time to accept Dysart's invitation.

Nell, too, was watching the couple on the dance floor, not with misgiving (for, although she knew that Cardross had no great liking for Dysart she also knew that Letty had no great liking for anyone but her Jeremy), but a little wistfully.

When she had seen Dysart she had known an impulse to confide her troubles, though

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning April 1

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a personal matter.	★ Push through plans, gain every advantage, be alert to fresh opportunities to better finances, and watch output as well as income. It pays to be aggressive.	★ While you are stepping high, surrounded by your admiring little world, be sure that you make this a give-and-take week. Remember to repay compliments.	★ Your heart should tell you the right words to use when a difficult situation arises between you and the beloved. Don't reproach. Nobody is 100 per cent. right.	★ Many are beginning a new chapter in social contacts. If circumstances beyond your control separate you from an old friend, a new, congenial pal is on your doorstep.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in information.	★ The more you talk about your financial position the more you become handicapped. There is strength in a private plan which you follow in silence. Do not borrow or lend.	★ Good for pursuing personal interests or activities. Devote time to your wardrobe or to finding new uses for old possessions. Stretch money with ingenuity.	★ Should the best-beloved ask for help in an emergency, even though the task may be unwelcome, don't begrudge the effort. These little incidents can warm romance.	★ Social activities may be at a low ebb because you have more important things in mind, or because you are economising. Except for voluntary work, you stay home.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in true love.	★ There is likely to be a pleasant streak of sociability running through all your tasks. If a home-maker, you may have company while doing odd jobs.	★ Dust may gather on the furniture while you are busy. If V.I.P. visitors arrive without warning, throw your domestic skeletons into a cupboard, greet guests with a smile.	★ A declaration of love, a stammering, or apparently casual remark which you believe merely a joke may be made to you in a crowded place. It will be confirmed.	★ You are riding the popularity wave. It's hard to fit in all your activities. A curious feature is the likelihood of practical gain through social connections.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, navy-blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in asking a favor.	★ Don't be backward about coming forward, or let sensitiveness ruin a good chance to do what you might enjoy. Speak up if called upon to volunteer for some special duty.	★ Plan home affairs. Decide on menus. Shop in advance so that you can have a clear run on a project close to your heart. Keep your schedule pinned up.	★ Easter weddings bring romance in their train among friends and guests. If you are a bridesmaid, your opposite number may be fascinating. Romance is infectious.	★ A suggestion for social activity in a new direction may be adopted by you, bringing with it a more colorful existence. This may involve taking up a new sport.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in news from a distance.	★ When in doubt, look it up in the book or consult those who know. New regulations of which you are unaware, changes in procedure, could cause you trouble.	★ A brief visit to an old friend or a relative may break in on your usual round and give you new ideas in regard to homemaking. What you see could give you a lift.	★ If you meet a stranger from a distance, he, or she, may be glamorous. The very fact that your new date is here today and gone tomorrow may add to the attraction.	★ Those who are organising Easter holidays have an inspiration which should make the break this year unusual. If friends can join in the pleasure will be increased.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a windfall.	★ Estimate your financial position at the lowest figure, act accordingly, and enjoy the satisfaction of coming out far better than you hoped. There may be a small windfall.	★ Don't let others talk you into buying bargains until you have looked at prevailing prices, styles, or colors. Unless the article harmonises, you'll lose.	★ There could be a storm brewing over a difference of opinion, parental disapproval, or a recent incident. If your heart is really engaged, act accordingly, but be sure.	★ Some turn down invitations because of work you are eager to finish, or simply because you are not in the mood. Otherwise little trips into town on a mission.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, green. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a romantic partnership.	★ Partnerships can be carried out wisely, bringing mutual satisfaction. If planning a party, a trip, holidays, or a business venture, reduce expenses by sharing with a friend.	★ Whether you've been married ten months or ten years, never lose sight of a romantic attitude to your home. Take interest in the partner's affairs.	★ If the one you love best asks you to go out to an important social affair, make him proud of you. Wear your finest. Look your prettiest. Don't be over-sophisticated.	★ Most of your social life will take place in the evening, when both sexes will be present. You may win a competition at a function. In some cases, family parties.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a kind deed.	★ Out to get things done in a hurry, you may tackle jobs which could formerly have floored you. Determination replaces hesitation. One of those snap decisions wins.	★ Your sign never does anything by halves. Don't grow so house-proud that the family is afraid to sit down and relax. A home is intended to be lived in.	★ You'll have to do all the work this week. Invent excuses to meet, get him on a committee or active in a sporting group to which you belong. It's uphill going, but it wins.	★ You will be very systematic. There is a tendency to be among those present more from duty than for personal enjoyment. Don't make a martyr of yourself.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in taking a chance.	★ There is fun to be had out of your job as well as profit. In fact, some of it will not seem like work. Either it is new, or has a fresh slant. Extra pay probable.	★ If a parent, the house may be noisy but happy. Children romp and bring home their pals. This means work, but is worth it. Otherwise, a new game fascinates.	★ Romance blossoms almost before you realise what has happened. Love dances into your heart. These days pass trailing clouds of glory against a background of happiness.	★ Dame Fortune beams, hopes come true, invitations are showered on you. Since this is one of the bright spots of your year, make the most of it.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in an old box.	★ Many of you need a breathing space, particularly hard workers. If there is friction with an elder or with the boss, don't take it too seriously.	★ Your sign loves to dig in the garden. You may be preparing for a special exhibition. If a flat-dweller, try cultivating wonderful new indoor plants.	★ Most fortunate are the newly-weds and young-marrieds, but engaged couples busy planning their future home are also under smiling stars.	★ Friends may drop in and informal hospitality can contribute to closer links with people you find worth while. Your home is your headquarters, and you will be lucky.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a hasty journey.	★ Written applications may have to be filled. In some cases references may be important. Keep a copy of what you write. When making statements use facts.	★ Don't imagine just because you left school a while back that you can't learn new tricks with food, decorating, clothes, and arts and crafts.	★ The friend of a friend may figure in your emotional and social life. If there is a foursome, there is the possibility of two sets of lovers. Outings can bring happiness.	★ Hasty arrangements for unexpected outings boom. You may explore new places. Plenty of desultory conversation during which you air your views.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a quick decision.	★ For once you get down to brass tacks. You know what you want and you go looking for it. Luck should hold good in business matters, provided you keep promises.	★ Let your good taste be your guide. Follow your own hunches where artistic effects are sought. If a parent, children's clothing is likely to be uppermost in your mind.	★ Your beloved may be thinking of giving you a present and may be trying to discover what you want. Perhaps he asks leading questions. Be tactful and wait.	★ You may have a wonderful idea and it doesn't come off. Either the cost is too high or you have to wait your turn. Don't be glum. A better scheme emerges.

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Marlite brings you 7 exciting wall panels

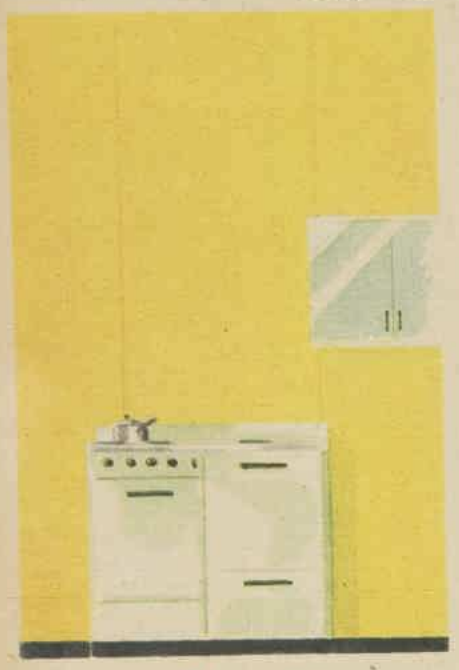
that do so much for a home yet cost so little!

Marlite is an entirely new kind of panelling for walls and ceilings, in new homes or old

it can be easily fixed to timber framework or over existing walls or ceilings. Marlite is made from tough Masonite Tempered Presdwood, pre-finished in a new and exclusive high-gloss plastic enamel, heat-treated to permanently preserve the surface against moisture, grease, acids and mildew.

The big panels *(up to 9 ft. x 4 ft.)* go up quickly and easily and never need re-finishing. Marlite is easy to clean, stays fresh and beautiful for years.

There are seven entirely different Marlite boards and a complete range of exciting contemporary colours—Red, Blue, Pink, Green, Yellow, Cream, Burgundy, Grey, Black and White with Stippletones (Lusterite, Leveline and Lustrtile only) in Blue, Green, Pink, Grey and Cream.

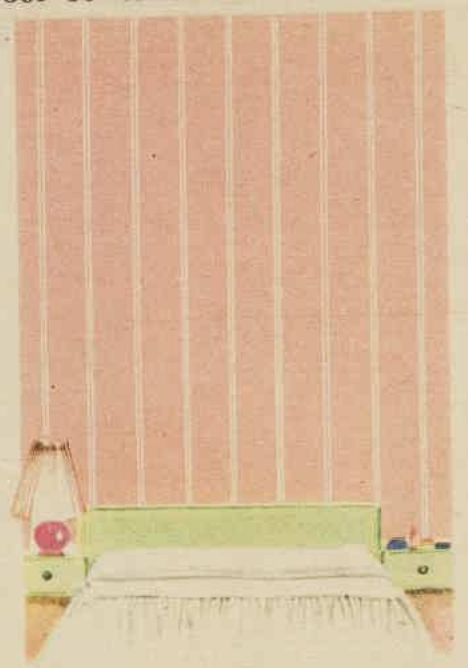


Marlite *Lusterite*

Comes in big sheets with a plain, glass-smooth surface. The heat-treated plastic enamel finish (like that on your refrigerator) repels grease, steam and household acids. Available in two sheet sizes, *9 ft. x 4 ft.* and *6 ft. x 4 ft.*, in the 15 Marlite colours.

Marlite *Block*

You can buy Block in either *15 inch* or *11 inch squares* and fix them yourself. Each Block has a tongue on two sides and a groove on the other two and is fastened by ingeniously concealed clips. Available with plain gloss surface or with a rich leatherboard texture.



Marlite *Leveline*

These wall-size sheets have parallel grooves in contrasting white. Used horizontally, rooms look bigger. Used vertically, the ceilings look higher. Two sheet sizes, *9 ft. x 4 ft.* and *6 ft. x 4 ft.*, each available in 15 alluring colours, including five new stippletones.

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Nail the Marlite corner moulding with 16 gauge panel pins.

SLIDE-IN MARLITE SHEET

Sheet slides firmly into the groove in the moulding. No nails visible either!

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Slide division moulding on to sheet just erected and nail other side of moulding to the wall.

SLIDE IN NEXT MARLITE SHEET

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Marlite *Lustrtile*

This colourful "tile" board gleams like porcelain, retains its glistening glamour for years, despite steam and water. Sheets are *6 ft. x 4 ft.* and *6 ft. x 2 ft.*, embossed in *6 inch* or *4 inch* squares. Colours are "keyed" to match standard porcelain fittings.

Marlite *Leatherboard*

In handy *6 ft. x 4 ft. sheets*, Marlite Leatherboard has all the grain and beauty of rich Spanish leather and it's just as easy to clean as the other Marlite boards . . . all you need is a damp cloth. Leatherboard comes in six fascinating colours.

Marlite *Plank*

Marlite Plank is easily fastened by metal clips concealed behind tongue-and-groove joints. The planks are either *11 inches* or *15 inches* wide and go right from floor to ceiling. Plain or leather texture in lovely Marlite plastic enamel colours.

Marlite *Pegboard*

On a wall of lovely Marlite Pegboard you can hang anything from an indoor plant to a bookshelf. (A full range of neat, clip-on hangers is available.) You can buy it in 10 Marlite gloss colours or in matt white. Sheets are *6 ft. x 4 ft.* and *3 ft. x 4 ft.*

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she had no expectation of his being able to give back to her the money she had so blithely bestowed on him. But at least she might have warned him not, in future, to depend on her.

There was no further opportunity offered Nell for speech with Dysart. Her own hand was claimed. Her place in the set was far removed from Dysart's, and by the time she left the floor he had restored Letty to Mr. Hethersett's protection, and had returned to his own party.

Dysart left it, on the flimsiest of excuses, ten minutes later, a circumstance of which Nell was soon made fully aware by his hostess, who sailed across the room for the express purpose of favoring her with her opinion of his manners and upbringing.

Mr. Hethersett could do nothing to spare her this ordeal, but when one of his and Cardross' more formidable aunts conceived it to be her duty to censure Nell for her thoughtlessness in permitting Letty to dance with Mr. Allandale he came out strongly in her support, even recommending Lady Chudleigh to address her criticisms to Cardross himself.

"Let me assure you, Felix," said the lady in quelling accents, "that nothing is further from my intentions! Far be it from me to seek to make mischief!"

"Just as well," responded the intrepid Mr. Hethersett. "Very likely to give you one of his set-downs!"

Nell was quite overcome by such a display of heroism on her behalf, but Mr. Hethersett disclaimed heroism. Having watched through a quizzing glass which hideously magnified his eye the retreat of the dowager, he assured Nell that he had spoken nothing more than the truth.

"No need to fear Cardross would listen to her tales," he

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said. "What's more, he must know you couldn't stop Letty dancing with anyone. Doubt whether he could do it himself."

It seemed as though the Earl shared this doubt. He had not returned from a dinner given by the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks when the ladies were set down in Grosvenor Square some time after midnight, but he visited his bride later in the morning.

He found her with a breakfast-tray across her knees, the curtains of her bed drawn back in billowing folds of rosy silk. She was engaged, between sips of coffee and nibbles at a slice of bread-and-butter, in reading her correspondence. This seemed, from the litter on the counterpane, to consist largely of gilt-edged invitations, but there was a letter, crossed and recrossed, from her mama, which she was trying to decipher when Cardross came into the room.

PUTTING down the letter Nell tried to tuck back the ringlets which had strayed from under her becoming nightcap of muslin and lace. "My lord! Oh, dear, I did not think you would be coming to see me so early, and I am dreadfully untidy!"

"Don't!" he said, capturing her hand, and kissing it. "You look charmingly, I assure you. Was it amusing, your party?"

"Yes, thank you. That is—it was just one of the Assemblies, at Almack's, you know."

"Not very amusing, then," he remarked, seating himself on the edge of her bed, and picking up one of the invitation cards. "Nor will this be, but we shall be obliged to accept it, I suppose. She is Letty's godmother. Did Letty behave with impropriety last night, or did she hang on that fellow Allandale the whole evening?"

"No, indeed she did not! She stood up only twice with him."

"I am astonished to learn that she had as much moderation—and I make you my compliments. It must surely be your doing!"

"Well, of course, I should try to dissuade her from doing what you don't like," said Nell doubtfully, "but it wasn't at all necessary. Mr. Allandale's scruples are so very strict that I am persuaded he would never ask her to do anything that might set up people's backs."

"What a slow-top!" said his lordship. "My dear, what does she see in him to hit her fancy?"

"I can't think!" said Nell candidly. "Though I am sure he has many excellent qualities, and a most superior understanding."

"Superior fiddlesticks! I never found him to be anything but a dreadful bore. I wish she would recover from this greensickness. It's quite impossible, you know. He has neither fortune nor expectation, and I'll swear I never saw a couple less suited to one another. I should be a villain to countenance such an attachment. If his scruples are as strict as you tell me I collect I've no need to fear he may run off with her to Gretna Green?"

"Good gracious, no!" Nell exclaimed, startled.

"So much then for my aunt Chudleigh's croakings!"

"Your aunt Chudleigh! Oh, Giles, she was at Almack's last night, and she gave me a terrible scold for permitting Letty to dance with Mr. Allandale!"

"What impertinence!"

"Oh, no. Though that is what Felix said. And also he told her to make her complaints to you, which was not very civil of him, but excessively brave, I thought!"

"I wonder what she imagines I can do to stop Letty? Short of incarcerating her at Merion. By the by, I must go to Merion next week. Useless, I suppose, to ask you to go with me?"

She showed him a face of sudden dismay. "Next week! But the Beading's masquerade—!"

He raised his brows. "Is it so important? For my part, masquerades at Chiswick—"

"No, indeed, but you did promise Letty she should attend it. It is the first she has ever been to, and she has had the prettiest domino made, and—and I must own I think it would be dreadfully shabby to tell her now that she cannot go!"

"Hang Letty! Can't she—No, I suppose not. Very well, I won't tease you to go with me."

"I wish I might," she said wistfully.

He smiled at her, but rather quizzically, and picked up another of the invitation cards. "A quadrille ball at the Cowpers! How dashing! It will be a horrible squeeze, must we go?"

The post had brought her ladyship a polite reminder from Mr. Warren, Perfumier, that a trifling account for scent, white nail-wax and Olympian Dew was outstanding. It had lain hidden by Lady Cowper's invitation, and was revealed when the Earl picked this up.

Only a few guineas were involved, but Nell instinctively put out her hand to cover it. The movement caught her husband's eye; he glanced down, and she at once removed her hand, flushing, vexed with herself.

"What other delights are in store for us?" he asked, picking up another card. "Assemblies and balls seem to be in full feather. You will be

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Adam and Eve

● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

VISITING a friend, I found her crossly unpicking the hem on a pair of curtains.

"They're too short," she explained, "and I couldn't leave them like that. I measured the window so carefully, too. It was four times the length of a soft-drink bottle."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. D. Mitchell, The Scots School, Bathurst, N.S.W.

JUST LIKE A MAN

HAVING worked very hard all day, I was so tired I fell asleep immediately my head touched the pillow. It must have been several hours later when my husband shook me awake.

"What's the matter?" I asked, still sleepy.

"For heaven's sake," he said, "I've been shaking you for five minutes! The kid is crying!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Cleline de Littel, Isla Laura, Rio Chana, Canal San Fernando, Argentina.

● Send your contributions to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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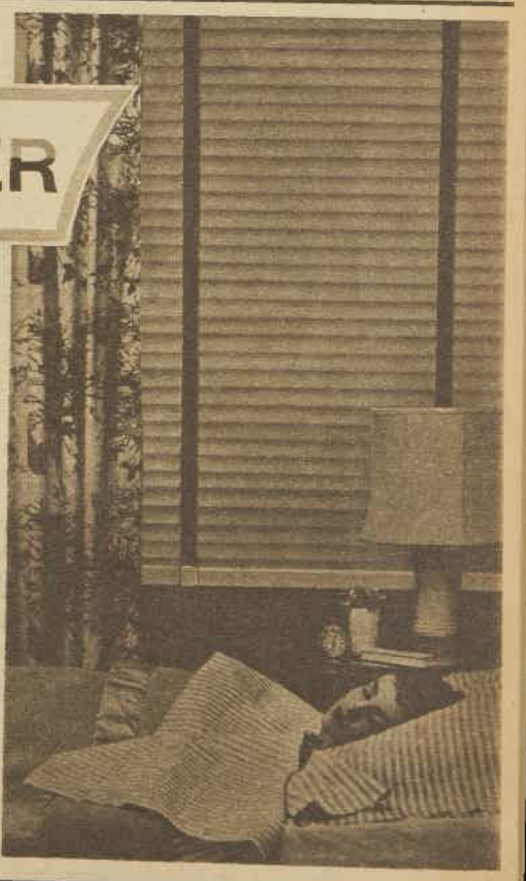

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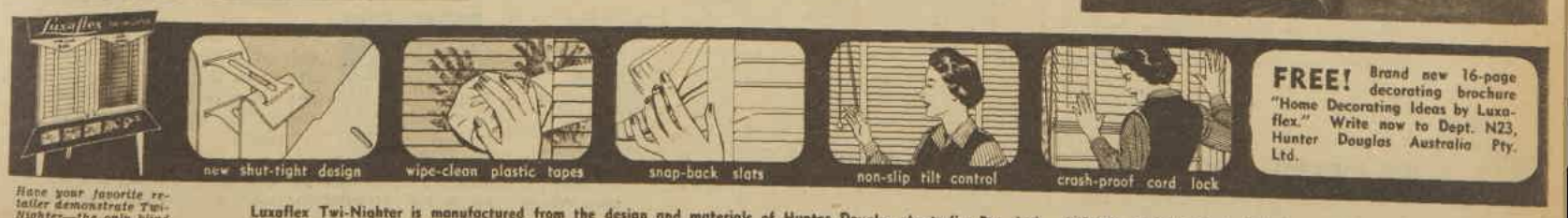

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TAKE THESE 3 EASY STEPS TO MAKE WHIPPED CARNATION TOPPING!

Chill undiluted Carnation in ice cube tray until crystals form around edges; or place unopened can on ice for 2 to 3 hours. Chill bowl and beater for at least 20 minutes.

Pour Carnation into chilled bowl; whip until it just begins to thicken (about 1 minute). Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice for each cup of Carnation; whip until very stiff (about 1 or 2 minutes more).

Fold in 2 tablespoons sugar for each cup of Carnation. Serve AT ONCE on stewed or fresh fruit, pies, cakes, or puddings. But remember the secret . . . SERVE AT ONCE.

Whipped Carnation will hold firm for ½-¾ hour before returning to milk. Any milk left over may be rechilled and whipped again when desired.

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Continuing . . . . April Lady

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knocked out by all this raking. Don't drag me to this affair, I beg of you!"

"That? Oh, no! It is to be a petticoat-party. You—you will be present at our own dress-party, won't you?"

"Of course."

There was a short silence. After that one glance the Earl had not again looked at Mr. Warren's account, but it seemed to his guilty wife imperative to divert his attention from it. She said a trifle breathlessly, "Cardross, what a very elegant waistcoat that is! I think I never saw you wear it before."

"Ah, I hoped you would be pleased with it!" he replied blandly. "And with me for letting you see it."

"How absurd you are! It is certainly most handsome."

"Yes, and wickedly dear—as dear as your feathered bonnet, though not, I fear, as becoming. You see how I lay myself open to strong counter-attack!"

"Oh, Giles!"

He laughed, and tickled her cheek. "Foolish little Nell! Is it very shocking?"

She heaved a sigh of relief, smiling nervously at him. "No, indeed it isn't! Only that bill does chance to be one I had forgotten, and I was afraid you would be angry with me."

"What a disagreeable husband I must be!" he murmured ruefully. "Shall I pay this bill with the rest?"

"No, please! It is a very small one—look!"

She held it out to him, but he did not look at it, only taking her hand in his, the bill crushed between his fingers, and saying, "You mustn't be afraid of me. I never meant to make you so! I'll pay this bill, or any other—only don't conceal any from me!"

"Afraid of you? Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed.

His clasp on her hand tightened, he leaned forward, as though he would have kissed her. But her dresser came into the room just then, and although she quickly withdrew, the moment had passed.

Nell had snatched her hand away, vividly blushing, and the Earl did not try to recapture it. He got up, his own complexion rather heightened, feeling all the embarrassment natural to a man discovered, at ten o'clock in the morning, making love to his own wife, and went away to his dressing-room.

Shortly before four o'clock that afternoon young Lady Cardross' barouche was driven into Hyde Park by the Stanhope Gate.

It was a very stylish vehicle, quite the latest thing in town carriages, and it had been bestowed on her ladyship, together with the pair of perfectly matched greys that drew it, by her husband, upon her installation as mistress of his house in Grosvenor Square.

"Slap up to the echo," was what Dysart called it. Certainly no other lady owned a more elegant turn-out.

To be seen in Hyde Park between the hours of five and six on any fine afternoon during the London season, driving, riding, or even walking, was de rigueur for anyone of high fashion, and before her marriage, when she had sat beside her mama in an old-fashioned landaulet, Nell had frequently envied the possessors of more dashing equipages, and had thought how agreeable it would be to sit behind a pair of high-steppers in a smart barouche, with its wheels picked out in yellow.

She had been delighted with the Earl's gift, exclaiming naively, "Now I shall be all the crack!"

"Do you wish to be?" he had asked her, amused.

"Yes," she replied honestly. "And I think I ought to be, because although Miss Wilby—our governess, you know—says that is wrong to set one's mind on worldly things, you are all the crack, which makes it perfectly proper, I think, for me to be fashionable, too."

"I am persuaded," he said, his countenance admirably composed, "that Miss Wilby must perceive it to be your duty, even."

She was a little dubious about this, but happily recollecting that she was no longer answerable to her governess she was able to put that excellent educationist out of her mind.

"You know how people talk of Lord Dorset on his white horse, and Mrs. Toddington with her chestnuts?" she said confidentially. "Now they will talk of Lady Cardross, behind her match-greys. I should not be astonished if my barouche were to draw as many eyes as hers!"

"Nor should I," agreed his lordship, grave as a judge. "In fact, I should be much astonished if it did not."

Whether it was the smart turn-out which drew all eyes, or its charming occupant, Nell had soon experienced the felicity of attracting a great deal of attention when she drove in the park. She became a noted figure, and never doubted that she owed this triumph to her splendid horses until her more knowledgeable sister-in-law remarked chattily, as she stepped into the carriage that day, "Isn't it a fortunate circumstance, Nell, that you are fair and I am dark?"

She went on, "I don't wonder at it that everyone stares to see us: we take the shine out of all the other females. Mr. Bottisham told Hardwick so, and Hardwick says it is a compliment well worth having, because Mr. Bottisham is in general quite odiously censorious. I think," she added, dispassionately considering the matter, "that you are prettier than I am, but, on the other hand, I have a great deal of countenance, besides being dark, which is more in the mode, so I don't excessively mind your being beautiful."

Nell could not help laughing, but, with Miss Wilby's precepts in mind, she ventured to suggest to Letty that such candor was a trifle improper.

"That is the sort of thing Aunt Chudleigh says," observed Letty, unabashed. "For my part I see nothing improper in speaking the truth. And you can't deny that it is the truth!" She made herself comfortable beside Nell, and unfurled a pink sunshade. "We make a perfect picture," she said complacently.

"I collect Lord Hardwick told you so!"

"Everyone tells me so!"

"Well, take care they don't next tell you that you are abominably conceited," recommended Nell.

"They won't," asserted Letty, with confidence. "No one I care a fig for, at all events. I daresay Felix might, for I never knew anyone so stuffy!"

However, when they presently saw Mr. Hethersett strolling in the park there was nothing to be read in that stickler's countenance but critical appreciation. Nell directed her coachman to pull up his horses, and when Mr. Hethersett came up to the carriage leaned forward to give him her hand.

"How do you do? I hoped we might see you. Do you mean to go to the Beadings' masquerade next week? Cardross has been obliged to cry off. Isn't it infamous of him? Will you dine with us, and give us your escort in his stead?"

He looked regretful, and shook his head.

"Can't," he said mournfully. "Excused myself to Mrs. Beading. Told her I had another engagement. Not the thing to go there after that. Pity!"

Nell smiled. "You cannot hoax me into believing that you think so! Confess! You dislike masquerades!"

"Not trying to hoax you: happy to escort you anywhere. Not but what it ain't the sort of party I like. If I were you I'd cry off, because you won't enjoy it. Not just in your style."

"I declare, you are the stupidest creature, Felix!" Letty broke in. "Why shouldn't we enjoy it? It will be rare mummery, for we are all to wear masks, and—"

"Yes, a vast rout of people, and rompings!" interrupted Mr. Hethersett, in a tone of deep disapproval. "You may enjoy it. I never said you wouldn't. All I said was, Lady Cardross won't. Do you want a piece of advice, cousin?"

"No," said Letty crossly.

"Mistake," he said, shaking his head. "Not saying that ain't an elegant gown. It is. Not saying that hat don't become you: it does." He left an ominous pause, during which Letty eyed him uneasily. She might despise him for what she considered his antiquated notions of propriety, but no aspirant to high fashion could afford to ignore his pronouncements on all matters of sartorial taste. He delivered his verdict, "I don't like those pink ribbons. Or the feather. Insipid."

"Insipid?" she exclaimed indignantly. She cast a glance down at the double row of pink knots which ornamented her dress of delicate fawn-colored muslin. They exactly matched the feather that hung down on one side of a little straw hat which turned up on the other side, and was worn at a dashing angle on her glossy black ringlets. French kid gloves of the same pink completed a toilet which she had thought to be, until this painful moment, in the first crack of the mode. Doubt now entered her soul; she turned her anxious gaze upon her cousin.

"It isn't! You are saying it to vex me!"

"No wish to vex you. Just thought you wanted to be up to the knocker."

"I do—I am up to the knocker!"

"Not with those pink bows," said Mr. Hethersett firmly. "Quite pretty, but dashed commonplace! Ought to be cherry. Give you a new touch!"

With these words he made his bow to both the ladies, and proceeded on his way, leaving his cousin torn between wrath and a growing conviction that he was right, and Nell a good deal amused.

"If Felix were not related to me I should cut his acquaintance!" said Letty, glaring vengefully after him. "He is prosy, and uncivil, besides placing himself on far too high a form! And now I come to think of it I didn't above half like his waistcoat!"

She transferred her gaze to Nell, as Mr. Hethersett's exquisitely tailored person receded in the distance.

"If he thinks my ribbons insipid I am astonished that he hadn't the effrontery to say that your dress was commonplace! Depend upon it, he thinks you would look more becomingly in purple, or puce, or scarlet! Odious creature!"

"Oh, he couldn't say that to me, when he told me weeks ago never to wear those strong colors!" said Nell, whose gown of Berlin silk was just the color of her eyes. "That was when I was wearing that maroon pelisse. I promise you, he was quite as odious to me. Don't regard it!"

"I never pay the least heed to a word he says," replied Letty, in a lofty voice. She relapsed into thoughtful silence while the barouche proceeded on its way, but said after several minutes, "Do you think I should tell my woman to dye this feather, or purchase a new one?"

"Dye that one," responded Nell. "And also the ribbons. I wish he might have been much more comfortable! I suppose . . ." She hesitated, looking doubtfully at Letty. "I suppose you would not like to go to Merion with Cardross instead?"

"Nell!" almost shrieked Letty, an expression of scandalised dismay on her countenance. "Go to Merion in the middle of the season? You must be out of your senses! And if that is what Giles wishes us to do I think it is the shabbiest thing I ever heard of, when he promised I should go to the masquerade! Yes, and after fobbing me off with this, when I particularly wanted to go to the Covent Garden masquerade!" she added indignantly. "Saying it was not the

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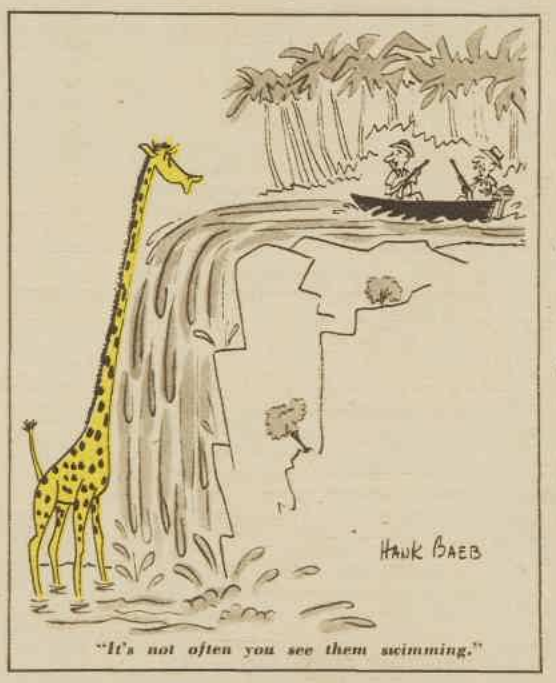

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A celebration dinner for two always calls for a special menu, served with all the trimmings to make it a gala occasion

EVERY woman who prepares a special dinner for two looks upon it as a romantic event. All her treasured silverware is taken from its wrappings, her very best dinner china is brought from the cabinet, and her prettiest table linen unfolded. She should also choose her menu carefully, allowing ample time for that last-minute change into her most glamorous evening frock.

The two menus on these pages have been planned so all the dishes can be kept in the refrigerator or oven until right on serving-time.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

MENU 1

Grapefruit Overture
Consomme Brunoise
Veal Cutlets with Mushroom Sauce
Savory Tomatoes
Peas in Potato Cases
Macaroon Bisque
Cheese Biscuits *Coffee*

GRAPEFRUIT OVERTURE

One grapefruit, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 banana, 1 lemon, 6 crystallised cherries, 1 tablespoon sherry (if desired).

Cut grapefruit in halves crossways and with a sharp knife loosen the flesh from the peel. Remove, cut into pieces, sprinkle with sugar, and stand aside. Cut banana into slices and dip in lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Mix with the halved cherries and grapefruit pieces and pile back into shells. Pour over sherry and place in refrigerator until ready to serve.

CONSOMME BRUNOISE

One pint clear stock, 2 tablespoons finely diced mixed vegetables.

The stock can be made in the traditional method of slowly simmering meat-bones with a mixture of vegetables, or a bouillon soup cube can be dissolved in hot water and used accordingly with extra seasonings as desired. The finely diced vegetables (carrot, turnip, celery) are cooked for 5 minutes in salted water, drained, and set aside to be sprinkled into the consomme before it is served hot.

VEAL CUTLETS WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

One pound veal cutlets, ½lb. mushrooms, 1 egg, seasoned flour, breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 onion, ½ pint stock, 1 tablespoon butter, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon sherry.

Wipe and trim the cutlets, toss in seasoned flour, dip in beaten egg, and coat with breadcrumbs. Heat fat in baking-dish, place in cutlets, and bake in a moderate oven 1 hour. Remove from oven, lift out on to plate, and stand aside. Make the sauce by adding the onion, finely sliced, to the fat remaining in baking-dish and frying until lightly colored. Stir in flour, cook 2 minutes, add stock, and stir until thick and smooth. Add mushrooms which have been washed, chopped, and lightly fried in butter; simmer 10 minutes. Add sherry and season to taste with salt and pepper.

If preferred, lamb or pork can be used instead of the veal cutlets.

PEAS IN POTATO CASES

Cook 2 potatoes in boiling salted water and when soft mash with 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt, and a pinch nutmeg. Pipe in hollow rounds on to a greased tray, using a bag or thick grease-proof paper and a star tube. Fill with cooked green peas and set aside to be reheated.

SAVORY TOMATOES

Halve two firm tomatoes and sprinkle tops with a mixture of grated cheese and onion. Add salt and a dusting of paprika and put on a greased tray ready to place in oven. Three-quarters of an hour before serving, place the tomatoes in the oven for 10 minutes. Then reduce oven heat to slow, place in the veal cutlets, mushroom sauce, and filled potato cases, cover dishes with greased paper and keep hot until ready to serve.

MACAROON BISQUE

Quarter pint cream, 1 tablespoon icing-sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 dozen coconut macaroons, maraschino cherries.

Whip the cream until stiff, sweeten with the icing-sugar, and flavor with vanilla. Crush half the macaroons and stir into cream mixture. Pile into individual sweets dishes, top with whole macaroons, and decorate with cherries. Chill in the refrigerator until ready to serve.

MENU 2

Gervais Appetiser
Fish in Tomato Cups
Pork Tenderloin
Buttered Beans
Waldorf Potatoes
Amber Brittle
Chilled Fruit *Coffee*

GERVAIS APPETISER

Half cup softened cottage cheese, ¼ cup melted butter, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped capers, stuffed olives, lettuce leaves.

Cream together the cottage cheese and melted butter, season to taste with salt and pepper. Mix in capers. Line tiny moulds (egg-cups) with sliced stuffed olives and fill with cheese mixture. Chill several hours in refrigerator and turn out into a crisp lettuce leaf to serve.

***CAREFULLY PREPARED** veal cutlets with mushroom sauce, savory tomatoes, and green peas in potato cases look really elegant in shining silver dishes.*

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A Romantic Dinner

***PINK-AND-WHITE MOTIF** for this moonlight setting will have special interest for every woman. There are a glowing candle, bowl of roses, full circular cloth, gleaming silver, and fine white china.*

FISH IN TOMATO CUPS

Two tomatoes, 2 fillets whiting, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons butter, salt, pepper, lemon, parsley.

Cut tops from tomatoes and scoop out the pulp, stand upside down to drain for a few minutes. Sprinkle inside of tomatoes lightly with breadcrumbs and season. Rub fish fillets with lemon, season, and then roll up. Fit into tomato-cases, sprinkle with remaining breadcrumbs, and top with butter. Place on a greased tray, cover with greased paper, and set aside until ready to bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve garnished with parsley.

PORK TENDERLOIN

One pound pork fillets, seasoned flour, 3 tablespoons bacon fat, 3 tablespoons tomato ketchup, ¾ cup sour cream or evaporated milk, salt and pepper.

Flatten out pork fillets and dredge with flour. Place in hot baking-dish containing bacon fat. Brown on both sides and spread a thick layer of ketchup on each piece. Pour over the sour cream, season with pepper and salt, and bake in a moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot on a silver plate with baked potatoes and beans.

Note: Cream may be made sour by the addition of 1 teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar. Stand aside in a warm place for about half an hour.

WALDORF POTATOES

Two potatoes, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon milk, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, paprika.

Scrub and dry potatoes, bake in their jackets in moderate oven ¾ to 1 hour. Prick four or five times to prevent skins splitting. When cooked, cut in halves, scoop out centres, and mash with salt, butter, and milk. Add chopped egg and cheese. Pile into potato-cases, dust with paprika, and reheat in oven.

BUTTERED BEANS

Half to three-quarters pound beans, 1½oz. butter, 1 small onion, pepper, salt, nutmeg.

Wash, string, and cut beans in desired lengths, place in boiling salted water, and boil until just tender. Saute finely diced onion in melted butter, add drained beans, and toss well to mix. Season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg and keep hot in covered dish.

AMBER BRITTLE

Half pint milk, ½ junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 dessertspoon sugar, vanilla, 2oz. peanut brittle, 2 bananas, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 egg-white, whipped cream.

Crush the peanut brittle and sprinkle half into two sherbet glasses. Make the junket in the usual way with the milk, junket tablet, water, 1 dessertspoon sugar and vanilla, and pour into each glass. Set aside in a warm place to set, then chill. Mash the bananas, add lemon juice and 1 teaspoon sugar, and fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Pile on to junket, top with whipped cream, and sprinkle over remaining crushed brittle. Chill and serve.

By
LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

COFFEE

For strong black coffee, allow 1 tablespoon of coffee and 1 cup of water for each person.

Below are the methods suitable for various coffee-making appliances.

Drip: Add coffee to top container of the brewer, heat water in separate container; when boiling pour over the coffee. Place over a very low heat and when the water has dripped through to the bottom, remove the coffee compartment and serve. It may be refiltered if not quite strong enough.

Percolator: Pour water in coffee-pot and heat until almost boiling. Place filter section in pot, add coffee and return to heat. Percolate for 7 to 10 minutes and allow to stand 2 to 3 minutes before serving.

Saucepan: Add coffee to water in saucepan, cover with a lid, and allow to heat slowly for 7 to 10 minutes. Do not boil. Strain into heated coffee-pot.

Vacuum: Adjust filter into upper bowl and add coffee. Measure water into lower bowl, heat to boiling, and fit upper bowl into position. Reduce heat and allow almost all the water to rise into the upper bowl. Turn off heat, stir coffee carefully, and allow to filter through to lower bowl. Remove upper bowl and serve.

When serving coffee with either of the menus on these pages prepare well beforehand and heat after dessert has been served.

Alternative dishes

Here are an alternative meat dish and a dessert that can be substituted for similar dishes in either Menu 1 or Menu 2.

CHICKEN WITH OLIVES AND WALNUTS

One small chicken, seasoned flour, fat, 2 rashers bacon, 1 onion, stock or water, salt and pepper, meat extract or soy sauce, 2 tablespoons sherry (optional), olives, walnuts.

Joint chicken, roll in flour, and lightly brown in hot fat. Remove, place in casserole, top with slices of onion and bacon. Make a well-flavored thin gravy with remaining fat, flour, stock, seasonings, and meat extract. Pour over chicken pieces, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Ten minutes before serving sprinkle with sherry, olives, and walnut pieces. Serve piping hot with vegetables as desired.

MARSHMALLOW ICE-CREAM

Half pint milk, 1 egg, ¼ cup sugar, pinch salt, ½ pint cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ¼ cup marshmallows, diced.

Make a custard by warming the milk and adding beaten egg, sugar, and salt. Heat, stirring continuously until thickened. Add marshmallows, cool, and stir in cream and vanilla. Pour into refrigerator trays to freeze. Serve with the following caramel fudge sauce.

One ounce butter, 1oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon golden syrup, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 tablespoon milk.

Melt butter in a saucepan, add sugar, golden syrup, and condensed milk. Stir over low heat for 7 to 8 minutes or until mixture leaves the sides of the saucepan. Remove from heat and gradually stir in the hot water. Return to stove, simmer, and stir for 2 to 3 minutes until smooth. Cool and add milk until desired consistency is obtained.

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***ARMENIAN NUTMEG CAKE** is one you will want to try because its unorthodox mixing method makes it unique. It is quick and easy to prepare and requires no beating. See the prize-winning recipe below.*

Novel cake wins £5

An interesting spice-flavored cake with a moist texture wins this week's prize of £5 in our popular recipe contest.

THIS prize - winning cake with its intriguing flavor could become the conversation piece at any afternoon tea party. When baked the cake has two distinct layers, a crumbly pastry-like base, with a soft, close-textured top.

Chopped walnuts sprinkled on cake mixture before baking provide a simple and effective topping.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

ARMENIAN NUTMEG CAKE

Two cups brown sugar, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 2 cups flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, walnuts.

Combine brown sugar, baking-powder, and sifted flour, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Place half this mixture evenly over base of greased 8in. cake-tin. Dissolve soda in milk, add beaten egg and nutmeg. Pour on to balance of crumb mixture; mix well. Fill into tin, sprinkle with chopped walnuts. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Allow to stand in tin 5 minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Lake, Barwon Heads, Vic.

FAMILY DISH

EVERYDAY ingredients combined and subtly flavored make this week's appetising family dish, which costs approximately six shillings and serves four or five.

SAUSAGE AND BEAN BAKE

One pound thin pork-and-veal sausages, flour, fat, 2 tomatoes, 1 onion, 1 cup prepared celery or asparagus soup, 1 small tin baked beans, chopped parsley, salt, pepper.

Coat sausages with flour, prick with fork, brown lightly in hot fat. Drain, split half the sausages lengthwise, and arrange in bottom of ovenware dish. Cover with sliced tomatoes, season lightly. Brown chopped onion in a small quantity of fat, mix with soup and baked beans. Spoon over tomatoes, arrange remaining sausages on top. Heat thoroughly in moderate oven, serve topped with chopped parsley.

ADVICE ON CHICKENPOX

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse.

MOTHERS of toddlers of kindergarten age should know a little about the symptoms and treatment of chicken-pox, which is chiefly a childhood disease and can occur at any time of the year.

The incubation period is about two weeks and there may be no symptoms before a rash of spots appears, although for a day or two beforehand the child may complain of headache, have a slight temperature, and feel sick.

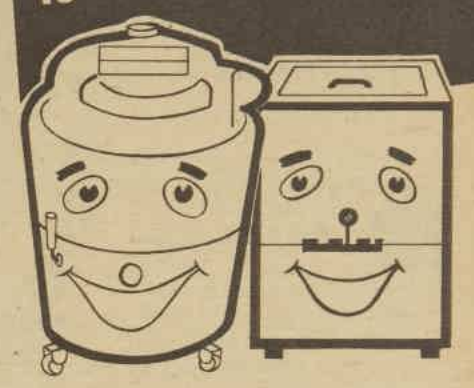
The rash first appears on the chest and during the next day spreads over the body from there. The rash lasts from 10 to 14 days.

Usually no treatment is required other than isolating the child, nursing him in bed while there is a temperature, keeping the bowels open, and preventing him from scratching the irritating spots.

Irritation can be relieved by frequent bathing in warm boracic baths, using one ounce boracic to each gallon of water, or by adding a half ounce of bicarbonate of soda to one gallon of water. Cotton nightgowns and pyjamas are least irritating to the skin.

A leaflet describing the simple nursing treatment of the common infectious fevers of childhood is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Washing clothes clean is our business . .



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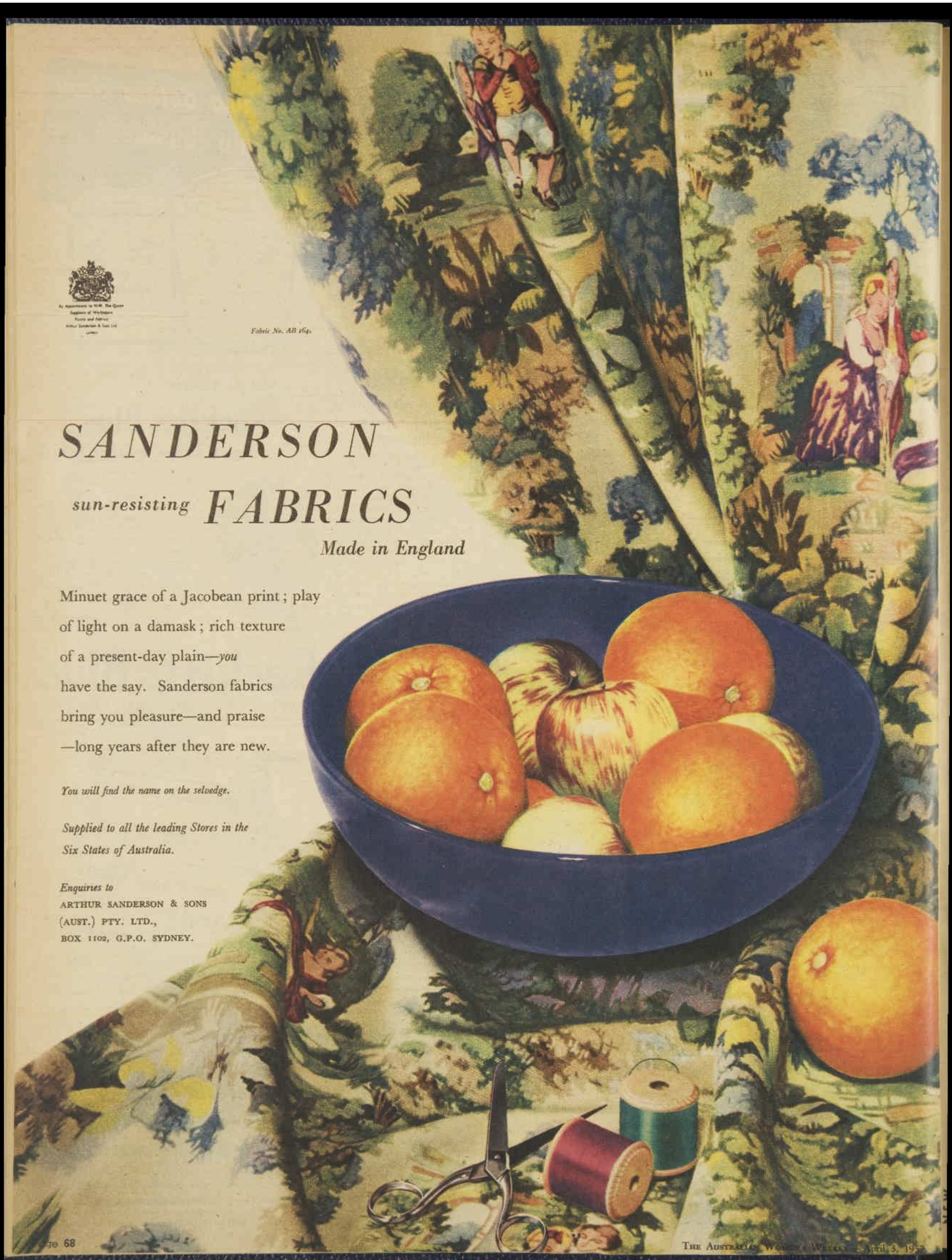

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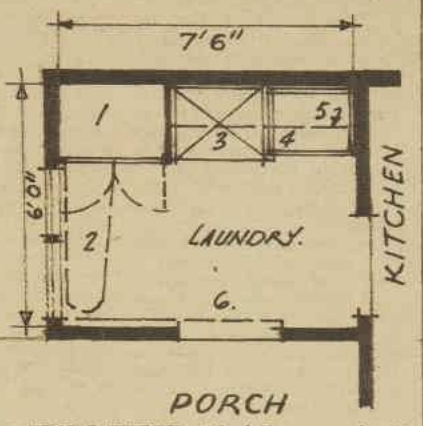
ARCHITECT'S DIARY

Planning a laundry

This is the first of two articles on laundry planning by Sydney architect W. J. McMurray. Next week he will discuss interior finishes, cupboards, and lights for laundries, and will give some more laundry layouts.



THIS LAUNDRY with fully or semi-automatic washing-machine needs only one wash-tub. 1, Full-height cupboard; 2, drop-down ironing-board; 3, washing-machine; 4, rinsing trough; 5, suspended cupboard; 6, sliding door.

Opinion is divided on the ideal layout for a laundry. Many women prefer a washing-machine, but others like to boil the washing. Individual preference must be considered, therefore, when planning a laundry.

SOME washing-machines of the agitator type have to be moved to allow the electric wringer to be placed in varying positions over the tubs. These machines need more storage space to save wall damage when they are moved.

Spin-drier machines are rectangular in shape, function in a fixed position, and generally need less space.

Another consideration in laundry planning is whether tubs are necessary, and, if so, whether to have one or two tubs. I suggest space be allowed for two tubs. In the event of reselling the house, a prospective buyer could be put off by lack of space for her own ideal laundry arrangement.

ASPECT: The aspect for a laundry is less important in these days of labor-saving devices. However, if ironing is to be done in the laundry, a cool southerly or easterly aspect should be the choice in hot climates.

LOCATION: Regulations governing the installation of washing-machines in kitchens and the building of laundries vary in different States. These are listed in the panel.

Where the regulations permit a washing-machine in the kitchen and the elimination of a laundry, a great saving in floor space can be made. Nowadays, with building costs so high, this saving can more than offset the cost of a very efficient, fully automatic washing-machine.

I believe the law should be amended to permit elimination of laundries in homes where the washing-machine is a fixed installation in the kitchen.

Laundries in the days of the fuel copper were steamy and wet, and so were placed away from the house in a separate building often no better than a shed.

New materials and smart equipment make it possible for the laundry to be as spick and span as the kitchen itself.

Where laundry facilities cannot be included in the kitchen, they often can be located conveniently close to the kitchen and finished in the same materials and colors.

A laundry so placed can serve as a rear porch, thus protecting the service door from direct weather and the kitchen floor from muddy shoes.

In sloping sites it is sometimes possible to place the laundry under the main floor, thereby making use of any additional brickwork.

Because modern laundry equipment is so attractive, I believe the most satisfactory arrangement is to have a utility room. Here the allied jobs of washing, ironing, mending, sewing, and linen storage can be planned and done with maximum efficiency.

Such a room meets the requirements of any building authority.

States' rules

REGULATIONS governing the installation of washing-machines in kitchens are, in different States:

N.S.W.: State - wide building code prohibits installation. This code usually requires separate laundry in every home.

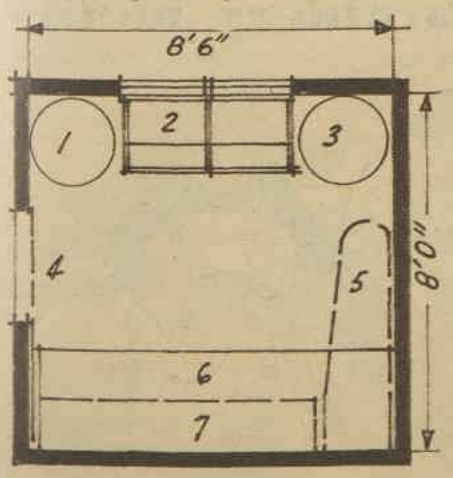
Victoria: Installation prohibited. Can be installed in bathroom if this is large enough. Separate laundry not necessary if bathroom has laundry facilities.

Queensland: Regulations permit installation and do not stipulate separate laundry.

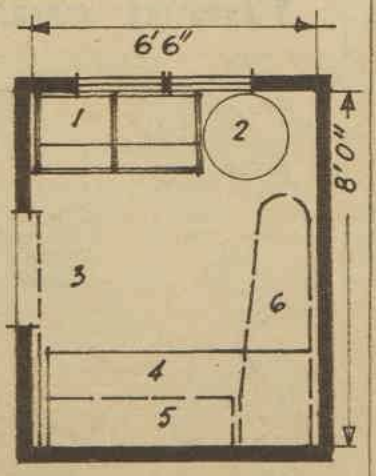
South Australia: Regulations permit installation, but will not permit the building of a house without some laundry facilities.

Tasmania: Installation of approved types permitted. Machines must be of the wash, rinse, and spin type, and must be connected to a sewer.

Western Australia: New regulations are being sought to permit automatic washing-machines in kitchens.



LARGER LAUNDRY has both copper and washing-machine. 1, Machine; 2, tubs; 3, wash boiler; 4, sliding door; 5, ironing-board; 6, sorting bench; 7, suspended cupboard over sorting bench.



SMALL LAUNDRY shows planning for machine only. 1, tubs; 2, washing-machine; 3, door; 4, bench, cupboards under; 5, cupboard over; 6, ironing-board.

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Continuing .... April Lady

from page 63

thing, and we should go to the Beadings' private masquerade instead! Just like him! I daresay, if I only knew——"

"It is not just like him, and I wish you will not fly into a pet for nothing!" said Nell, firing up. "If you only knew, he said not another word to persuade me to go with him to Merion when I reminded him that you particularly wished to go to the masquerade. And if Felix hadn't failed——"

"But, Nell, it's of no consequence!" Letty urged. "I am sure quite fifty of our friends are going to it, and even if we found amongst strangers it still wouldn't signify, because Mrs. Beading is your cousin. I own, it would be more comfortable to take some gentleman along with us, but you may easily invite Westbury, or Sir George Marlow, or—"

"No!" said Nell emphatically. "Not to a masquerade."

Letty uttered a tiny spurt of laughter. "Are you afraid they wouldn't keep the line? For my part, I think it would be very good fun if they did flirt outrageously with us. But you are the oddest creature. Not up to snuff at all, in spite of having come out a whole year before I did. Why, at my very first ball—" She broke off, as Nell nipped her arm, directing her eyes to the servants on the box of the carriage.

"Oh, stuff! No, don't be cross. I won't say a word, I promise! How would it be if we took Jeremy with us? I daresay he would be very glad to go, and you may be sure he would conduct himself with all the propriety in the world, because even Giles owns that he is perfectly the gentleman!"

"Don't be so absurd!" begged Nell. "He told you himself that he hadn't received an invitation, and I can readily believe that he has too much propriety to go to the party without one. Besides, you know very well I wouldn't invite him when it is what Giles would particularly dislike."

Letty accepted this rebuff philosophically, saying in a resigned tone: "No, I didn't think you would. Well, what is to be done? Pray don't say you cannot go if Giles does not, for of all the dowdy notions—!"

Nell flushed. "No such thing! I mean, I haven't the remotest intention of saying such a thing. Only I can't immediately think of any gentleman whom I—" She stopped, as her troubled gaze alighted on two horsemen, riding easily towards them. Her eyes brightened; she exclaimed: "Dysart!"

"The very man!" declared Letty enthusiastically. "Now you may be easy!"

This optimism, however, seemed for several minutes to have been ill-founded. The viscount, who was bestriding a nervous young blood-chestnut few men would have cared to exercise in the Park at an hour when it was thronged with traffic, responded readily enough to his sister's signal, bringing his reluctant mount up to the barouche, and holding it there with all the apparent ease of an accomplished horseman. But when she asked him if he had received an invitation to the Beadings' masquerade, he replied: "Ay, but I don't mean to go."

"Oh, Dy, you didn't refuse?" Nell said anxiously.

"No, I didn't refuse precisely," admitted Dysart, whose careless practice it was to leave all but a few favored invitations unanswered. "Here, Corny! Don't have to introduce you to my sister, do I? Or to Lady Letitia?"

DYSART'S companion, before holding coyly aloof, edged his horse forward, raising the low-crowned beaver from his head, and bowing slightly to both ladies. Mr. Cornelius Fancot was a chubby-faced young gentleman, slightly junior to the viscount, whose devoted follower he had been ever since the pair had met at Harrow.

There, he had been privileged to lend his aid to his dazzling friend in various hare-brained exploits. Later, he had been of invaluable assistance in disposing suitably of the statue of Mercury in the Quad at Christ Church. If he had never, either when up at Oxford, or since both had come down from that seat of learning, contrived to rival Dysart's more celebrated feats, which included putting a donkey to bed with a complete stranger in an inn, and leaping one of his hunters over a dining-table equipped with a full complement of plate, silver, glasses, and chandeliers, he had won for himself, besides the reputation of being one who never refused a wager, considerable fame for having walked the length of Piccadilly on a pair of stilts. And for having won a bet that he would journey to Dover and back again to London before his too-hopeful challenger had made a million dots on sheet after sheet of paper.

Unlike his noble friend, Mr. Fancot was possessed of a handsome fortune, and was unencumbered by any kin more nearly related to him than several aunts, to whose admonitions he paid no heed at all; and various cousins whom he had no hesitation in condemning as a parcel of slow-tops. His habit proclaimed the sporting man, but a hankering after dandyism was betrayed by buckram-wadded shoulders to his lavishly corded and tasselled Polish coat, and a Brummell tie round his rather short neck.

The life and soul of a convivial party at Long's Hotel, or Limmers, he was apt to be tongue-tied in the presence of ladies, and might be looked for in vain at Almack's Assembly Rooms. He was sufficiently well acquainted with Nell to feel no particular alarm when she addressed him; but a quizzing glance from Letty's mischievous eyes threw him at once into stuttering disorder.

Observing this, the viscount, with his customary lack of ceremony, recommended that enterprising damsel to pay no heed to him. "Not in the petticoat-line," he explained. "Are you going to this precious masquerade, Nell?"

"Yes, indeed we are, only we find ourselves in a little fix. Cardross has been obliged to cry off, you see, and it is so disagreeable to go to such affairs with no gentleman to escort one! And Felix cannot go with us either, so, if you please, Dy, will you be so obliging as to—"

"No, dash it, Nell!" interrupted the viscount hastily. "Not to a masquerade out at Chiswick! Ask Marlow, or Westbury, or another of your flirts. You've plenty of 'em! Why choose me?"

"She is afraid they wouldn't keep the line," volunteered Letty demurely.

Before the viscount could reply Mr. Fancot rather unexpectedly entered into the discussion.

"Shouldn't wonder at it if she was right," he said. "Masquerades, you know! Ramshackle. Ought to go with her la'ship!"

"What the deuce do you know about masquerades, Corny?" demanded Dysart. "You never went to one in your life!"

"Yes, I did," asserted Mr. Fancot. "I went with you, Dy! Well, I wouldn't let my sister go to one alone. What I mean is, I wouldn't if I

To page 77

Floral embroidery motifs

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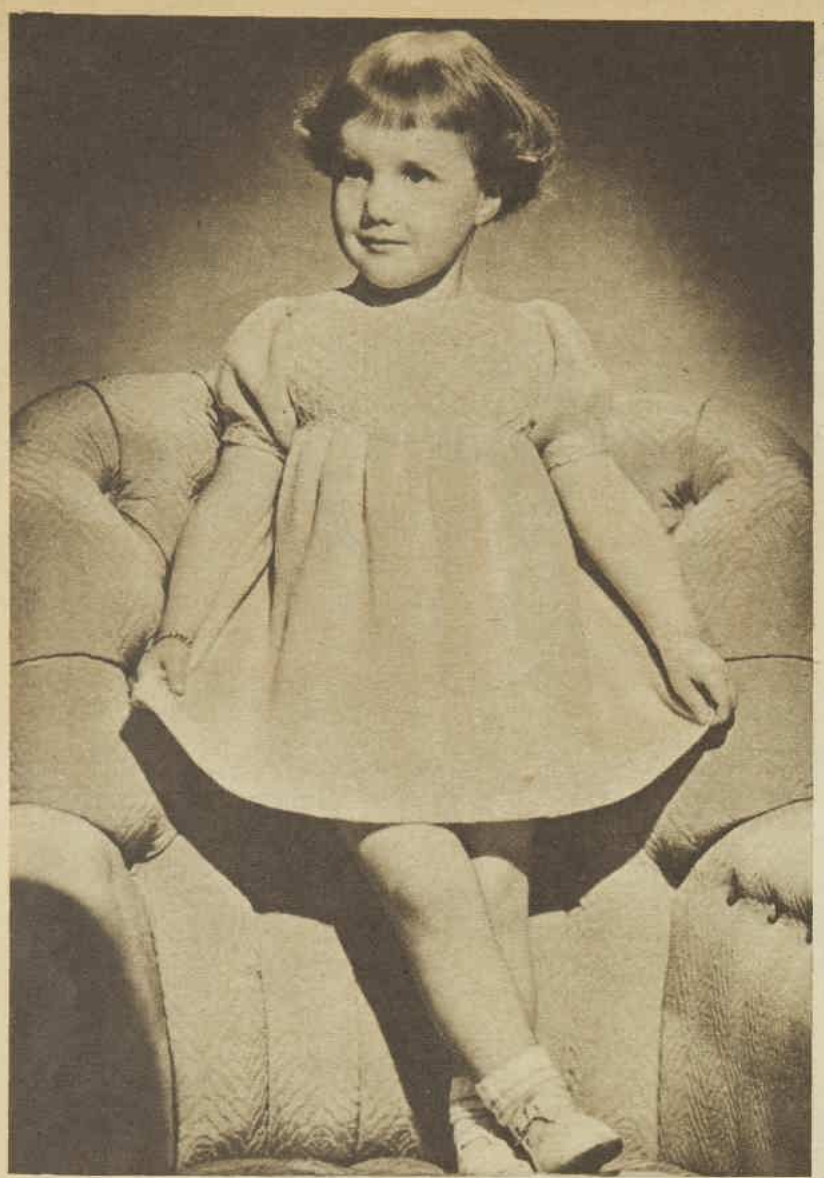

TODDLER'S FROCK shown above is knitted in plain stocking-stitch with a honeycomb-stitch across the bodice and sleeve bands. Easy-to-follow directions are given at right for a 24-inch underarm. Knit it in pastel wool for daintiness.

Honeycomb knitting trims girl's dress

● The attractive honeycomb-stitch on the bodice of this pretty frock for a little girl gives the effect of smocking. Start knitting it now for your toddler.

Materials: 6oz. Paton's "Beehive" fingering 3-ply Patonised wool (this is the only wool that should be used); 1 pair each Nos. 10, 12, and 14 knitting needles; 4 small buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 17½in.; width all round at underarm, 24in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 2½in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in. in width.

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 157 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd row until 16 rows are worked.

17th Row: Knit plain, knitting corresponding st. of cast on row with each st. to form hem. Cont. in plain smooth fabric until work measures 13in., ending with a k row.

Using No. 12 needles proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 1, p 1 * (p 2 tog., p 2), rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 2 tog., k 1.

Using No. 10 needles proceed as follows:

*** **1st Row:** K 1, * sl. 1, k 2, sl. 1, k 4, rep. from * to last 5 sts., sl. 1, k 2, sl. 1, k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, wl.fwd., * sl. 1, p 2, sl. 1, p 4, rep. from * to last 5 sts., sl. 1, p 2, sl. 1, k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, * sl. next 3 sts. on to spare needle and leave at back of work, k 1, sl. 2nd and 3rd sts. off spare needle on to left-hand needle, leave spare needle with 1st at front of work k 2, then knit st. from spare needle (this will be termed "twist"), k 4, rep. from * to last 5 sts., twist k 1.

4th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

5th Row: K 1, * k 4, sl. 1, k 2, sl. 1, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 5.

6th Row: K 1, * p 4, sl. 1, p 2, sl. 1, rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 4, k 1.

7th Row: K 1, * k 4, twist, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 5.

8th Row: As 4th row ***.

Cont. in patt. as given from *** to ***, casting off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once both ends of needle every alt. row until 94 sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 16¾in.

Next Row: Work 30 sts. in patt., cast off 34 sts., work 30 sts. in patt. Cont. in patt. on last 30 sts., dec. once at neck edge every alt. row until 22 sts. rem.

Shape Shoulder. — 1st Row: Work to last 11 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work to end of row. Cast off.

Join wool to other side and work to correspond.

BACK

Work as given for front until armhole shapings have been completed.

Next Row: Work 50 sts. in patt., turn.

1st Row: K 6, work in patt. to end of row.

2nd Row: Work in patt. to last 6 sts., k 2, w.r.n., k 2 tog., k 2. Cont. in patt. with border of 6 garter-st. and making a buttonhole every 12th row.

When armhole measures same as front, shape shoulder as follows:

1st Row: Work to last 11 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work to end of row. Cast off. Join wool to other side, cast on 6 sts. and work to correspond, omitting buttonholes.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 62 sts., work 2 patts. as given from *** to *** for bodice.

Next Row: * (k 2, inc. once in next st.), rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 (82 sts.).

Using No. 10 needles cont. in plain smooth fabric until work measures 2½in. Dec. once both ends of needle every row until 24 sts. rem. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in same manner.

NECKBAND

Sew up shoulder seams, using No. 14 needles and right side of work facing, work up 108 sts. evenly round neck. Work 10 rows in plain smooth fabric with border of 6 g-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly warm iron and damp cloth press lightly. Sew up side and sleeve seams, sew sleeves in position. Sew down band at neck to form a hem. Sew buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

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Cardigan for winter wear

This attractive cardigan would be a most useful item in a small girl's wardrobe.

HERE are the directions for making:

Materials: 6 balls F. W. Hughes' "Twinprufe" 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 6 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 14in.; chest, 26in.; length of sleeve seam, 13in.

Tension: 7 sts. and 9 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 90 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, knitting into the back of all k sts. for 1½in. Change to No. 10 needles, inc. 1 st., work as follows:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 3, * p 1, k 5, rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 1, k 3.

4th Row: P 2, * k 3, p 3, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 3, p 2.

5th Row: K 1, * p 2, k 1, rep. from * to end.

6th Row: * P 1, k 1, p 3, k 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

Rep. these 6 rows, and when work measures 9in. shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 3 rows. When armholes measure 5in., shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off.

CLOSE-UP shows the chevron stitch of the bodice.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 49 sts.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1, knitting into back of all k sts.) 21 times, k 7.

2nd Row: K 7, (k 1, p 1, knitting into the back of all k sts.) 21 times.

Rep. these 2 rows for 1½in. Change to No. 10 needles, inc. 1 st., and work as follows:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 7, p to end.

3rd Row: Work 43 sts. in patt., k 7.

Cont. in patt., keeping the 7 border sts. in g-st., and when work measures 9in. cast off 3 sts. at armhole edge of next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows. Now dec. 1 st. inside the g-st. border on next and every 3rd row until dec. to 31 sts. When armhole measures 5in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Work rem. 7 sts. in g-st. for 1¾in. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working border at opposite end and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being ½in. from lower edge and 5 more 1¾in. apart.

Buttonholes.—1st Row: K 3 cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., k 3.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 50 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, knitting into the back of all k sts. for 2in. Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 70 sts. When sleeve seam measures 13in. or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 54 sts., then every row until dec. to 20 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts except ribbing with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Stitch borders around back of neck. Sew buttons on left front.

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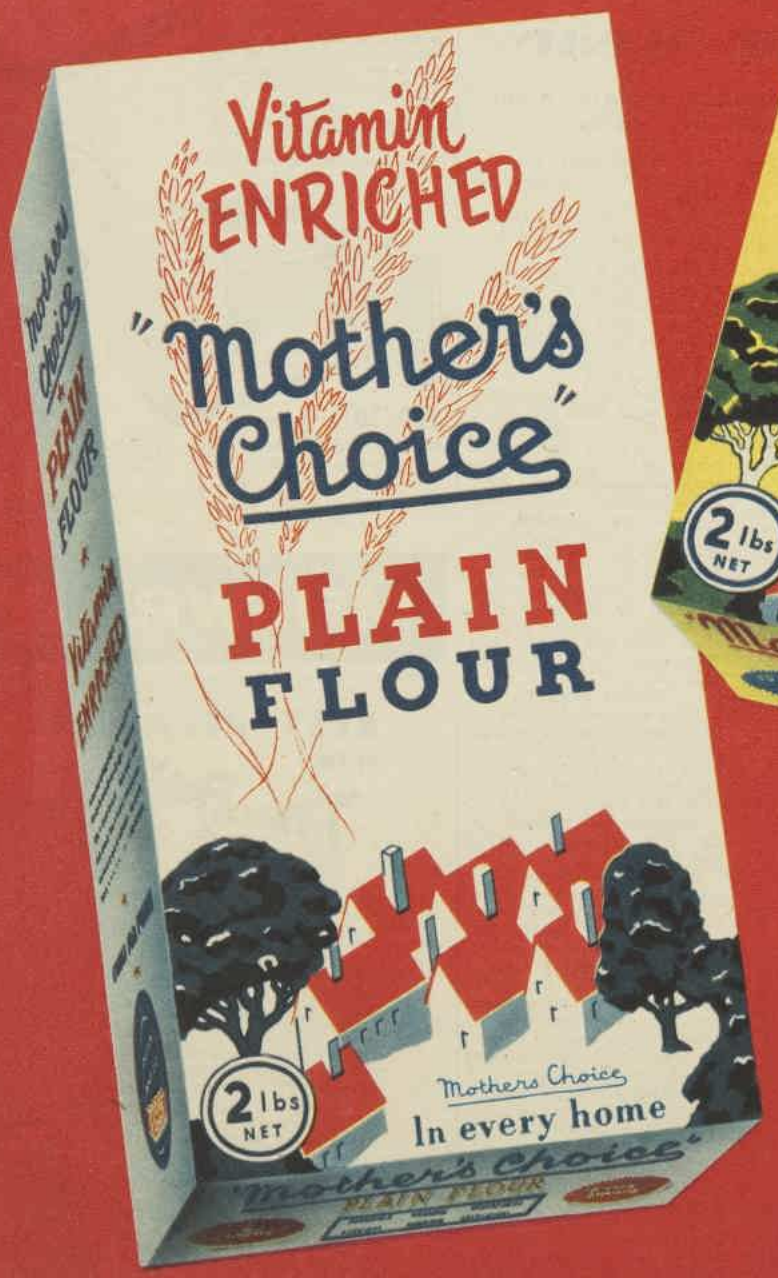

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BM01

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Miss Precious Minutes says—

Save money and time

● Here are some helpful tips to save the householder time and money.

KEEP two soiled clothes hampers in the bathroom, one for coloreds, one for whites. On washday the tedious sorting job is almost done.

★ ★ ★

ATTACH a safety-pin to each end of the elastic when threading it through a casing. Then, if the elastic is pulled too far through, you can work the second safety-pin back to the opening.

★ ★ ★

WHEN using a safety-pin to hold knitted stitches, put a small button on the pin first. This stops the stitches becoming twisted in the spring end of the pin.

★ ★ ★

MOVING house need not be such a disrupting operation if you plan all the rooms on paper beforehand, down to the position of the last piece of furniture. On moving day, label all furniture, rugs, and lino with room and position. Consult the plan on arrival at the new home, and you will be settled in far more quickly.

WHEN bra straps cut your shoulders, cut strips of pastel-colored foam rubber of the right size, cover with ribbon, and sew on. You'll never again have your shoulders chafed by uncomfortable straps.

★ ★ ★

SEVERAL ways to use soggy soap powder are: Empty it from the packet into a plastic flour dredger, with the holes slightly enlarged; apply a thin coating of floor or car polish to the bottom half of the packet; slip the packet into a polythene bag and secure it with a rubber band about an inch from the top; put the soap powder into a glass jam-jar and pierce holes in the metal lid.

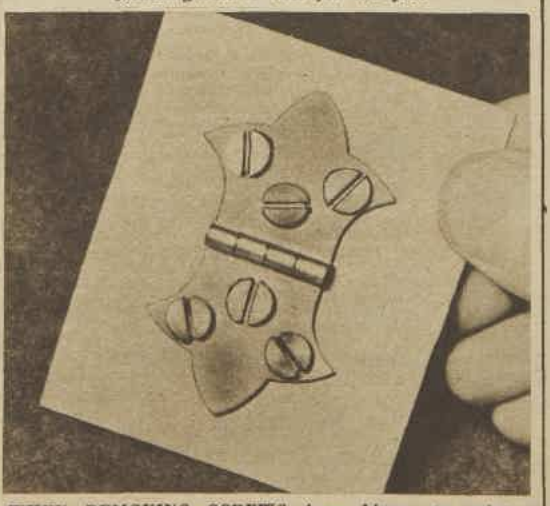
★ ★ ★

A TEASPOON of lemon juice added to each quart of water when cooking rice makes it white and fluffy.

★ ★ ★

PUT jar rubbers and lids in a deep frying basket or colander when sterilising them before bottling fruit and vegetables. They can then be lifted easily from the boiling water as they are needed.

WHEN THE HANDYMAN has to do a glazing job he often finds difficulty in removing old putty from round the window. One of the easiest ways to remove the putty is to run a hot soldering-iron along it. The heat will soften the putty, which will then scrape off easily. An electric soldering-iron is best for the job.

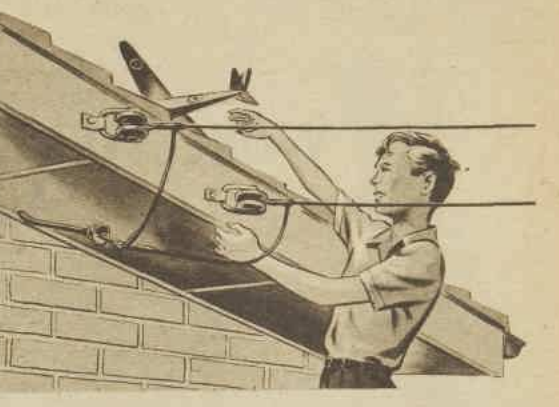


WHEN REMOVING SCREWS from hinges to paint a door or cabinet, make sure that the screws which fit the hinge are not mislaid or mixed up with others. All you have to do is to screw the whole hinge to a piece of heavy cardboard. Then all the matching parts can be kept together until the hinge is replaced.

LEAVE IT THERE JOHNNY!

LET DAD GET IT

SAYS MR. SAFETY PIN



If Johnny touched those wires he could be killed. Impress on children the danger of going near overhead wires. Be careful to keep clear of them yourself.

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RECIPE NEWS COLUMN

by Linda Gray

Making meals appetising, attractive, varied and satisfying, is not difficult, when a "Host" of good foods are available.

Housewives and Chefs, with imagination and enthusiasm, appreciate suggestions to produce meals, savouries or hors-d'œuvres that are pleasing to the palate and a feast to the eyes.

Be a Hostess on the Highest Level.

Here are a few tested recipes to help menus and snack ideas, guaranteed to satisfy any family all the year round. Also to delight your guests with TV snack trays, or to make any party a festival, whatever the occasion.

HOT BARBECUE SAUCE:

½ cup chopped onions, ½ cup Holbrooks Mustard Sauce, 1 cup meat stock, 1½ cups Holbrooks Tomato Sauce, 2 tablespoons Holbrooks Malt Vinegar, ½ cup butter or margarine, ½ cup Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce, ½ cup lemon juice. Add celery salt and pepper to taste. Combine ingredients and cook over low heat 20 minutes. Yield—2½ cups sauce.

SNAPPY CANAPES:

Grate sharp yellow cheese, mix it with Holbrooks Worcestershire or Mustard Sauce. Spread on potato crisps and pop under griller for a few minutes before serving.

CHEESE DREAM SANDWICH:

8 thin slices bread, 1 teaspoon Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce, 8 slices cheese, Holbrooks Mustard Sauce, ½ cup cream—fresh or canned, 2 eggs slightly beaten, ½ teaspoon salt, and pepper to taste, butter. Spread 4 slices bread with Holbrooks Mustard Sauce, top each with 2 slices of cheese, cover with remaining bread. Press together firmly. Dip sandwiches in egg mixture.

Brown in small amount of butter, turning to brown on both sides. Yield—4 servings.

TARTARE SAUCE:

To serve with any fish dish—1 tablespoon chopped Holbrooks Gherkins or Gherkin Spread, chopped Capers and chopped Mustard Pickle. Add to 1 cup mayonnaise.

CAPER SAUCE:

2 level tablespoons flour, 2 level tablespoons butter, ½ pint milk, ½ teaspoon salt, dash pepper, 1 tablespoon Capers. Melt butter, stir in flour and cook, stirring for 1 minute without browning. Gradually stir in milk, stirring until the mixture boils and thickens. Cook very slowly for 3 minutes. Season.

CELERY STICKS:

Crisp, well-seasoned, stuffed celery sticks are a fine appetiser. Soften cream cheese and flavour with Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce. Fill into hollow side of celery sticks, cut into 2" lengths. Garnish with French Capers.

DELICIOUS PORK SEASONING:

Mix 4 cups stale breadcrumbs, 2 cups chopped apples (peeled and cored), ½ cup chopped onion, ½ cup chopped blanched almonds, 3 or 4 chopped Holbrooks Gherkins or Gherkin Spread, ½ cup chopped raisins, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce. Fill into a pocket cut in the joint and bake in the usual way.

DEVILLED EGGS:

A top-line favourite party savoury. Cut hard-boiled eggs in halves, remove yolks and add a little mashed potato to make the yolks go further. Flavour with Holbrooks Anchovy Essence and chopped Holbrooks Pickled Onions. Season with Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce, chopped Holbrooks Stuffed Olives and parsley. Fill egg whites with the mixture.

Finally, some quick suggestions:—

Use Holbrooks Cocktail Onions for COCKTAILS with a difference.

- Spread toast CROUTONS with butter and Holbrooks Anchovy Paste. Add a dab of cream cheese and press a small Holbrooks Stuffed Olive into the centre of each.
- Next time you BRAISE chops or steak, stir in 1 tablespoon Holbrooks Sweet Fruit Chutney ½ hour before serving—it's good.
- CREAMED FISH OR PRAWNS are twice as nice if the cream sauce is flavoured with Holbrooks Anchovy Essence—1 dessertspoon essence to 1 pint sauce. Add a dash of Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce, and a dash of lemon juice, of course.
- HORS-D'ŒUVRES—SAVOURIES. Garnish with Holbrooks Queen or Stuffed Olives, and Sweet Gherkins.

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Linda Gray

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TABLE DELICACIES

A HOST OF GOOD FOODS

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Continuing . . . . April Lady

from page 70

had one. Had a sister, I mean," he added, becoming a little flustered, as Letty giggled."

"Covent Garden!" exclaimed Dysart scornfully. "I should think not indeed! But this affair will be quite another thing. Pretty insipid, I should think. Why do you go to it?"

"You see, it is the first masquerade Letty has attended, and so she wishes particularly to go," Nell explained.

"Yes, and, what is more, I am quite determined to go," corroborated Letty. "I collect you don't mean to be so obliging as to escort us, which doesn't surprise me above a very little, because of all imaginable persons I think brothers to be by far the most disagreeable!"

"Letty, that is not just!" exclaimed Nell. "You have no cause to say so, and I assure you I have none either!" She smiled lovingly up at the viscount. "Don't come, if you had rather not! At my cousin's party I can't need an escort, after all."

However, the Viscount, either from perversity, or from a sense of obligation, said, with a darkling look at Letty, that if his sister was set on attending the masquerade he would certainly accompany her. He added, with an austerity which accorded ill with his rakish appearance, that if it suited Cardross' notions of propriety to allow Nell to go alone to such parties that was where he must join issue with his lordship. He then, most unhandsomely, rode off before either lady could counter this charge.

Nell was merely distressed that he should think her husband neglectful, but Letty, who reserved to herself the right to criticise Cardross, was extremely incensed, and charged Mr. Fancot, lingering to make his adieux in form, to convey this to Dysart.

"Though, to be sure, I don't know why I should put myself to the trouble of fighting Giles' battles," she observed, as Mr. Fancot left them, and Nell told her coachman to drive on. "I am persuaded he would never fight mine!"

She encountered a very direct look from Nell's soft blue eyes. Nell said quietly: "You must not say so. It is quite untrue, and you know it."

Letty sighed. "Well, I didn't mean precisely that, but you must own that no one was ever more unsympathetic than Giles. It is so unkind of him to take poor Jeremy in aversion! I had not believed he could be so proud, or care so much for consequence, or so little for my happiness!"

"It isn't that! Indeed, it is not, Letty! He doesn't dislike Mr. Allandale, and as for caring about his consequence you know he has said that if you are still of the same mind in a year—in a year or two, he will not then refuse his consent. It is your happiness which he thinks of. I don't say that he likes the match, for although Mr. Allandale's situation in life is respectable, he is not your equal in station, and there is a disparity between your fortunes which makes the marriage even more ineligible."

"That is just what I have no patience with!" Letty said quickly. "If I were poor, too, it would be another matter! I don't mean to say that I shouldn't wish to marry Jeremy, for I should; but there would then be justice in Cardross' objection! It is a melancholy reflection, Nell, but I fear I shouldn't be a very good wife for a man in straitened circumstances. Of course I should endeavor to learn how to manage, but it is useless to deceive oneself: I don't think I have any turn for economy!"

"No, alas, nor I!" agreed Nell, with a wry grimace.

"The thing is, we were not bred to it," said Letty profoundly. "But what does it signify, after all, when I shall be the mistress of a substantial fortune as soon as I come of full age?"

"I think the thing is that Cardross feels you are too young to be making up your mind just yet," Nell said diffidently.

"Depend upon it, he would not say so if I wanted to marry a man of rank and fortune!" Letty said, her eyes kindling. "He did not think you too young when he offered for you, and I dare swear your papa did not either!"

"No," admitted Nell.

"No! But if he had not been Cardross, your papa would have said so, even though he came of a very good family, and was in all respects a most superior man! It is all pride and pretension, and for my part I think it is detestable!"

"No, no, not that—not quite that!" Nell said. "I suppose he would wish you to make what is called a good

"I'm out here—having a piece of cake."

match, but he has told me himself that if you are still of the same mind in a year or two—"

"He knows very well that in a year or two—and probably much sooner—Jeremy will have been sent abroad. Indeed, Jeremy has the greatest hope, if all goes as he has reason to expect. But I mustn't tell you. Pray don't repeat it, Nell! He particularly desired me not to speak of it while nothing is yet settled."

She hesitated, and then slid an impulsive hand into Nell's, and whispered, "One thing I must tell you! I believe—I hope—that he will shortly be calling in Grosvenor Square, to see Cardross. You may guess for what purpose. I should not be mentioning it to you, but oh, Nell, you will stand our friend, won't you?"

"Well, I might," said Nell, in whom a year's intimacy with her sister-in-law had engendered a good deal of caution. "But not if you mean to do something outrageous!"

"Nothing of the sort!" declared Letty indignantly. "Unless, of course, Cardross drives me to it, and that I depend on you to prevent!"

"Oh, pray don't!" begged Nell, alarmed. "If he won't consent to your marriage, it is because he feels it would be wrong in him to do so, and how could I overcome such scruples, or—or even wish to overcome them? If only you will be a little patient! Once Cardross is satisfied that your affections are truly fixed—"

"When that day dawns, if ever it does, Jeremy may be thousands of miles distant!" Letty interrupted. "I shall have nothing to do then but to continue in patience until he returns to England—if he does return!"

"But naturally he will return!"

"Yes, but would you wager a groat on his doing so alone?" Letty retorted. "I would not! I don't mean to say that he does not love me as much as I love him, but if he does not set eyes on me for years, besides being made up to by I daresay a dozen girls, or more, it would be wonderful indeed if he escaped being snatched up into matrimony with another!"

Nell could find nothing to say. Her imagination boggled at the picture of Mr. Allandale being courted by a dozen (or even half-a-dozen) girls, but she prudently kept this reflection to herself, only venturing to ask, after a slight pause: "What made you fall in love with him, Letty? I don't mean to say that he is not very amiable and civil, but—but—"

"I know precisely what you mean," said Letty, with unexpected cordiality. "And I haven't the smallest conjecture. If he had been like—oh, like your brother—no one would have wondered at it in the least: I shouldn't myself. I assure you, I am quite as much surprised as anyone, for it is not as if I had never met any other gentlemen!

"When I lived with my aunt I met everyone who came to the house, for she was not at all stuffy, you know, and didn't even try to keep Selina and me in the schoolroom. We knew all Maria's and Fanny's beaux, and some of them were pretty dashing, I can tell you! Only I never had the smallest tendre for any of them, until I met Jeremy. I don't know how it was: it has me quite in a puzzle!"

Letty bestowed a dazzling smile upon a natty young gentleman in a sporting curricle who was trying to attract her attention.

"Now, if I had formed an attachment to him Cardross would have had cause to be cross!" she observed. "In fact, when you consider, Nell, the lures that are forever being thrown out to me by all the most shocking court-cards on the town, on account of my being an heiress, I think it astonishing that Cardross should not be thankful my interest has been fixed by a man of principle and character. And if he supposes that Jeremy loves me for my fortune he much mistakes the matter!"

Cardross did not suspect Mr Allandale of fortune-hunting, but when the promised visit was paid him, a few days later, he received his sister's suitor with a cool civility that gave little promise of a yielding disposition.

Mr. Allandale was not a nervous man, but it was with considerable reluctance that he presented himself in Grosvenor Square. He prided himself on his level judgment, and, although he did not set his own worth low, every objection Cardross could raise to his pretensions was felt by him and acknowledged to be just.

His love for Letty bordered, in the opinion of his mother, on infatuation, but it had needed much persuasion from her to induce him to make Cardross a formal offer for her hand. The disparity between them of rank and fortune weighed heavily upon his spirit; he had felt from the outset that his suit was hopeless, and that his wiser course would be to keep out of Letty's way, and try to put her from his mind.

Unfortunately, noble resignation was not a virtue which in any way attracted Letty. When he spoke of parting she first burst into tears, which unmanned him; and then accused him of wanting to be rid of

To page 78

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Continuing . . . . April Lady

from page 77

her, which made him utter some very ill-advised vows of eternal fidelity. After that there was no more talk of renunciation.

Mr. Allandale did indeed speak sometimes of waiting, but with this plan also Letty was out of sympathy; and since he had never desired anything so passionately in the whole of his well-ordered life as to marry her he allowed himself to become infected with her optimism, and even began to think that perhaps Cardross might not prove so inimical to his suit after all, if he were approached in a manly and straightforward way.

This confidence, never very strong, waned as he trod up the steps to Cardross House, and wholly deserted him while he waited for the Earl in the bookroom. His appearance was always characterised by a neatness and a propriety of taste which struck the happy mean between the man of fashion and the man of affairs, and he had spent more time than usual that morning on the arrangement of his neckcloth.

But as the clock on the high mantelpiece rather aggressively ticked away the minutes he became convinced that the faint stripe in his toilinette waistcoat made him look like a park saunterer, that his coat of sober blue cloth was too tightly moulded to his form, and that by brushing his mouse-colored hair into the Brutus style affected by Mr. Brummell he had committed a gross error of judgment: Cardross would probably suspect him of aping the fashions of the dandy-set.

However, when the Earl at last came into the room he did not appear to notice what by this time amounted in Mr. Allandale's mind to the blatant vulgarity of his waistcoat. On the other hand, his handsome, impassive countenance betrayed no sign of pleasure at sight of his visitor, and his greeting was courteous rather than cordial.

Overcoming the sudden realisation that his errand would certainly be regarded as a piece of presumption, Mr. Allandale opened the interview by saying with a stiffness engendered by his determination not to truckle to his siren's guardian: "You may wonder, my lord, why I am here."

"No," said the Earl.

There was nothing particularly daunting about this calm monosyllable, but it threw Mr. Allandale quite out of his stride. His carefully composed speech of explanation had to be abandoned, and he could not immediately decide what to say in its stead.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Allandale!" invited his host, himself strolling towards a chair.

Mr. Allandale hesitated. On the whole, he preferred to remain on his feet, but it was difficult to do so while the Earl sat at his ease, one leg, cased in an elegant Hessian boot, thrown over the other, and one hand even now raising his quizzing-glass to his eye. Mr. Allandale sat down, and cleared his throat.

"I shall be brief," he stated. "It cannot, I fancy, be unknown to your lordship that I have been so fortunate as to engage the interest of Lady Letitia Merion."

A flicker of amusement crossed the Earl's eyes. "I understand that the violence of your mutual feelings is such as must melt all but the hardest of hearts. Mine, I am informed, is of marble."

Coloring, Mr. Allandale replied: "I am aware, my lord, that the affection I bear Lady Letitia must appear to you in the light of an encroaching fancy."

"Oh, no!" said Cardross. "I am really not as high in the instep as you seem to think. I don't deny that I should prefer her to make what passes in the world for a good match, but, I assure you, if your affections stand the test of time you won't find me ill-disposed towards you."

This very reasonable speech added nothing to Mr. Allandale's comfort. He said heavily: "I am obliged to you, sir. I might remind you that the attachment between us was formed more than a year ago, and has but been strengthened by the passage of time, but I shall not do so."

"As we see," murmured Cardross, dryly.

"The force of your objection is fully felt by me," continued Mr. Allandale, embarking on one of his rehearsed periods. "It might well be thought that Lady Letitia is as yet too young to be permitted to follow the dictates of her heart. Moreover, no one is more conscious than I that in so doing she would be held, in vulgar parlance, to have thrown herself away."

"Yes, well, do let us talk in vulgar parlance!" begged Cardross. "Not to wrap the matter up in clean linen, my sister is a foolish chit with a turn for the high-romantical; and you, my dear sir, are not very much wiser!

"Her fortune apart—and do not tell me that you wish her fortune at Jericho, because I acquit you of hanging out for a rich wife—I can conceive of few more unsuitable partners for a man in your position. You have your career before you: I wish you very well, and in proof of this can only advise you not to saddle yourself with an extravagant and scatter-brained little puss for a wife!"

Considerably taken aback by this forthright speech, Mr. Allandale could think of nothing better to say than: "Am I to understand, then, that you refuse your consent to our betrothal, sir?"

"For the present, most certainly you are!" returned the Earl. "You look to be a man of sense, so you will not, I hope, accuse me of cruelty; I have not said, nor shall I, that I will never give my consent; I don't even say that you must wait until Letty comes of age. But do, I beg of you, consider my position in this! Can you feel that I should honorably have fulfilled my charge if I allowed a chit who has not yet reached her eighteenth year to tie herself up in matrimony to a young man in your circumstances?"

"No," said Mr. Allandale bleakly.

The Earl was conscious of an impulse to retract, even to bestow his blessing on the lovers. He quelled it, saying cheerfully: "Of course you cannot! But if, in a couple of years' time, you are both still of the same mind, and you come to me again with this proposal, I must be hard-hearted indeed to refuse my consent."

"I do not anticipate being in England in a couple of years' time," said Mr. Allandale, more bleakly still. "It was my intention to have explained to your lordship at the outset that I was emboldened to come to you today by the circumstance of my having been appointed to a very advantageous post.

"I owe this advancement in part to the kind offices of Lord Roxwell, who was formerly much attached to my father; and I have every reason to expect that it will lead,

To page 81

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HANGING BASKETS from a bush-house can be brought indoors to make an attractive arrangement for a living-room or sun-porch. In this group are achimenes, gloxinias, selaginella, tassel-fern, nephrolepis, isoloma, and rex begonias.

BEAUTY IN BASKETS

● Hanging baskets are often a feature of large conservatories and glasshouses, but beautiful plants can be grown in baskets on any well-protected verandah or patio, or even in small bush-houses.

THE problem of dripping can be overcome by hanging the baskets over plants that benefit from it, or by spacing so that the surplus moisture does no harm.

Suspending the baskets from flexible wires or stout, waterproofed cords running over two securely fastened reels takes the trouble out of lowering the baskets when they need a thorough soaking.

Fasten one reel to the rafter, the other below it, where it can be reached comfortably. Then fasten the cord or wire to the loop of the three wires holding the basket and down and under the lower reel.

Baskets of good galvanised wire last for many years, but at times gardeners use stout willow baskets or even perforated metal buckets and similar containers.

Baskets should be well lined so that the soil does not wash away. A thick layer of moistened sphagnum moss, paper-barked tea-tree, or wide strips of stout felt, well overlapped, will hold the soil for years.

The soil should be fibrous and water-retaining. Leafmould, well-rotted compost, peat moss, todea and osmunda fibre, with a little sandy loam, make the best basket-filling, particularly for ferns. Old tan bark, also, is useful.

If these materials are not available, the bark of bloodwood, stringy bark, and other native trees can be used; also thick masses of native mosses, the dead shields of old elk and staghorn ferns, and other fern roots and fibres.

Where the baskets have to hang fairly high, plants that spill down and make a good display, such as davallia, nephrolepis, and similar trailing ferns are the best choice.

For well-protected ferneries and bush-houses or the shady side of patios there are many fine foliage plants. They include philodendron cordatum, rex begonias, achimenes, ceropegia woodi (tangled hearts), hybrid ivy, zebrina pendula, pothos aureus, asparagus plumosus, and asparagus sprengeri.

In semi-shady places, for baskets that hang level with the eye, there are the colorful coleus, saxifraga samentoso (mother of thousands), maidenhair ferns, many native and introduced mosses, and tolmiea manziesi (pick-a-back plant), peperomias, marantas, and selaginella lepidota (resurrection plant).

Many orchids, native and foreign, will grow in baskets filled with tanbark or osmunda or todea fibre. Teakwood rafts are used in glasshouses for orchids like cattleyas, vandas, phalaenopsis, and the dendrobiums.

Native orchids, particularly sarchochilus, dendrobiums, falcorostrum, gracillimum, kestevenii, kingianum, and the lovely Cooktown orchid, which needs glasshouse treatment south of Brisbane, do quite well in baskets filled with chopped osmunda fibre and a little sphagnum moss topping.

Gardener's ABC

RUNNERS: Shoots which root and so aid propagation.

ROGUE: A name given by horticulturists to inferior plants or variations from a given standard or type. Roguing in plant breeding is the removal of undesired or diseased plants as they occur in order to purify or "fix" the strain.

ROSACEAE (Rosa): The rose family, an important group of trees, shrubs, and herbs of various habits.

ROTONONE: An insecticide extracted from the ground roots of derris and cube, much used on vegetables, as it is non-toxic to man. Used both as a dust and a spray and sometimes combined with pyrethrum.

RUST: A name used to designate either a group of fungi or the diseases caused by them. There are many types of rust.

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Mats to embroider

● Simplicity is the keynote of these attractive table-mats embroidered in a variety of pretty stitches. Worked in bright colors, they are gay for luncheons but for more formal occasions, such as dinners, they can be done in a single color to match the linen used to make the mat.

Materials: Four skeins 585 (cyclamen); 3 skeins each 488 (canary-yellow), 605 periwinkle), and 777 (spring-green); 1 skein 807 (flame) Clark's "Anchor" stranded cotton; ½yd. 36in. heavy linen; 1 Milward's "Gold Seal" crewel needle No. 6.

Use three strands of cotton throughout.

These materials are sufficient for set consisting of 1 centre-piece and 2 place-mats.

Cut centrepiece 12in. x 18in. and place-mats 12in. x 16in.

Trace design diagonally on left-hand side of each place-mat and on both sides of centre-piece, turning design for second side.

Follow diagram 1 and number key for placing of colors and stitches. All parts shown similar to numbered parts are worked in same color and stitch.

Letters on key represent the stitches used and are as follows:

U, stem-stitch; S, satin-stitch; E, eyelet holes (to make eyelets, work a row of close running-stitch round circle, pierce centre, then over-cast closely round running-stitch); A, single satin-stitch; D, braid-stitch (see diagram, make a small loop, hold down with left thumb, then take a stitch through loop and over the working thread as shown; pull loop tight before drawing needle through); F, fly-stitch; R, Rumanian-stitch (see diagram); B, button-stitch.

ACTUAL SIZE of the embroidery design is shown here ready for you to trace on the linen.

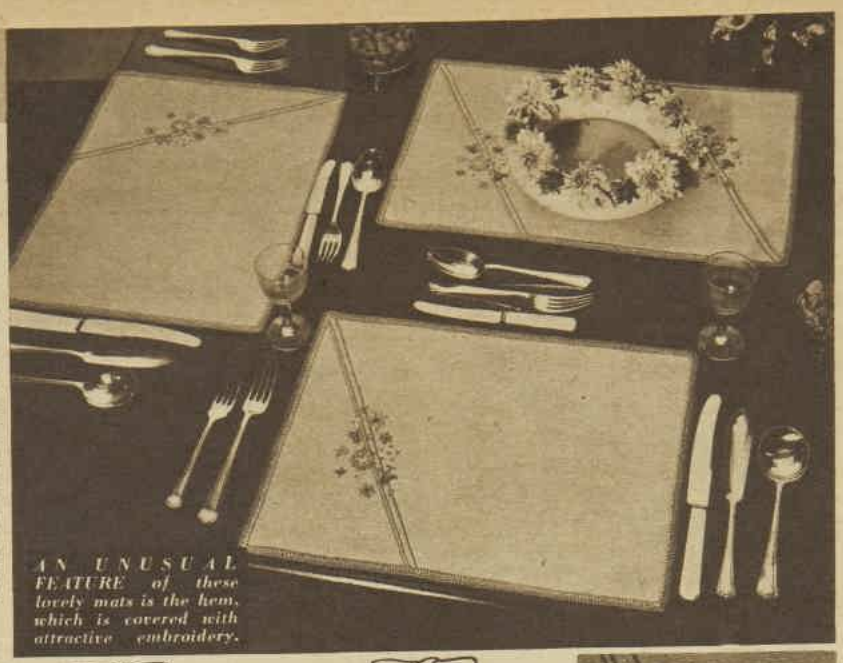
TO MAKE HEM

Turn 1-8th inch hem to right side and tack down. Work a row of knot-stitch (see diagram) over hem, using spring-green; work other 3 rows of knot-stitch, each row into the loops of previous row, using in order canary-yellow, periwinkle, and cyclamen. Between spaces of first row over hem, work a single stitch of cyclamen.

Press embroidery well on wrong side.

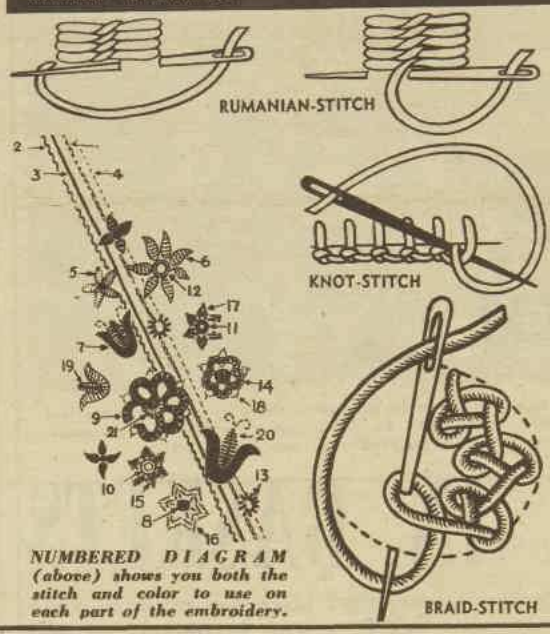
KEY TO DIAGRAM

1 = 488, 2 = 585, 3 = 605, 4 = 777	U	13 = 807	A
		14 = 488	D
5 = 488, 6 = 585, 7 = 605, 8 = 777, 9 = 807	S	15 = 488, 16 = 585, 17 = 605, 18 = 777	F
		19 = 585, 20 = 605	R
10 = 488, 11 = 605, 12 = 777	E	21 = 488	B

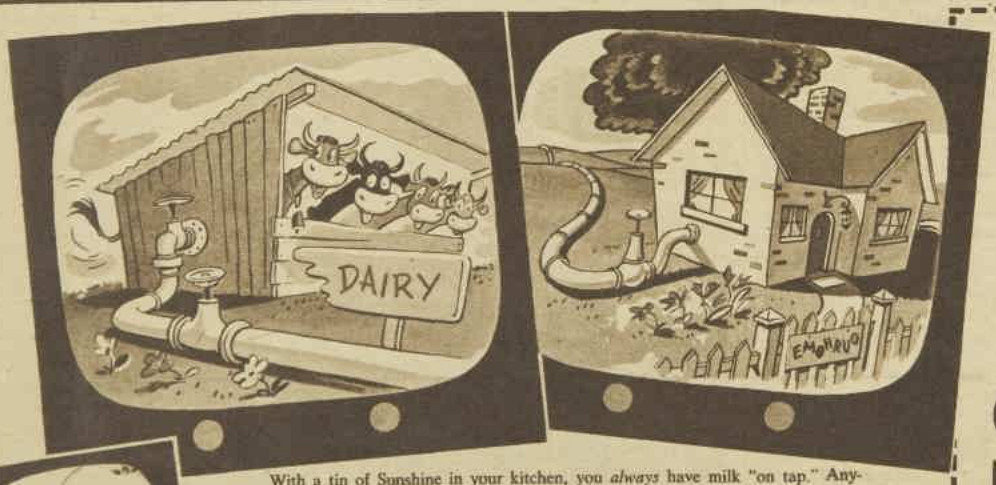


AN UNUSUAL FEATURE of these lovely mats is the hem, which is covered with attractive embroidery.

NUMBERED DIAGRAM (above) shows you both the stitch and color to use on each part of the embroidery.



CLOSE-UP of embroidery shows dainty stitches and embroidered edge.



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Continuing . . . . April Lady

from page 78

should I acquit myself creditably, to more rapid promotion than has hitherto seemed probable."

"I am sure you will acquit yourself admirably, and must beg leave to congratulate you on your good fortune. I collect that you are to join one of our embassies?"

"Yes, sir, I am appointed, that is to say, I shall, within the next three months be appointed to the staff of our minister at the Court of the Regent of Portugal."

"The Regent of Portugal?" repeated Cardross. "But he is in Brazil!"

Mr. Allandale inclined his head. "Just so, sir," he agreed.

"Were you proposing in all seriousness to take Letty to South America? You must be mad!" ejaculated Cardross.

"She assures me," said Mr. Allandale earnestly, "that she would like it above all things."

"And what the devil do you imagine she knows about it?" demanded Cardross.

"I am credibly informed," offered Mr. Allandale, "that the climate at Rio de Janeiro is salubrious."

"Oh, take a damper!" said Cardross impatiently. "Did this cork-brained notion come out of your head, or hers? Did she persuade you to come here today, or—— No, of course she did! You at least cannot have supposed that there was the least likelihood of my consenting to such a preposterous scheme!"

"No," said Mr. Allandale. "I must own that I had little hope of obtaining your lordship's consent. I am aware that in your eyes the scheme must seem preposterous."

"And how does it seem in yours?" inquired the Earl curiously. "You have been acquainted with my sister for more than a year, after all!"

"Were it not for your lordship's refusal to entertain my proposal, I should have no hesitation in asking Lady Letitia to accompany me, as my wife, to Brazil."

"The devil you wouldn't!"

"I believe her to be equal to anything," said Mr. Allandale reverently. "When I first learned of the appointment, I confess that the very natural feeling of delight I experienced was instantly tempered—I might almost say dissipated—by the same doubt of which your lordship is conscious.

"I could not believe that a delicately nurtured female—and one, moreover, of such tender years—could contemplate without dismay the several evils attaching to the appointment. The discomforts of a long sea-voyage! the going among foreigners! the separation from her relations! I promise you, sir, every disagreeable possibility that presented itself to my mind was at once communicated to her by me. But nothing was ever like her spirit!" sighed the besotted Mr. Allandale.

"What inconveniences there may be she will not regard; and although I do not anticipate that there is any danger to be apprehended, that she would meet with the same trust and courage which she shows in being willing to bestow her hand upon one whose prosperity must depend upon his own exertions!"

The thought of this nobility overcame him so much that his voice thickened, and he was obliged to blow his nose. Its effect upon Cardross was to exasperate him into saying, with a snap: "I suppose she told you so!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Allandale simply.

"Did she also work on you to come here today with your fantastic proposal?"

"She certainly thought that with my advancement now secured we might hope for some relenting on your part," admitted Mr. Allandale.

The Earl looked him over somewhat grimly. "But you did not think so, Mr. Allandale, did you?"

"Well—"

"It appears to me, my dear sir, that you are as wax in my sister's hands! It is a reflection which fills me with deep misgiving. I know Letty to be as headstrong as she is birdwitted, and what she may next bully or bewitch you into doing there is no saying—though I might hazard a guess!"

"If you mean, sir, that I might be tempted to elope with Lady Letitia you may be easy!" returned Mr. Allandale, reddening. "Even if I were not a man of honor, my circumstances must forbid me to embark on anything of a clandestine nature."

He drew a breath, and continued with a little difficulty, "You were kind enough, my lord, to acquit me of hanging out (as you phrased it) for a rich wife. That is true, for, in fact, I had not, until I met Lady Letitia, any thought of marriage at all. My widowed parent, though possessed of a respectable jointure, is quite unable to support the expense of educating my younger brothers and sisters without my assistance, and until they are established creditably I must not—indeed, I cannot—marry a female who has no fortune of her own. Just a genteel fortune, to match my own," the young man explained humbly.

"I never contemplated marriage to a great heiress—and, to own the truth, it is not what I like. However, I daresay it may be possible to form some kind of a trust which would ensure that I should not benefit by anything more than a reasonable amount."

"The matter is not of pressing importance," said the Earl. "Until she reaches the age of five-and-twenty my sister's fortune is in my hands, and her allowance is at my discretion. If I chose to do it, I could cut off every penny of it."

"I cannot believe it, sir, that you would be guilty of such inhumanity!" said Mr. Allandale, in a voice of strong censure.

"There would be no inhumanity," replied Cardross coolly. "Letty would merely be obliged to continue living in my house, and her dress-bills would be paid by me. I may add that I already pay quite a number of them. I am afraid you would find her very expensive, for she never has a feather to fly with, you know."

"I am aware that she has not been taught habits of economy," said Mr. Allandale stiffly. "Indeed, she has told me so herself, and has regretted it. She is very willing to learn, and I hope to teach her to manage better."

"Yes, in my more optimistic moments I, too, indulge that hope," agreed Cardross. "Go and take up this appointment of yours, and I'll engage to do my best to instil some small knowledge of economy into her head while you are away. Who knows? You may return to find her quite prudent!"

Mr. Allandale rose and walked over to the window. He said, staring out of it: "I do not imagine that it will be of any use to return. Not, of course, that I contemplate passing the rest of my life in Brazil, but—" he stopped, and cleared his throat.

"I cannot flatter myself that I shall find her still unattached. So much sought-after—and by men of far greater address than will ever be mine—separated from me for a prolonged period, and by such a distance. No, it would be too much to expect of her. She will wed another."

"The same fate may as easily overtake you, my dear sir," remarked the Earl.

"No," said Mr. Allandale baldly. He added, after a pause: "My feeling is unalterable. I am not subject to fits of gallantry, sir. I had even believed myself to be proof against. But from the moment when I first saw your sister, I knew myself lost. I struggled against it, for the unsuitability of the match was as plain to me as it is to you. It was to no avail. I shall never marry any other lady."

"Ah!" murmured the Earl, looking amused. "I remember that I said much the same thing myself—a good many years ago. She was ravishingly beautiful—at least, I know I thought so, though, to own the truth, I can now only vaguely recall her face to my mind."

"I am happy to afford your lordship entertainment!" said Mr. Allandale, in rather less measured accents.

"No, you are not," replied Cardross, rising. "You would like to plant me a facer, and I'm sure I don't wonder at it. Nothing is more exasperating than to be obliged to listen to advice based on experience which is necessarily wider than your own—particularly when you have an uneasy suspicion that it may be good!"

"I have no such suspicion," instantly retorted Mr. Allandale. "I venture to think that my nature is more tenacious than your lordship's!"

"In that case," said Cardross, with unimpaired good-humor, "I shall expect to see you again upon your return from Rio de Janeiro. In the meantime, accept my best wishes for your success in that salubrious locality!"

"Do you forbid me to hold further communication with Lady Letitia, sir?" demanded Mr. Allandale, somewhat reluctantly taking the hand that was being held out to him.

"My dear sir, do let me assure you that I am neither so gothic nor so cork-brained. I daresay you will meet Letty at any number of parties. As for clandestine meetings, I am persuaded that your sense of propriety must be safeguard enough."

"Anything of a clandestine nature is repugnant to me," stated Mr. Allandale. "I can only beg of you, sir, to consider well before you blight, perhaps forever, the happiness of two persons, one of whom is—or should be—dear to you! Indeed, I scorn—your suggestions of inconstancy, but too well do I know the arts that are employed in the world of fashion to detach from an unworthy object the affections of such as Lady Letitia. All is sacrificed to pride and consequence. If I were in more affluent circumstances, I believe no considerations of propriety could avail to prevent me. But it serves no purpose to continue talking!"

"None whatsoever," agreed Cardross, leading the way to the door. "It might even lead me to take you in dislike, and that, you know, would be fatal to your chances!"

Any scheme of intercepting her lover on his way out of the house which Letty might have cherished was frustrated by the Earl's escorting him to the front door, and seeing him safely off the premises. He strolled back to the library; and, after hesitating for a moment or two at the head of the stairs, from which post of vantage she had watched Mr. Allandale's departure, Letty ran lightly down, and herself entered the library.

Cardross was engaged in mending a pen, but he looked up, and when he saw his half-sister backed against the door, an urgent question in her speaking eyes, abandoned this task. A laugh quivered in his voice as he said: "Letty, you goose. Did you really think that I should succumb to that unfortunate young man's oratory? Do forgive me! But surely he is a very dull dog?"

"I don't care for that," she said, swallowing a sob. "He is not dull to me. I love him!"

"You must do so indeed! I should have supposed him to be the last man to take your fancy, too."

"Well, he is not, and even if you are my guardian I won't submit to having my husband chosen for me by you!"

"Certainly not. It's plain I should make a poor hand at it."

Hope gleamed in her eyes; she moved towards him, and laid a coaxing hand on his arm. "Dear Giles, if you please, may I marry him?"

He gave the hand a pat, but said: "Why, yes, Letty, when you are older."

"But, Giles, you don't understand. He is going away to Brazil!"

"So he informed me."

"Are you thinking that perhaps it might not suit me to live there? I believe the climate is perfectly healthy!"

"Salubrious," he interpolated.

"Yes, and in any event I am never ill. You may ask my aunt if it's not so!"

"I am sure it is. Don't let us fall into another exhausting argument. I have already endured a great deal of eloquence today, but it would take much more than eloquence to make me consent to your marriage to an indigent young man who proposes to take you to the other end of the world before you are eighteen, or have been out a year."

"That doesn't signify. And, although I own it would be imprudent to marry Jeremy if I were indigent, too, I am not indigent, so that's of no consequence either!"

"I promise you I shan't refuse my consent on that head, if, when he returns from Brazil, you still wish to marry him."

"And what if some odious, designing female has lured him into marrying her?" she demanded.

"He assures me that his nature is tenacious, so we must hope that he will be proof against all designing females," he replied lightly.

"You don't hope that. You don't wish me ever to marry him!"

"No, of course I don't. How could I wish you to throw yourself away so preposterously, far less help you to do it when you are hardly out of the schoolroom?"

"If he were a man of rank and fortune you wouldn't say I was too young."

"If he were a man of rank and fortune, my dear, he would not be taking up a post as some kind of secretary in Rio de Janeiro. But if it comforts you at all I don't wish to see you married to anyone for a year or two yet."

"Oh, don't talk to me as if I were a silly little child!" she cried passionately.

"Well, I don't think you are very wise," he said.

"No, perhaps I'm not wise, but I'm not a child, and I know my own mind. You aren't very wise either, if you think I shall change it, or forget Jeremy. I shall remember, and be unhappy for two whole years, and very likely more. I daresay you don't care for that, for I see that you aren't kind, which I thought you were, but, on the contrary, perfectly heartless!"

"Not a bit of it!" he said cheerfully. "With the best will in the world to do it, I fancy you won't fall quite into dejection. There will still be balls to attend, and new and extremely expensive dresses to buy."

"I don't want them!"

"I wish I might believe you! Do you mean to abjure the fashionable life?"

She threw him a smouldering look. "You may laugh at me, but I warn you, Cardross, I am determined to marry Jeremy, do what you will to prevent me!"

He replied only with an ironical bow; and after staring defiantly at him for an instant, she swept from the room with an air of finality only marred by the unfortunate circumstances of her shutting a fold of her gown of delicate lilac muslin in the door, and being obliged to open it again to release the fabric.

Twenty minutes later Nell came softly into the room. The Earl looked up impatiently, but when he saw his wife standing on the threshold his expression changed, and he smiled at her, saying in a funning tone, "How do you contrive, Nell, always to appear prettier than I remembered you?"

She blushed adorably. "Well, I did hope you would think I looked becomingly in this gown," she confessed naively.

"I do. Did you put it on to dazzle me into paying for it?"

This was said so quizzically that her spirits rose. It had taken a great deal of resolution to bring her to the library that morning, for a most unwelcome missive had been delivered by the penny post.

Since the Earl paid five shillings to the General Post Office every quarter for the privilege of receiving an early London delivery, Madame Lavalle's civil reminder to her ladyship that a court dress of Chantilly lace was still unpaid for had lain on Nell's breakfast-tray. It was not an encouraging start to the day.

It had quite destroyed Nell's appetite, and had filled her with so much frightened dismay that for an unreasoning hour she could think of no other way out of her difficulties than to board the first mail coach bound for Devonshire, and there to seek refuge with her mama.

A prolonged period of reflection, however, showed her the unwisdom of this course, and convinced her that since it was extremely unlikely that a thunderbolt would descend mercifully upon her head there was nothing for it but to make a clean breast of the matter to Cardross, devoutly trusting that he would understand how it had come about that she had forgotten to give him Madame Lavalle's bill with all the others which he had commanded her to produce.

But the more she thought of it the less likely it seemed that he could possibly understand. She felt sick with apprehension, recalling his stern

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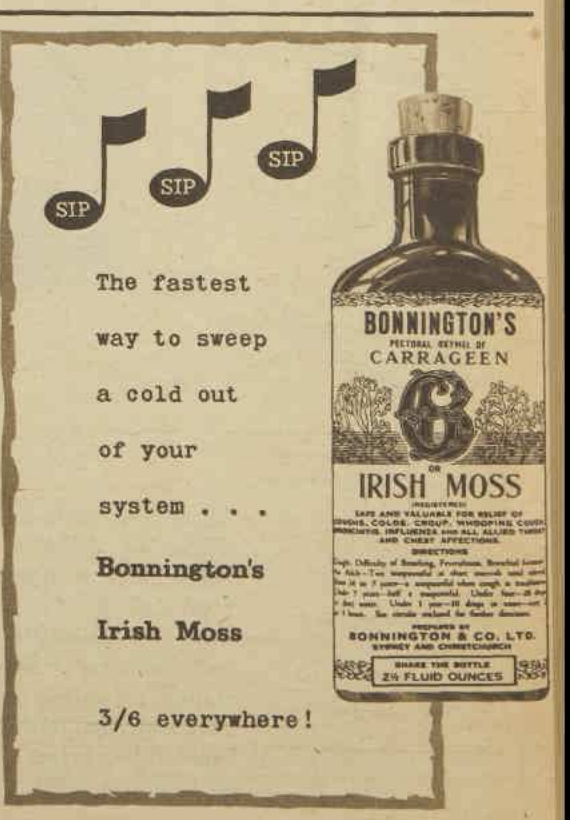
FOR THE CHILDREN



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Talking of Films

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

★★ *The Iron Petticoat*

THERE are times during this British Vista-Vision comedy when even star Katharine Hepburn seems ready to burst into helpless laughter.

And no wonder. "The Iron Petticoat," a wild skit on Allied-Russo relationships, is as absurd as Katie's assumed accent.

Perhaps the film's greatest charm is its regardless ribbing of everything in sight — British, American, and Russian alike.

"The Iron Petticoat" is a topical version of the old "Ninotchka" of Greta Garbo fame. It tells of the feverish efforts of a Soviet woman pilot (Hepburn) to convert an American flier (Bob Hope) to Communism, and of his simultaneous attempts to sell her on Western democracy.

The plot sends the company from the American sector of Germany to London and eventually to Moscow itself.

Hope, very relaxed as the irrepressible Chuck Lockwood of the change-about plot, has the best of the piquant dialogue. Hepburn, on the other hand, probably has the lion's share of top scenes.

A wonderfully dogged threesome who add enormously to the fun of a plot that dwindles off badly towards the end are the Soviet agents of James Robertson Justice and David Kossoff, and the rejected suitor of Australia's Robert Helpmann.

• In Sydney—Mayfair.

★ *The Wings of Eagles*

FILMED in widescreen color, "The Wings of Eagles" is a biography of a distinguished American Naval Commander and mixes sentiment with snatches of slapstick.

The officer is the late Commander Frank (Spig) Wead, who apparently had a lot to do with pioneering U.S. Naval aviation.

After a brilliant flying career, Commander Wead suffered a crippling accident (not in the air), and subsequently turned his knowledge of the Navy and aviation to good use by writing movie scripts and plays.

Metro's film, directed by veteran John Ford, who is apt to go all out for the lump in the throat, and with John Wayne as the central character, is a standard account of a rough-hewn man, fast with his fists and so keen about his career that his family has rather a tough spin.

Fans of Wayne, much older looking these days, may be satisfied with his showing. It bears the stamp of long practice.

The idea of having Maureen O'Hara play Wead's slovenly, red-haired wife and of making dependable character actor Ward Bond a helpful Hollywood big-shot could have been director Ford's.

They have all worked as a team on other occasions.

Some light moments and the film's most awkward gaffe are provided by Dan Dailey as the faithful Navy buddy who helps put his commanding officer back on his feet after the accident.

In Sydney—St. James.

★ *Hollywood or Bust*

IN "Hollywood or Bust," their last picture as a team, Jerry Lewis is occasionally very funny and Dean Martin has the sort of job that apparently drove him to quit.

Paramount's sortie in the direction of comedy sends Martin and Lewis and Mr. Bascom, their Great Dane stooge, on a cross-country journey from New York and through the mid-west of America in a snappy red convertible car.

When the travellers eventually wind up on Hollywood's sound stages they are accompanied by Miss Pat Crowley, a streamlined, red-haired chorine to whom they offer a lift.

Pat is, of course, around to provide a heart interest for Dean Martin, who is really on the run from an irate bookmaker. Pat is very cute, but we liked her better when she wore her own brown hair and didn't try to sing.

Jerry is a naive clown with a yen to meet Anita Ekberg, his dream girl. Anita is shown in several glamor outfits before the picture proper starts and later on walks through a scene or two.

Along the way the travelogue aspects of the countryside are nicely exploited, and Jerry Lewis manages to keep the audience amused with his gags.

A handful of passable songs string out the comedy.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

YOUNG TONY CURTIS is shown here with his wife, Janet Leigh, in their home as they record and listen to their own voices. Voice production is an important chore for people in show business whose speech is not exactly top drawer.

Sir Laurence visits the East End

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER has been causing raised eyebrows around London by sitting in a front-row seat watching the nudes at an East End music hall—and occasionally humming rock-'n-roll hits. The show is called "A Date With Eve."

He left his party of friends and Vivien Leigh to visit the girls backstage. Said Vivien tranquilly, "Perfectly all right. Larry is appearing in John Osborne's new play, 'The Entertainer.' It is about the Variety Theatre, you know!"

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Continuing . . . . April Lady

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words. He had asked her if she was quite sure she had handed all her bills to him. He had warned of the awful consequence if he found she had lied, and, although he had certainly begged Nell later not to be afraid of him, it was not to be expected that he would greet with equanimity the intelligence that his wife had overlooked a bill for three hundred and thirty-five guineas.

It even seemed improbable that he would believe she really had overlooked it. She herself was aghast at her carelessness. She was so sure that she had given the bill to Cardross with all the others collected from a drawer crammed with them that her first thought on seeing Madame Lavalle's renewed demand was that that exclusive modiste had erred.

But an agitated search had brought the previous demand to light, wedged at the very back of the drawer. It was by far the heaviest single item amongst her debts, casting into the shade the milliner's bill which had staggered Cardross. What he would say she dared not consider, even less what he might do.

At the best he must believe her to be woefully extravagant (which, indeed, she knew she had been), and he would be very angry, though forgiving. At the worst—but to speculate on what he might do at the worst was so fatal to resolution that she would not let herself do it.

With a childlike hope of pleasing him, she had arrayed herself in a gown which she knew (on the authority of that arbiter of taste, Mr. Hethersett) became her to admiration. It had instantly won for her a charming compliment, and she was now able to reply, not without pride, "No, no, it is paid for!" She added honestly, after a moment's reflection, "You paid for it!"

"It is a great satisfaction to me to know that I didn't waste my money," he said gravely, but with laughter in his eyes.

This was a much more promising start to the interview than she had expected. She smiled shyly at him, and was just about to embark on a painful explanation of her new embarrassment when he said, "Are you Letty's envoy, then? I own, I might listen with more patience to you than to her, but on this subject I am determined to remain adamant!"

Not sorry to be diverted from her real errand, she said, "Of course, I do see that it would be throwing herself away quite shockingly, but I believe you will be obliged, in the end, to consent. Well, I thought myself that it was just a fancy that would pass when she had seen more of society, and had met other gentlemen, but it isn't so, Cardross. She hasn't swerved from her devotion to Mr. Allandale, even though she has been made up to by I don't know how many others—and all of them," she added reflectively, "of far greater address than poor Mr. Allandale!"

"Nell!" he interrupted. "Can you tell me what she perceives in that dead bore to dote upon?"

She shook her head. "No, there is no accounting for it," she replied. "She doesn't know either, which is what makes me feel that is a case of true love, and certainly no passing fancy."

"They are totally unsuited!" he said impatiently. "She would ruin him in a year, what's more! She is as extravagant as as you are, my love!" He saw the stricken look in her face, the color ebbing from her cheeks, and instantly said, "What an unhandsome thing to say to you! I beg your pardon, that is all forgotten—a page which we have stuck down, and shan't read again. My dear Nell, if you could but have heard that absurd young man addressing me in flowing periods this morning. Do you know that he proposed in all seriousness to carry Letty off to Brazil?"

Her thoughts were very far from Letty's affairs, but she answered mechanically, "Yes, she told me of his appointment."

He regarded her with a slight crease between his brows.

"You are looking very troubled, Nell. Why? Are you taking this nonsense to heart?"

Now, if ever, was the moment to tell him that the page had not yet been stuck down. The words refused to be uttered. She said instead, "I can't help but be sorry for them. I know it is a bad match, and indeed, Cardross, I understand what your sentiments must be."

"I imagine you might! To be wishing Letty joy of a shockingly bad bargain would be fine conduct in a guardian! To own the truth, I wish I were not her guardian—or that I had never permitted her aunt to take charge of her. That woman wants both manner and sense, and, as far as I can discover, reared her own daughters as well as my sister in a scrambling way, encouraging them in every extravagant folly, and allowing them to set up their flirts when they should have been in the schoolroom!"

"Well, yes," admitted Nell. "I don't like to abuse her, for she is always very civil and goodnatured, but she does seem to be sadly scatterbrained! But I can't suppose that she encouraged Mr. Allandale, for she doesn't at all wish Letty to marry him, you know. She talked to me about it the other evening, at the Westbury's drum, and she seemed to feel just as she ought." She paused, considering this.

"At least," she amended, "just as you think she ought, Cardross."

He was amused. "Indeed! But not as you think, I collect?"

"Well, not precisely," she temporised. I must say, it has me quite in a puzzle to understand how it comes about that such a lively girl should fall in love with Mr. Allandale, for he is not at all sportive, and he doesn't seem to have more than common sense, besides having such very formal manners—but—but there is nothing in his disposition to make him ineligible, is there? I mean, it isn't as if she wished to marry someone like Sir Jasper Lydney, or young Brixworth. And one wouldn't have felt the least surprise if she had, because they have both been dangling after her ever since she came out, and no one can deny that they have very engaging manners, in spite of being such shocking rakes! You would not have liked her to marry either of them!"

"My glasses, Florence! Have you seen my glasses?"

"I should not, but there is a vast gulf between Brixworth and Allandale, my love! As for eligibility, though there may be nothing in Allandale's disposition to dislike, there is nothing in his circumstances to recommend him. He has neither rank nor fortune."

"Letty doesn't care for rank, and she has fortune," Nell pointed out.

"Unequal marriages rarely prosper. Letty may imagine she doesn't care for rank, but she doesn't know how it would be to marry a man out of her own order."

Nell wrinkled her brow over this.

"But, Giles, I think she does know!" she objected. "For it is not as if she had been accustomed all her life to move only in circles of high fashion. Mrs. Thorne is perfectly respectable, but not at all exclusive, and you yourself told me that Letty's mama was not of the first rank."

"You are a persuasive advocate. Nell! But I must hold to my opinion—and to what I conceive to be my duty. I have said that I won't withhold my consent, if both are of the same mind when Allandale returns from Brazil, and that must suffice them. I shan't conceal from you that I hope Letty, by that time, will have transferred her affections to some more worthy object."

"You want her to make a good match, don't you?"

"Is that so wonderful?"

"Oh, no Perhaps, if she doesn't see Mr. Allandale for some years, she will do so. Only—only—it would be so very melancholy!"

"My dear child, why?"

She tried haltingly to express the thought in her mind. "She loves him so much! And I cannot think that she would be happy if she married—only to oblige her family!"

His brows had drawn together. He said harshly, "As you did?"

She stared at him almost uncomprehendingly. "As—as I did?" she faltered.

A smile, not a very pleasant smile, curled his lips. "Had I not been possessed of a large fortune, you wouldn't have married me, would you, Nell?"

She was conscious of a pain at her heart, but she heard him without resentment. She thought of her debts, and of those mysterious Settlements, and could only be thankful that she had not disclosed to him Madame Lavalle's bill. Its existence weighed so heavily upon her conscience that she found herself unable to utter a word. A deep flush stained her cheeks, and her eyes, after a hurt moment, dropped from his.

"You must forgive me!" Cardross' voice had an ironical inflexion that made her wince. "My want of delicacy sinks me quite below reproach, doesn't it? I fancy it gave Allandale a disgust of me, too."

She managed to say, in a stifled tone: "I didn't think—I didn't know about your fortune!"

"Didn't you?" he said lightly. "How charming of you, my dear! Your manners make mine appear sadly vulgar. Don't look so distressed! I am persuaded no man ever had so beautiful, so polite, or so amiable a wife as I have!" He glanced at his watch. "I must go. I don't know what nonsense Letty may have taken into her head, but I hope I may trust you not to encourage her in it. Happily, it appears to be out of Allandale's power to marry her without a substantial portion. She's under age, of course, but I'd as lief not be saddled with that kind of scandal!

A smile, a brief bow, and he was gone, leaving her with her brain in a whirl. There was little thought of Letty in it. For the first time in their dealings Cardross had hinted that he had looked for more than complaisance in his wife; and his words, with their edge of bitterness, had made Nell's heart leap. It was almost sacrilege to doubt Mama, but was it, in fact, possible, that Mama had been wrong?

To be continued

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Continuing .... Imagine—How Romantic!

from page 41

—it would be hard on dear little Margery, as well as on her husband.

That afternoon, Mrs. Parmenter, bearing a pot of home-made marmalade, rang the bell of the Brownes' house.

Margery opened the door; she wore jeans and a green shirt, and an orange scarf hid the bright fairness of her hair. The hall was piled with furniture and, beyond, the living-room yawned emptily, denuded also of carpet and curtains.

Preparations already afoot for the prodigal boy-friend, thought Mrs. Parmenter. "I just wondered," she said, "if your mother would fancy some lemon marmalade—"

"How kind of you," said Margery, and really meant it. "I'd ask you in, Mrs. Parmenter, but I'm spring-cleaning—"

"Of course." Mrs. Parmenter was edging in. "You mustn't stand on any ceremony with me, dear."

Margery, with the faintest frown, led the way to the kitchen; Mrs. Browne was up, sitting at the table, polishing silver. Mrs. Parmenter, surprised, inquired after her health.

"Oh, I'm so much better," cried Mrs. Browne. "And I'm so happy. It's lovely to be able to help Margery a little — especially just now."

"I quite understand," said Mrs. Parmenter, hoping that she did. "It's—really splendid news about Mike Magee's coming home, isn't it?" she probed delicately.

"Yes. His father's delighted. And we're so looking forward to meeting him—"

"Oh, then you don't know him?" Mrs. Parmenter was bitterly disappointed.

"Not yet—but Gordon—Mr. Magee—reads us his letters. And, of course, Margery—"

Margery said quickly: "Now, mother—!"

Mrs. Browne exchanged a knowing, secret smile with her daughter; Margery blushed becomingly. Mrs. Parmenter, puzzled, tried to echo the conspiratorial smile.

Mrs. Browne murmured: "I'm sure Mike will be just as nice as his father. Mr. Magee is a very fine person. And Margery's very fond of him, aren't you, dear?"

Margery kissed the top of her mother's head: "You know I am, darling."

Mrs. Parmenter went home much upset. Mr. Magee was good-looking—really quite distinguished. But—he was a great deal older than Margery. On the other hand, reflected Mrs. Parmenter, Margery might possibly not be as young as she looked; could that clear, soft skin, those pink petal lips be mere artifices? Girls were so clever with make-up — you couldn't always tell when they weren't twenties any more.

And there were Mr. Magee's new ties, his sprightly step, and his gay humming — and he hadn't gone so often to the bowling club.

It all seemed so obvious now, that Mrs. Parmenter wondered why she hadn't seen it before—Mr. Magee, his wife dead and his son away in South Africa, had fallen in love with Margery and Margery with him.

Mrs. Parmenter stayed at her dining-room window that evening and was rewarded by the sight of Mr. Magee, towed by Emperor, arriving at the Brownes'. He didn't leave until eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Parmenter went to bed, but not to sleep; she worried about Mike's home-coming. Youth to youth was a meaningful adage, and what would happen when Mr. Magee's son, the young, handsome, bronzed schoolmaster from South Africa, met Margery? They would be sure to fall in love with each other. It would be a terrible situation.

Then there were the letters Margery was getting from South Africa — they couldn't be from Mike after all; they must be from an unknown boy-friend. Margery loved him, but she had chosen Mr. Magee for her mother's sake, Mr. Magee, unlike a younger man, would be willing to give his mother-in-law a home. A letter from Margery was probably winging its melancholy way at this very moment to renounce the unknown—the poor young man.

Mrs. Parmenter lay in wait for Mr. Magee in the morning and remarked brightly how well Mrs. Browne was looking.

"She's much improved," nodded Mr. Magee. "The doctor says Margery's wonderful nursing is partly responsible."

"Such a devoted daughter! And such a pretty girl," sighed Mrs. Parmenter.

"Yes, Margery's lovely." Mr. Magee appeared gratified.

"She'll be—about the same age as your son, won't she?" ventured Mrs. Parmenter.

"That's right," said Mr. Magee. "She and Mike'll get on well. They have a lot in common. Margery has always wanted to teach, you know."

Emperor, who had endured inactivity with panting rebellion, burst forward and Mr. Magee, mumbling an apology, was dragged off.

Worse and worse, thought Mrs. Parmenter. Men never saw farther than their noses, and Mr. Magee was no exception—he was unperturbed that Margery had a ready-made affinity with his son. Her eyes filled as she pictured Margery dedicating herself to a loveless existence as Mr. Magee's wife while her heart yearned after the young schoolmaster.

Someone must warn Margery before it was too late—someone who was wise in the ways of the world, and who also possessed the courage and tact necessary for such a task.

Mrs. Parmenter went into the backyard, from where she could see Margery hanging out newly laundered curtains; Mrs. Browne was sitting in the sun, her fragile hands busy with some pink, lacy sewing — Margery's trousseau, no doubt. Mrs. Parmenter pottered, staking already well-staked clumps of lupins; presently Mrs. Browne made some remark, rose and went indoors.

Mrs. Parmenter hurried over to the fence and hissed, "Margery!"

Margery came, smiling and pushing back her hair.

"My dear," said Mrs. Parmenter urgently, "I don't want you to think me an interfering old woman. But I couldn't help seeing—about Mr. Magee, I mean."

Margery said: "You see everything, don't you, Mrs. Parmenter? But please don't say anything about the wedding. We don't want to announce it before Mike comes home."

"Oh, I wouldn't breathe—! But, Margery, dear, do you think it quite suitable? Have you thought it over very carefully? From every angle? Have you thought of the complications that may ensue when Mike comes home?"

Margery's eyebrows went up: "I don't understand—complications? Mike's thrilled—naturally—about his father's happiness. Or were you referring to mother's illness? She's so much better, she doesn't need any more nursing, you know."

She was so unsophisticated, and so innocent, thought Mrs. Parmenter. She tried again: "It's just that—well—isn't Mr. Magee rather old?"

Margery's cheeks were carmine; she stamped her foot: "What a horrible thing to say! He isn't old—he's only fifty! He's a whole year younger than mother!" She turned her back, shook out a wet curtain, and pegged it with vehement jabs.

Mrs. Parmenter, defeated, withdrew.

She wished she had a friend in whom to confide her forebodings; the other residents of the street were young married couples absorbed in themselves and their children. For some unfathomable reason they had always rejected Mrs. Parmenter's neighborly overtures. So she was forced to suffer in silence.

The sweeping and cleaning next door continued, and Mr. Magee became a more and more frequent visitor there.

And then Mike Magee arrived.

Mrs. Parmenter watched his father escort him proudly into the Brownes'. Later, delectable smells of cooking were wafted over the fence, together with gay sounds of talk and laughter.

Mrs. Parmenter was disconcerted to see that Mike was far from being the handsome, bronzed giant she had visualised; he was spare and spruce, like his father, and he wore studious, horn-rimmed glasses.

But still, she thought, his very likeness to Mr. Magee would appeal to Margery. And they had "a lot in common." And he was young. He and Margery were, doubtless, half in love even after their first meeting.

Mike had Emperor out early for his morning walk; Mrs. Parmenter, from the vantage point of her front flowerbed, observed that the boxer was actually being dragooned into trotting quietly to heel.

She popped up and introduced herself: "Welcome home! I'm Mrs. Parmenter — I've heard so much about you."

"Sit!" snapped Mike at Emperor. Emperor looked hurt, but nevertheless he sat. "How do you do, Mrs. Parmenter? I've heard quite a bit about you, too."

He had the most penetrating eyes, thought Mrs. Parmenter; she was exceedingly glad that she was not an erring small boy.

"And I've been wondering how you like your stepmother-to-be," she said archly.

"I think she's wonderful," said Mike. "Dad's very lucky. It runs in the family. I'm going to be married to a wonderful girl, too. But I expect you

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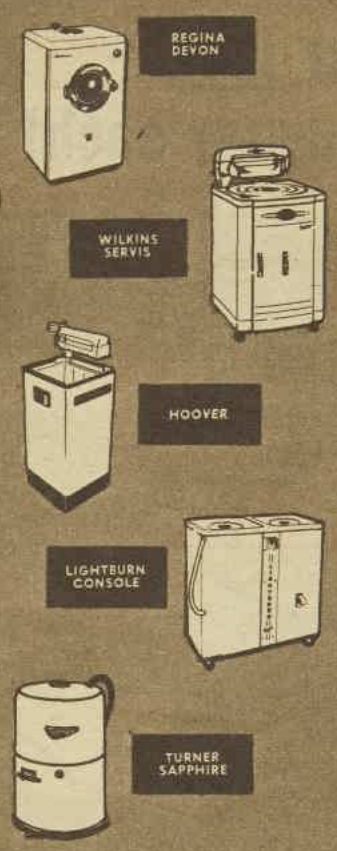

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Continuing . . . .

Imagine—How Romantic!

from page 86

know that. You know most things, don't you?"

He glared at Mrs. Parmenter, and in spite of the fence between them she retreated a step. She essayed a smile: "Oh, no. Not at all. I didn't know. Congratulations—"

"Thank you. I'm hoping that Dad will bring Clara over to Bloemfontein for my wedding, after they're married—"

"Clara?" Mrs. Parmenter was confused. And then the truth dawned like an electric shock. Clara Browne. Margery's mother. Mr. Magee was going to marry Margery's mother!

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Parmenter. "And who are you going to marry?"

"My headmaster's daughter, as a matter of fact," Mike told her, and grinned.

Mrs. Parmenter stared at him and faltered: "Then—Margery isn't going to marry anybody?"

She didn't wait for an answer, because she couldn't trust herself any longer not to burst into tears.

In the privacy of her kitchen, a cup of tea before her, she wept into her gardening apron. Margery had given the best years of her life to her mother—and now her mother didn't need her any more and was going to be married.

And she and Mr. Magee were gallivanting off to South Africa for Mike's wedding. It was a happy ending for everyone but Margery. Margery would be left lonely and unwanted.

"Oh, poor little Margery!" wept Mrs. Parmenter into her apron.

"Hallo," said Margery. "I came over to ask you — why, Mrs. Parmenter, what is the matter?"

Mrs. Parmenter explained everything incoherently and at great length, and ended: "I've been so stupid. Please forgive me. And—those letters, Margery—oh, I do hope there is a young man in South Africa—it's so unfair that you seem to have missed out on happiness—"

Margery's arm went round Mrs. Parmenter, and she was smiling.

"You jumped to an awful lot of conclusions, didn't you? I knew you'd seen those letters. I thought you were just being—inquisitive. I didn't want to talk about them. But now I'll tell you a secret. There is someone in South Africa. When mother said she would marry Gordon, he sent Mike her picture and one of me. And another master, Mike's greatest friend, saw it. He wrote to me. And I wrote back.

"He sent his picture in his next letter—and he is rather tall and handsome. Just as you thought Mike would be, I suppose. Anyway, I've promised to go to Mike's wedding, and—he'll be there, too. I don't think I shall miss out on happiness, Mrs. Parmenter."

Mrs. Parmenter, her tears dried, her tea cooling, sat and gazed at Margery's radiant face; there were a thousand things she wanted to say, a thousand questions she wanted to ask; but she could only shake her head like a dahlia in the wind, and clutch her damp apron, and whisper: "Just imagine! How very, very romantic!"

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 446—ONE-PIECE DRESS

Smart day dress, obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is Melange in charcoal, primrose, lavender, jade, and winter brown. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 69/6, 36in. and 38in. bust 74/6. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

No. 447—INFANT'S THREE-PIECE SET

The three garments are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes no-iron pilase in white, pale blue, pale pink, and lemon, and British flannelette in white only. Size: Infant's pilase nightgown 24/6, postage and registration 1/3 extra; frock 21/-, postage and registration 1/3 extra; petticoat 16/3, postage and registration 1/- extra; complete set 58/9, postage and registration 3/6 extra.

Flannelette: Nightgown 19/9, postage and registration 1/3 extra; frock 17/3, postage and registration 1/3 extra; petticoat 8/11, postage and registration 1/- extra; complete set 43/11, postage and registration 3/6 extra.

No. 448—TABLE CENTRE

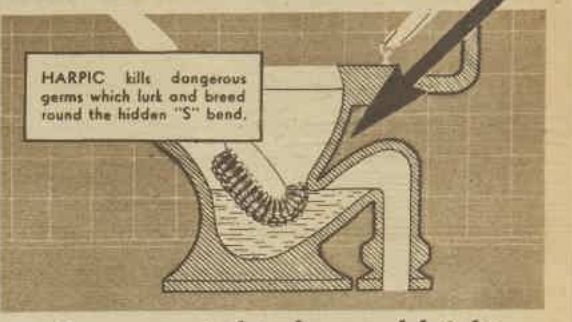
Table centre, featuring an unusual flower motif, is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is Irish linen in cream and white only. Size 17in. diameter 16/11. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 449—POT-HOLDERS

Three attractively designed pot-holders are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is British check gingham. The color choice includes blue and white, red and white, lemon and white, and green and white. The bias binding is not supplied. Price 1/6 each, set of three 4/3. Postage 6d. extra.

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No brush can clean around this dangerous HIDDEN "S" BEND



Keep your toilet clean and bright with a little HARPIC every night

NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET!

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden "S" bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.

HARPIC REGD.

Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls

CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES

The name to ask for when you are buying curtain tape . . . is

'Rufflette'

(Pat. & Regd.) BRAND

Although the supplies of 'Rufflette' brand curtain tape are temporarily limited because of import restrictions, housewives who want the best curtain tape will still be able to find genuine 'Rufflette' brand, but it may not be in stock in every shop at present. Ask for it by name, and look for the brand-mark 'Rufflette' on the tape. Use genuine 'Rufflette' brand hooks or rings, too, for best results.

Trade enquiries to Cooke & Dauncey (Pty.) Ltd., Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane and Perth.

Not in every shop .. but worth looking for!

IF YOU WANT TO BE SLIM, you need The Australian Women's Weekly Low Calorie Cook Book, filled with low-calorie recipes and complete calorie charts. Price 1/6, available at all newsagents.

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This beautiful floor is kept beautiful without rubbing with **JOHNSON'S Glo-Coat**

Mrs. R. Bryson, who owns this lovely modern home at the corner of Old Barrenjoey and Dress Circle Roads, Avalon, N.S.W., has discovered the secret of beautiful, gleaming floors without hard work! All Mrs. Bryson does is wipe on Johnson's Glo-Coat and let it dry.

Polishing floors now as easy as dusting

Mrs. R. Bryson's lovely floor typifies the thousands of beautiful modern floors which are being *kept* beautiful the easy way, with Johnson's Glo-Coat, the *self-polishing* wax which completely does away with old-fashioned rubbing. Johnson's Glo-Coat has revolutionized floor polishing. Just apply Glo-Coat to your floor — and watch it dry to a brilliant, long-wearing wax finish. The perfect polish for wood, linoleum, rubber, asphalt tile and vinyl plastic, Johnson's Glo-Coat beautifies and protects every type of floor surface while it saves you time and regular, back-breaking work.

As easy as dusting! Simply apply Johnson's Glo-Coat to your floor . . .

. . . and watch it dry to a brilliant, lasting finish, without rubbing!

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, is in Africa trying to rescue his sister Lenore from the evil village on Witchmen's Peak. Lenore disappeared when she went to discover the secret of the dreaded peak. Overcoming two guards at the entrance to the village, Mandrake and Lothar disguise themselves as witchmen and prepare to enter the village to find Lenore. Walking through the smoky cave, entrance to the village, Mandrake and Lothar are halted by another armed guard, who demands that they give the Witchmen's secret password. NOW READ ON:

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

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"TELL ME ANOTHER" says KLEENEX* TISSUES

THROW IN THE TOWEL

BARBERS! CUSTOMERS APPRECIATE YOUR USING HYGIENIC KLEENEX TISSUES. AND KLEENEX UNDER THE COLLAR, KEEPS LOOSE BITS OF HAIR FROM GETTING DOWN THE NECK. USING DISPOSABLE KLEENEX SAVES YOU A FORTUNE IN LAUNDERING, TOO.

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THE RED PERIL

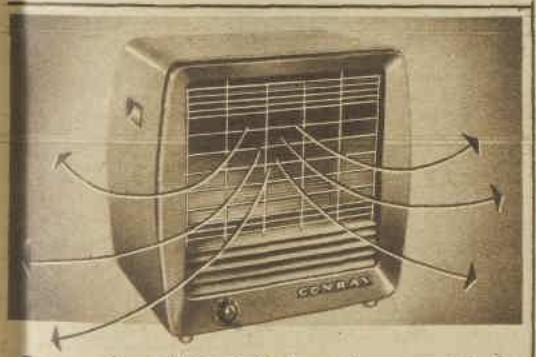
KEEP DISPOSABLE KLEENEX TISSUES IN THE BATHROOM FOR REMOVING MAKE-UP. SAVES GUEST TOWELS, TOO.

DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET

ALWAYS USE HYGIENIC, DISPOSABLE KLEENEX TISSUES—SO KIND TO SORE NOSES.

*Registered Trade Mark

KL9/6/16



So much EXTRA has been added to the NEW CONRAY Electric ROOM HEATER

Contemporary in its new styling . . . even more efficient in its famous Vulcan "Spread-heat" principle, this new Conray is the best room-heater buy in Australia. See it demonstrated now!

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- New convenient size
- New colour range
- New safety guard
- New aero-therm control.

Manufactured and guaranteed by VULCAN ELECTRICS PTY. LTD., BURWOOD, VICTORIA

AT ELECTRICAL & DEPARTMENT STORES EVERYWHERE

Indigestion? For Fast ON THE SPOT Relief

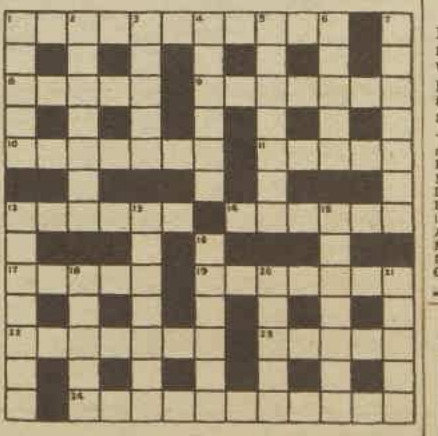
DIGESTIF

Rennies

6d

At home or away, keep Rennies within easy reach. No fuss. No mixing. Pleasant-tasting. Now available in new handy roll pack—sold everywhere.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Woman who may cause mortal whine (6-2-3).
8. Extract metal or a fish which seems to be malodorous (5).
9. Usually fatal curve back round a hole (7).
10. Jingling instrument is turning to noise made on a stringed instrument (7).
11. Intercalation in group of games (5).
12. Outspoken and to be found in a Spanish hero (6).
14. Asked for alms and got an egg in bed (6).
17. Boat for pleasure (5).
19. Draw back a fish towards the shelter (7).
22. To play the guitar you want leg (7).
23. I do it for a silly person (5).
24. Centre pages (Anagr. 11).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Dreams, possibly about divine ladies (5).
2. Breach of faith, but never without reason (7).
3. Come in (5).
4. The above, but back to front, and you can live on it (6).
5. Undaunted fifth sign before nine (7).
6. Useless plants for widows (5).
7. Conceded a red nag with tea (7).
12. Last cry (Anagr. 7).
13. Greet in a number which is not a fraction (7).
15. Feeding on grass in which a broken Nazi is hidden (7).
16. Put a leg into beer and affirm strongly (6).
18. Crunch a short but first-class sportsman (5).
20. To be carrying back half a dozen inside (5).
21. Fruits in fixed points of time (5).

PREPONDERANCE
O R E L D U
ESTIMATE AIRS
E M R C M S
GAME SATIATED
T O N
DEMONSTRATION
R H F
SEEDLING TAFT
L E N I O E
FAIR GALLOONS
T E L L T C
DEADMENSSHOES

Solution of last week's crossword.

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At last — a lightweight superfine Nylon stocking that provides 100% correct surgical tension, scientifically accurate support, greatest comfort and relief. Can't be detected under ordinary stockings. Moulds the leg to a lovelier line. Light, cool, feather-soft, ladder-proof, fits smoothly without a wrinkle. All fittings from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores, Scholl Depots.

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FAULDING essences

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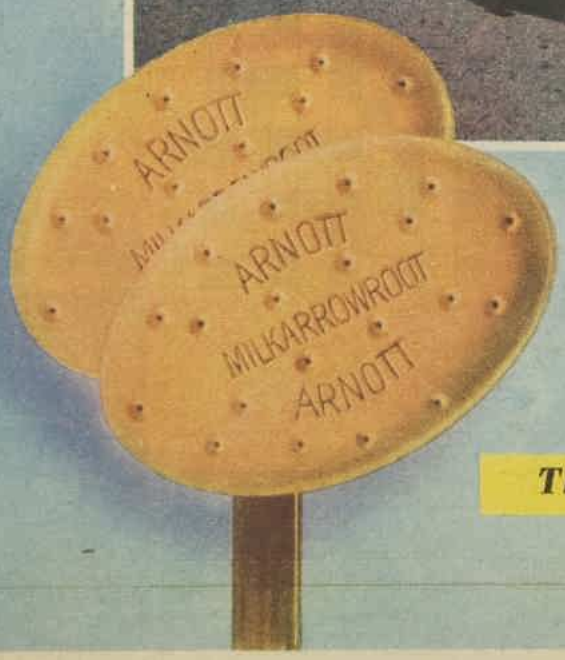
STOP!



Children when going to School or returning home look carefully to the right and to the left before crossing any road.

Mothers, safeguard your children's energy with the wholesome assistance of some buttered ARNOTT'S famous MILK ARROWROOT Biscuits in their School lunch.

Let their even colour be your guide and the name ARNOTT your protection when buying biscuits for your children.

There is no Substitute for Quality.

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